

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS  
**SOLARION.**

By **EDGAR FAWCETT.**

COMPLETE.

ALSO, PART FOUR OF

**GEORGE W. CHILDS'S RECOLLECTIONS.**

[ SEPTEMBER, 1889 ]

**LIPPINCOTT'S**

**MONTHLY MAGAZINE**  
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etc., etc.

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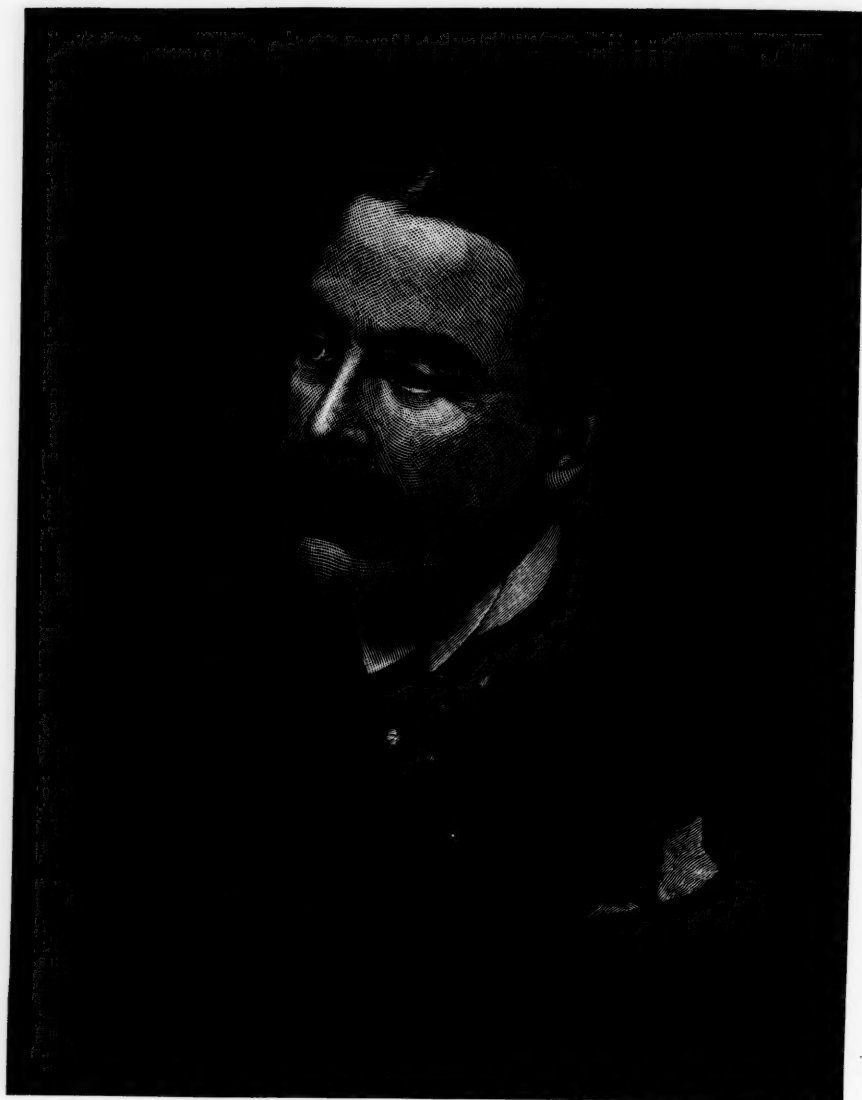
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Faithfully Yours,  
Edgar Fawcett.

# SOLARION.

A ROMANCE.

BY

EDGAR FAWCETT,

AUTHOR OF "DOUGLAS DUANE," "OLIVIA DELAPLAINE," "AN AMBITIOUS  
WOMAN," "THE CONFESSIONS OF CLAUD," "DIVIDED LIVES," ETC.

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SOLARION

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# LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1889.

## SOLARION.

### I.

ALL day there had been a warm rain, with fog, and sometimes low growls of thunder. But toward evening it cleared off, and you saw blue pools of sky in the west, with flat strips of gold cloud, calm and dreamy as if they were beaches of the Fortunate Isles.

A fresh wind sprang up, too, with woody perfumes on its unseen wings. As this delightful breeze blew in the face of Hugh Brookstayne, he smiled to himself for pure refreshment, and that sense of spiritual expansion which comes to a scholar who has been pent among books throughout a dull and rainy day, and finds that the weather, after all, is not the sluggard and churl he has grown to think it.

This nook which he had chanced on among the mighty Swiss Alps just suited him. Veils of vapor were hurrying away from noble green mountains on every side of him, as he trod the pale smooth road fringed with splendid pines. Some of the great peaks were not very far off, though you did not get a view of any snow-clad summit unless you made a certain little *détour* for the purpose. Hugh had chosen this especial spot because it had seemed to him the least sublime in a country of sublimities and exaltations. His *pension* was quiet, and not badly kept for one of so meagre a size. He was not at all a hater of his fellow-Americans, and yet it pleased him to have found lodgement where he met only a few stout, commonplace Teutons, with a light sprinkling of *bourgeois* French. By paying a trifle more than the regulation eight francs a day he had secured a commodious room, whose casements gave upon a sheer cliff over which drooped the white airy foam-scarf of an enchanting cascade.

All in all, he was highly pleased with his summer quarters. When he needed exercise, diversion, and change of scene, he could start off at a swinging pace for Lucerne and note the glorious panoramic

changes on either hand until at last he reached that happy vale which even throngs of the most prosaic tourists cannot make less lovely than it is. More than once he had smoked a cigarette and sipped beer on the piazza of the huge Schweitzerhoff, and told himself how fascinating was this gem of all Alpine towns, lying beside its peerless lake. He had strolled under the low interlaced chestnut boughs in the walk that fronts the great hotels, and had watched Pilatus, Titlis, and Scheideck, looming in their variant grandeurs of contour across the blue-green waters, or that steep, dark flank of the Rigi whose habitations always look to the gazer below as if toppling over the precipice near which they are so dizzily built. He had traversed more than once the roofed bridge across the fretful Reuss, with its faded mediæval pictures, or had sat and thrown crumbs of cake to the swans in the grottoed and fountained basin below Thorwaldsen's noble-sculptured Lion. This immortal carving, as it gleamed from the solid rock-wall of whose dumb blank it made an almost sentient part, would pierce him with suggestion. The whole place, however small might be its limit, struck him as no less lordly than monastic and consecrated. 'Never,' he would tell himself, 'was so superb a tomb raised to the illustrious dead. Art has here asked herself what she shall do that will be grandly commemorative of those loyal Swiss soldiers who died in defence of their king, and Nature has answered the question by saying to Art, "I will mate my powers with yours!" Together they have made this unique monument, overwhispered by these towering elegiac firs!'

But this afternoon Brookstayne did not go as far as Lucerne. He paused at the door-way of a small inn which he would now and then visit during his briefer strolls. The little room beyond was vacant, except for one man, seated off beside a rather remote window; the man's back was alone visible; he did not turn or move in any way at the sound made by Brookstayne's feet on the sanded floor. Soon a lank waiter came shambling in, to take the new guest's order. A sallow smile lit his fat blond face the moment he recognized the new-comer.

"Ach, mein Herr; 'habe die Ehre,'" he began, with his most cordial gutturals. "How can I serve you this evening?"

"By making to-morrow finer than to-day has been, my good Hans," replied Brookstayne, lazily seating himself.

Hans grinned. He thought this big-framed American gentleman, with the kindly hazel eyes and the short, dense auburn beard, a most winsome and gracious person. After Brookstayne had got his mug of beer and lighted his brier-wood pipe, he fell into a reverie which the dreaminess of the hour no doubt induced. Outside, those golden glammers had not yet faded; they seemed to burn with even keener vividness as he watched them from the window at his elbow. But just beneath, glimpsed between monstrous buttresses and stanchions of mountain, was a bit of liquid, living emerald,—the divine lake itself! Brookstayne leaned forth upon the sill, breathing the moist, scented mid-summer air. That radiant spot of water burned for him like a star of hope.

He was excessively ambitious. Now in his twenty-eighth year, he



had already achieved note if not plain fame as the author of two strikingly fresh and acute scientific works. During the winter he held a somewhat subordinate though responsible position in a Massachusetts college. He had sailed for Europe in the previous spring with not a few sharp misgivings about the size of his letter of credit and a great desire to talk with three or four eminent scientists in Paris and Berlin. He had accomplished the latter object, and had indeed done considerably more, since words of the most stimulating praise from these high-priests of knowledge now dwelt with him as vital souvenirs of his interviews. The chief study of his life related to questions of cerebral function, capacity, structure, and degeneration. It had long ago occurred to him that if we benighted mortals could learn really to grasp and define the meaning and the working of our own brains, we should reach grades of elevation hardly more than imagined to-day; for besides being a scientist Brookstayne was a philosopher, a psychologist, as well.

His new work was progressing in a way that cheered him to think of it. By September he would have got it half finished, and then, in the long winter evenings at his placid New England home, he could continue and end it with that mental security which comes from having made a momentous beginning. All through the present day he had been dealing with a knotty and problematic point on the subject of hallucination. He had had time to make some copious notes at the K. K. Hofbibliothek in Berlin and the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, but even these had not proved fruitful of precisely the aid requisite.

'What that chapter now needs,' he mused, puffing at his pipe and watching the smoke from it waver somnolently out into the lucid yet dusky gloaming, 'is a personal, practical record of some experience with a fellow-creature beset by a mania which leaves him outwardly sane and yet has rooted itself into his daily life and thought. Some close study of that kind would make an admirable *finis* to my "hallucination chapter." ' Here he smiled to himself, and unconsciously drummed a ruminant treble with the finger-nails of one hand on the wooden table before him. 'There's that huge lunatic-asylum at home, not far from the college. Perhaps I could find my "specimen" there. I've a mind to search for him when I go back. It might not be a very pleasing task, but then my nerves are still good and strong.'

He did not know how soon and how drastically their strength was fated to be taxed. Only a little while after this, it chanced that he let his gaze wander toward the window at which was seated the one other occupant of the room. That personage had ceased to peer forth into the luring sunset glimmer, but had now half turned toward Brookstayne, though not showing the least sign of consciousness that the latter had begun to observe him. His head was drooped, and a soft revealing glow smote it, with something of the artificial effect so often seen in modern photography. Only the stranger's profile was visible, but how full of beauty and power that showed! Brookstayne, unlike most men of the ratiocinative turn, loved art, and it now occurred to him that a knack of swiftly sketching so rich a "subject" would have wrought high satisfaction. The gentleman himself must surely never have

become aware that his likeness was being covertly taken; he looked absorbed enough to refrain from shifting his posture if Pilatus, with fierce terrene clangors, had suddenly slipped into the lake.

The high, unusual light cast upon his facial outline made even one long upcurling eyelash evident. But above this gleamed a brow massive and scholarly, while below it was a nose arched in the faint yet definite purity that we call Greek; then came a moulding of mouth and chin virile, sensuous, poetic. He wore neither beard nor moustache, and his scant whitish hair, growing somewhat back from the temple and ceasing a little further upward, gave the whole silhouette a mature look which its lower lineaments failed to warrant. These appeared almost youthful, and in them, clothed as they were with unaltered pallor, Brookstayne seemed to detect the symmetry of perfect sculpture.

'A man with a past,' he began to muse. 'A man who must have suffered deeply,—the drawn-down muscle at the corner of his mouth more than hints of that; who may have loved passionately,—the firm yet ample curves of throat and chin suggest that. He has a brain of no mean force, too, for the brow is so generous. Not the face of a poet, in spite of his rapt and pensive mood while I watch him. Something like an austere challenge to imagination or fancy invests every feature. He might be a mathematician, or a drinker at the well of science, like my poor ardent self. But, whatever he is, he interests, attracts me . . . Yes, wonderfully . . . I should like to know him. I—'

Brookstayne's meditations paused there. Abruptly the stranger had risen, and, with the air of one who has been roused to an unwelcome realization of some discomfiting gazer, he now turned, making his full face apparent.

A thrill of horror shot through Brookstayne's nerves. It was not a full face at all. The other side of it, hitherto unseen, was almost entirely gone. Never was the spell cast by beauty more quickly and cruelly broken.

'Good God!' thought the man who had been silently admiring him. 'He is not a human being: he is a monster,—a creature *whose face has only one side*. How terrible!'

While Brookstayne sank backward in his chair, the man who had dealt him so sharp a shock passed slowly from the chamber and disappeared. He had a limping step, which denoted lameness in one limb, and bore a stout cane which he used as a palpable support.

Left alone, it was some little time before Brookstayne recovered from his dismay and consternation.

## II.

At length, however, he regained composure, and softly laughed at his own weakness. But curiosity replaced bewilderment. Hans, the waiter at the inn, presently appeared, and a prompt series of questions followed.

Oh, yes, Hans knew the gentleman very well. He would often come in and sit like that when he thought there was nobody about.

He usually chose just this hour, but he did not come by any means every day. Oh, indeed, no. Sometimes he would not be seen twice for a whole fortnight. He lived not far away. Did not the *gnädiger Herr* know the *chalet* next to that one which a huge stone had fallen on and crushed? Yes? Well, the gentleman lived there. Two old peasants, a man and a woman, kept the place. It had been said that they were relatives of a certain servant whom the gentleman had once had in another country.

"And pray, what is the poor fellow's name?" asked Brookstayne, with almost an irritated tone; he was so tired of hearing "gracious gentleman" repeated over and over.

Hans made an effort, which resulted in a sound somewhat resembling *Stoffot*. Then he shrugged his big shoulders and smiled at Brookstayne with a queer, herculean wistfulness.

His hearer gave an encouraging nod. "Stafford," he said. "An English name; no doubt he's an Englishman."

No; an American; Hans was sure of that; he had heard from the old woman of the *chalet*; she sometimes came there and gossiped a little; she and her husband were so sorry for Herr Stafford.

"Oh," said Brookstayne, with lazy irony, "I see. You're very discreet, Hans; you're loath to tell me, point-blank, that you've done most of the gossiping yourself. Well, and did you find out how this Herr Stafford received that frightful mutilation? Was it an accident? Or can it have been a deformity that he was born with?"

Hans now grew glibly confidential. Yes, it had been an accident. But the old woman, Linda Hertz, had no real knowledge of what had caused it. Her daughter had gone into service at Berne, years ago. There she had met an Englishman and married him, leaving her native land to live with him in England. Later, when her husband died, she had emigrated to America, and there had again entered service, this time with a family named Stafford. One day, not very long since, she had brought the gentleman with the strange face to dwell at the *chalet*. She had answered very few of her parents' inquiries, had Hilda. She had merely told them that Herr Stafford was a very quiet and harmless gentleman indeed, though it had been thought by some people who knew him in his own country that he was out of his mind.

"Out of his mind?" Brookstayne broke in sharply, at this stage of the narration. The phrase concerned his own *métier*, so to speak; he listened with closer attention to the rest of the recital.

That was brief enough. Hilda had said something about a railway calamity, but her parents had doubted this explanation. Yet they had soon found their daughter was bent on giving them no further details. Herr Stafford, she instructed them, would pay handsomely; and he did. She went away and left him there; she had been absent several months, now. He was easy as a child to get along with,—much easier, in fact, for his wants were few, and he would either stay for hours at a time quite silent in the little room that had been fitted to suit his simple tastes, or wander forth among the loneliest dells and slopes when the weather permitted, only now and then coming to the inn if it seemed void of visitors and taking a glass of red wine and a

bit of brown bread. On his arrival he had worn a bandage over the hurt side of his face, concealing it, but this had greatly discomforted him, and afterward he had altogether given it up. Both Frau Hertz and her husband felt sure that he was crazy besides being so oddly deformed. At first they had been very timid about having him there in the *chalet*, but the money was so acceptable. And then had not their daughter, Hilda, been mindful of them in their old age for a long time past, sending them help each month from her own earnings? It would never have done to disoblige their duteous Hilda, the old couple had concluded. But now they had grown thoroughly used to their guest, and would have missed him a good deal if he had left them. Still, it did look very much as though he were out of his head. Some sort of ghost appeared to haunt him, seen only by himself. His one eye (for only one remained to him) would almost start from its socket at times like these, and he would gnaw his lips in a wildly restless way. But such fits may merely have meant the return of unpleasant memories. Hans wished to be honorably exempted from the ghost-idea. He had no beliefs of that superstitious kind. He had gone to school in Zürich till he was fifteen. It was different with two old peasants who had never seen a city larger than Basle, and scarcely knew how to read their Bibles.

Brookstayne longed for another meeting with the ill-fated being who had so lured and yet so repelled him. He could not help feeling convinced that any human creature who lived in such complete loneliness would not wholly shrink from communication with his kind. Between pity for the man's frightful affliction and a professional impulse to note his mental state, the young scientist was perhaps equally swayed. This double motive produced, in the course of a few days, its natural result. One afternoon Brookstayne happened to be passing the *chalet* in which he was aware that Stafford dwelt. Suddenly he perceived a shape, standing with folded arms and drooped head amid a knot of fir-trees, just where a lawny space broke away from the common road. Then, as he became nearly certain that he had recognized Stafford, the shape slid out of sight. For a moment Brookstayne hesitated. Then he turned his steps in upon the springy turf and walked straight toward the little thick-boughed grove. He had been right. The loiterer was really Stafford, and now, as they confronted each other, Brookstayne once again felt his flesh creep. There was something literally unhuman about the visage into which he peered. When thus directly seen, it made you heedless of the fine moulding one side revealed, because the other was so denuded of flesh and entirely ghastly. The left eye was missing; the left cheek seemed to have been quite torn away. An outward force must have wreaked the desecration; that he had come into the world with it was an untenable belief for any one with the least experience in flesh-wounds.

He recoiled while Brookstayne approached him. Then, as if having made up his mind that the intrusion was a premeditated one, he stood motionless, with an air of doubt and trouble, though not by any means of incivility.

At once Brookstayne spoke, with tones all courtesy and gentleness,



yet guarded against a sign of undue compassion. "Pardon me, but you seemed a little lonely here, and I thought I would make bold enough to come over and have a word with you. We are of the same nationality, unless I am mistaken," he went on with his frank, sweet smile; "and I have always found that two Americans, no matter how radically they may differ on a hundred diverse points, are sure to have that one for purposes of agreement."

"You know, then, that I am an American?" was the reply. It came in a grave, soft voice that put the hearer almost wholly at his ease again and made him glad of his recent overture.

"Yes. Hans, over at the inn, told me."

"Ah . . . the waiter, there . . . yes."

Brookstayne clearly saw that he meant to be quite courteous, but also that a miserable mixture of shame and dread had begun to work havoc with his self-possession. What, however, could he fear? The revolted feeling that this nearer view of him might awaken? Doubtless; and already he had witnessed, most probably, like seizures of disgust at various other periods. Brookstayne's pity deepened while he furtively watched how the slender and well-shaped hands had commenced to tremble as this retiring son of solitude strove not to cower before the publicity of even his own single look.

A sudden irresistible impulse took hold of the young student. It was a quick growth from a soil that dealt only in good products. He laid one hand upon the shoulder of the unfortunate man beside him, and said, with speed, fervor, and a ring of manful sentiment vibrant in each word,—

"Don't think me too bold and rude if I tell you that this great seclusion in which you live is a very bad thing for you. I'm something of a physician, and so am able to speak rather knowingly. I saw you, not long ago, there at the inn. You don't remember, of course; you had but a glimpse of me in the twilight before you rose and went out. And will you pardon me if I confess that I asked our friend Hans a few questions about you? He really told me very little. But he told me that you are an American, and that your name is Stafford. . . . I suppose I am desperately presuming. But now, having so scandalously betrayed myself, I shall go on and say to you that my quarters are only a short stroll from here, that my name is Hugh Brookstayne, and that the fact of our being neighbors and fellow-countrymen might form an excellent excuse for us occasionally to see one another."

Some men could have made this kind of familiar outburst easily offensive. Brookstayne could not have made it so if he had tried. His manner was one of well-blended intimacy and delicacy, and withal touched by a spell of the hardest honesty and good faith, like the light which breaks along edges of certain felicitous portraits.

The effect of his words immediately told. He had stretched out his hand to Stafford with delightful daring, and a second or so later it was met by a nervous and somewhat feverish clasp.

"You are very good, Mr. Brookstayne,—very good indeed. . . . I have never been one who cared much for the company of his kind.

That is, I could do without it, even before . . . well, before the gloomy thing occurred which has made me as you see me now. And since then" (there was an accent of strange pathos in the speaker's voice, at this point) "I have thought it best to accept a completely solitary life . . ." The hand dropped away from Brookstayne's here, and the fearfully outraged face turned away from him also, leaving visible only that profile whose beauty became swiftly manifest as by some almost theatric trick of transformation. "I appreciate the kind sentiment which has caused you to address me," he continued. "Candidly, there are many men whose advances would have proved a positive pain to me. Yours do not. And yet I cannot respond to them as you have so genially suggested that I should. I cannot. There, just that terse little sentence must be enough. I don't mean it rudely. Mine is an ended life. I am here waiting for it really to close, and in comparative peace. The sooner it closes the better. If I were not beset by certain very bitter memories I should call my days here actually pleasant. The life that has renounced both hope and energy is not always a miserable one. There is a sort of moral and mental drowsiness that steals over it, like a tired child's longing for the sleepy depths of its crib . . . you understand . . . Good-by, and many thanks, Mr. Brookstayne; many thanks. . . ."

He passed at once out of the grove toward the *chalet*, whose thatched and slanted roof was overbrowed by an enormous wall of beetling mountain. Brookstayne watched him disappear, and at the same time said to himself in stubborn protest that this meeting should not be their last. Now that he had broken the ice he meant that its aperture should not get time enough to freeze over again.

Oddly determined in any purpose finally formed, and armed with his rare native gifts of mind and mien, he at last won a victory absolute though gradual. To force himself once more upon Stafford was not hard. To insist upon being tolerated and endured against the will of his new acquaintance would have been an affair almost brutally facile. But Brookstayne managed to carry his point with airy yet stringent diplomacy. He played, however, no purely cold-blooded rôle. The humanity in him had been touched, apart from all aims that altruism could not necessarily share. He contrived that their next meeting should seem the very random flower of accident; again, having discovered that Stafford cared to read diverting French books (when his enfeebled sight allowed him to read at all), our benevolent plotter managed to fall in with him just after finishing a new novel by Daudet, which was drawn from an opportune pocket, in the midst of warm critical praises. There was a big jump, surely, between eulogizing the book and afterward reading many pages of it aloud to Stafford in his clean, prim, white-curtained little chamber; but even this last remarkable *coup* Brookstayne finally accomplished. An actual friendship between the two men now began to grow and thrive. Still, for a long time Stafford's reserve continued impregnable regarding his own past. Perhaps the first words that he volunteered on this head related to the Swiss woman, Hilda, who had accompanied him hither and left him in the home of her parents.



"She is at Berne," he said. "She has been very faithful. She was my mother's maid for a number of years, and my own nurse when I was a little boy. It was her idea that this trip across the Atlantic, ended by a long stay in Switzerland, would help me to . . . to bear what had happened. I have only to write and she will come to me from Berne. She is with a sister of hers who lives there,—a married sister, whom she loves very much, poor, sturdy, true-hearted Hilda! These old people are very good to me. I think Hilda understood that even *her* kind presence now and then troubled me a little. And her parents are mere amiable shadows; I dare say she has instructed them as regards their deportment; it is the perfection of discreet silence."

"Ignorance and discretion sometimes look wonderfully like one another," laughed Brookstayne.

"Oh, I suppose ignorance has a great deal to do with it," he replied. "But, whatever its origin, it is highly satisfying. I imagine that some of these old Swiss peasants have mastered the secret of perfect domestic peace. But then they have the calmer temperament, the cooler heads, unlike so many of the other European peasantries. I recall, in the case of Hilda, how forethought, prudence, and self-rule always predominated with her. I observed that in the midst of my worst sufferings, both mental and physical."

Brookstayne felt his pulses throb a little faster. This was but the second direct allusion which had thus far been made by the sombre hermit to his own woful condition. Still, Stafford's auditor did not wish to seize the present chance too roughly, lest it might slip away from him like the shy head of a turtle into its shell.

"She was then so capable a nurse?" he asked, seeking to make his tones quite ordinary and zestless.

"Indeed, yes. I shall never forget her courage and skill, her strength and patience."

"All that was needed, no doubt," Brookstayne ventured.

"Needed? I was at death's door for weeks. It amazes me, now, that I should ever have recovered."

"And the accident was . . . ?" began Brookstayne. Then he paused, leaving his question thus bluntly incomplete. "Pardon me," he went on, with a soft dexterity which the other perhaps quite failed to fathom; "I may have no right to inquire at all concerning your misfortune; you have not yet authorized me to do so."

He watched, with not a little secret anxiety, the single alert and luminous eye in that sadly ruined face. Plain rebuff might quickly manifest itself, and afterward a most depressing 'no thoroughfare' as regarded all further disclosures.

But he was mistaken in his fears. "I did not think to tell you or any one how I became what I am," he said. "And now, if I should give you even the slenderest explanation I would be dealing you an almost cruel shock."

"There you are mistaken," affirmed Brookstayne. "You would only be adding to my sympathy, which is already great."

Stafford bowed his head. "Ah, there is something about you that tempts my unrestrained candor," he murmured. "I never thought to

let a living soul know, between the hour of my recovery and that in which I died! I believe that hour is not far off . . . and yet, pshaw! what man can be sure of the real summons? I've reason to long for, to crave mine,—God knows I have!"

Brookstayne realized that he could be bold, now. "You must have suffered unspeakably," he said. "I long to have you acquainted me with the cause of your suffering!"

Stafford touched the forlorn side of his face with a light, vacillant gesture. "You mean . . . *this*?"

"I mean whatever you choose to tell me."

He rose from the chair in which he had been seated, close to Brookstayne. It was a lovely day in latter August, and the dimity curtains at the quaint little dormer-shaped windows were swaying ethereally in the fresh Alpine breeze. He looked all about him, for a moment, in a dubious, insecure way. Suddenly he came very near to Brookstayne, and with a movement which his observer had learned pitifully to explain, he made only the unravaged part of his countenance apparent.

Then he stooped down a little, still with the same evident concealing design, and spoke a sentence or two in brief, hard undertone.

Brookstayne rose flurriedly. "No!" he exclaimed. "It was *that*? Really! How horrible!"

"There," Stafford answered; "I knew I would shock you! Shall I say anything more? Better not . . . better not!" And he flung himself into his chair again.

Thrilled as he was, Brookstayne bent over him and gently said, "Such an occurrence was indeed dreadful. To have an angry dog tear your face in that way! What a hideous outrage! . . . But while I recognize the full ghastliness of the accident I . . . I confess myself surprised—excuse that expression—I . . . I hardly know how to explain just what I mean . . ."

"You thought," Stafford broke in, as his companion hesitated and stammered, "that I had some less vulgar mode of explaining the wretched injury."

"Less vulgar?" Brookstayne repeated. "No,—not that. And yet . . ."

"And yet it robs my story of whatever romance you might have fancied concerning it."

"Romance," faltered Brookstayne; "yes. And still——"

"Ah," interrupted Stafford, with a ringing melancholy of voice, "but you have not yet *heard* my story."

"I wish to hear it; I wish to hear it very much," said Brookstayne. At the same time he was thinking, 'A dog tore him to pieces. How prosaic!—though still a love-affair might somehow have lain behind the calamity, as I suppose there did! It had grown to be almost a marriage, or something like that, when the dire thing took place.'

"If you wish to hear my story," Stafford soon went on, "I will give it you."

"Thanks."

"While we have talked together, of late, you may have noticed

that I have shown some knowledge of science,—that the fact of you yourself being concerned with scientific pursuit has in a measure drawn me toward you."

Brookstayne replied without hesitation, "Yes. You have made many inquiries, all of which caused me to feel sure of your familiarity with data and developments I should not have suspected you of knowing."

There was a slight pause. Then Stafford said, "I know more than you have guessed,—or even dreamed. I have followed everything that you have uttered, and often feared lest I should betray an erudition that might startle you. . . . But there is now no further reason for concealment. There is nothing *you* know which I have not long ago known and digested. There is much *I* know which would be of inestimable worth to yourself."

'His hallucination!' thought Brookstayne, recalling the words of Hans. Aloud he said, with soft vehemence, "I do not deny your statements. How can I do so without proof?"

"You shall have proof,—great, incontestable proof," came the response, "when you hear why this awful wound curses me. . . ."

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At length Brookstayne did hear the whole wild and amazing tale. It is not averred of him that he ever actually credited it. Days elapsed before he could win from Stafford avowals definite enough to make him accept points and explanations of a sort that related to pure scientific discovery, and even then he rejected certain postulates with the hardihood born of a sceptic's personal surety.

The narrative which he heard was never afterward put into manuscript form, as far as correct annals have recorded. It may have been that through some oath given to Stafford he refrained from ever transcribing or imparting it in its clear entirety. But that he somehow and somewhere repeated it allows of no question. It has come to the present chronicler in a biographic form, and thus it will be made known to the reader. It is a tale which has floated about, for a number of years, among a particular set of credulous, imaginative, or romantic-minded people. What Brookstayne (who has been living in Germany for a long time past) would say to it in its present shape, one might not readily conjecture. Perhaps he would damn it as the idlest of exaggerations, or affirm, on the other hand, that its verisimilitude was but faint of coloring beside the original facts. Assertions have reached me that he has more than once denied ever having met so afflicted a creature as Stafford, apart from having bruited abroad those appalling statements which the reader is now asked to consider. But such declarations are the mere pyrotechnics of doubt; for there is a flamboyant kind of distrust in the world, precisely as there is a bovine sort of bigotry, and certain people are never so happy as when informing us, with very sober countenances, that the grass is not really green and the sky not really blue.

## III.

His full name was Kenneth Rodney Stafford. All his early life was passed in a large, quiet old New England homestead, among the fascinating hills of Vermont. When a boy he was very beautiful, but with a decidedly girlish look. His mother, who adored him, cut off his long, thick golden curls because he yearned to lose them, although she performed the task with great regret. He was her only child, and his father's death occurred while he was yet almost an infant.

"I hate so to do it, Kenneth," she said, with the scissors in her hand. "Why should you care if the boys in the village *do* call you 'missy' and 'girl-boy'? You've quite as much manliness as they, and . . ."

But Kenneth made stout interruption, just here. "I do care, mamma," he said. "Please cut them; you promised me you would. Cut them quick, and let us get it off our minds!"

Mrs. Stafford smiled and obeyed him. He was only eight years old, but already she had begun to find his will in many ways paramount to her own. She was, herself, an excessively gentle lady, with a figure lissome as a willow-stem, gray-tinged auburn hair that rippled back from a brow of alabaster chastity, and the whitest and most delicate hands in the world.

But just as she had finished what she held to be an act of mild outrage, her sister, Miss Aurelia Rodney, entered the room and surveyed the suddenly-altered Kenneth with a harsh little grimace.

"I hope you think you've improved the boy, Margaret!" exclaimed Miss Aurelia, with a little adverse toss of her small, sleek head. "To *my* mind you've taken all the poetry out of him,—*all!* He looks more like a girl, now, than ever,—only, like a girl who plays marbles with the boys and keeps a top hidden away among her dolls."

Kenneth bit his lip, at this. He and his aunt Aurelia were not good friends, even at that early period of his life. He had no language in which to define her, but if words had been given him he would have pronounced her a posing sentimentalist.

He would not have been very far wrong. "Poetry" was often at the tip of her tongue, but there was a slight enough hint of it in her appearance. Years the senior of her sister, Mrs. Stafford, she was a spinster of spare and angular shape, with a severe little gray eye and a pair of lips thin as the blades of a knife. She had, however, a most expansive imagination, a most exploring and fetterless fancy. She had once been passionately religious, but of late had turned her attention to certain speculative "fads" and "isms." Her sister bore with her, deplored her, often quite failed to understand her, and always clingingly loved her.

Kenneth passed through childhood, there in his placid country home, with augmenting disapproval of all that his aunt Aurelia did, thought, or said. The boy, notwithstanding his feminine look, was full of pluck and fire. He rode fearlessly, and laughed at any danger that was wed with sport. He soon showed keenness of intellect, and surprised his governess by large powers of memory. She who discharged

that office was none other than this same aunt Aurelia, and between the two a kind of dull, covert, stubborn war was forever being waged.

"The boy is born without any imagination whatever!" Miss Aurelia would lament. "I never saw a child so stolidly matter-of-fact. The other day I told him that invisible angels were always near us, and he wanted to know if they brought lunch-baskets with them when they came to spend the whole day down here, so far away from heaven. Did you ever hear of anything so blasphemous?"

"I don't believe he meant it to be so, Aurelia," said Mrs. Stafford. At the same time she secretly sighed. She was thinking of her late husband, whose audacious radicalisms had not seldom pained her own meek orthodox spirit.

One day Kenneth came to his mother with a little red spot on either of his delicate cheeks, and with a spark of droll arrogance in his fine clear eyes.

"Aunt Aurelia can't teach me arithmetic any more," he said. "She doesn't know how."

"Why, Kenneth?"

"It's true, mamma. She doesn't understand fractions *at all*. She has to look in the book and study the rules; and this morning I caught her in a big mistake."

Here was open contumacy indeed. Kenneth faced his aunt, a little later, with this awful charge, and at last the affair ended by Miss Aurelia bursting into vexed tears and saying to her sister that she would no longer dream of teaching so saucy and disrespectful a pupil.

"He is full of the most unbecoming pride," she complained. "He shows it to you, Margaret, but your love blinds you so that you either cannot or will not see the truth."

"I'm as fond of mamma as she is of me, every bit!" cried Kenneth; and, with a challenging glance at the kinswoman who roused his dislike, he threw both arms round the neck of his mother.

Miss Aurelia turned away with a shrug of her thin shoulders. "Some day," she murmured, in tones of sibylline affront, "you will be sorry, Margaret, that you ever tolerated his whims and follies."

A little later, when his aunt was absent, Kenneth said to his mother, "Don't most people think Aunt Aurelia a lady that makes herself out ever so much wiser than she really is?"

"Kenneth," sprang the reproving answer, "what put such a naughty fancy into your head? Of course *nobody* thinks anything of the sort."

"Well, *I* think so," declared the boy, with a funny gruffness.

From that period the tuition of Miss Rodney ceased. A gentleman was summoned from New York to be Kenneth's tutor. He was a person well past fifty years, with a bristly brown beard, chronic green glasses, and a manner which Miss Aurelia at once pronounced bearish.

But he swiftly won Kenneth's liking. No doubt for this reason Mrs. Stafford, whom his lack of suavity also repelled, both endured and smiled upon him. "How does my son progress in his studies?" she inquired about a fortnight after the tutor's installation. "I have been hoping, Mr. Apley, that you would give me some kind of favorable account."



The grim tutor rubbed his rough beard with one rather dingy hand. "He's deficient in some things," was the bluff response. "But not from want of ability. Bless me, no! He's been horribly taught,—abominably, in fact."

"Ah," murmured Mrs. Stafford, in furtive thankfulness that her sister was not present; "that sounds discouraging!"

"But in some ways," continued Mr. Apsley, "he astonishes me. He has a most extraordinary mind. I'm a good deal mistaken, madam, or your son has got it in him to make, if he chooses, a really great logician and mathematician. I've never before met a boy of his years whose understanding could pierce through sham and reach certain plain, hard facts with so much ease and speed."

'His father, again,' thought Mrs. Stafford. Tenderly as she loved the memory of her husband, she could not forget how often he had shocked her of old by the ruthless vigor with which he had tilted against this or that so-named fallacy and illusion.

In these boyish years of Kenneth's he was called upon to suffer one sharp, self-humiliating sorrow. Not more than a quarter of a mile away from his own home stood the handsomer and more modern residence of his mother's third- or fourth-cousin, Mr. Rodney Effingham. This gentleman was a widower, with one child, a little girl called Celia, about three years the junior of Kenneth. Celia was even then a beauty, with big, dark eyes and captivating dimples. Kenneth would sometimes be taken to visit her, or would sometimes (when leisure from studies allowed him) go alone. He preferred the latter mode of procedure as age advanced with him, because of its more manly look.

But, alas! he might have spared himself all such ambition as that of ever appealing to Celia through the medium of manliness. Her graceful head, with its dark, mutinous curls, would poise itself haughtily on her little white throat while she surveyed him. She thought him the most tryingly odd boy to behold! It was like seeing a girl in boys' clothes. Celia felt sure that she would look a great deal more like a boy if she were dressed as he was. Now and then her red lips let him learn this, unsheathing the milky teeth behind them in that merciless mockery a child's laughter will sometimes wear. For Kenneth her blundering little shafts were tipped with a venom which no other satire could have equalled, and went fleeting home to their mark with fearful accuracy.

But there was another form of his misfortune which he found harder still to bear. Celia's contempt for his effeminate face and figure was odious indeed, but when it became coupled with the scorn of an ally, and that ally an urchin of about his own years, tolerance forgot the virtue of stoicism. Celia had even then another admirer, though by no means as devout a one as Kenneth. Young Caryl Dayton was the son of a wealthy Bostonian whose large estate adjoined that of the Effinghams. It was a noble amplitude of acres, and a sort of castellated gray-stone mansion rose from it which the country-folk round about regarded as an abode of baronial splendor. The Daytons were social new-comers in Boston, and the fortune made by Caryl's father had been one of those rapid growths which were quickly amassed from



the shady and shabby railroad enterprises that interested our national Congress and Senate somewhat disreputably from fifteen to twenty years ago. Caryl had brothers and sisters older than himself, who held their heads high as adults; and he, as a youth just bordering on his teens, followed their supercilious example. He was a tall, vigorous fellow, with light-blue flashing eyes and a mouth whose childish yet resolute curve too often evinced an unwonted worldliness and cynicism.

Almost from the first moment that he and Kenneth met, the latter detested him. Celia, who rode dauntlessly on her shaggy little pony, showed herself flattered whenever Caryl rode at her side on a fine thoroughbred out of his father's well-stocked stables. But Caryl was not a good horseman, and one day Kenneth felt a thrill of wicked delight when he chanced to join Celia and her companion, he himself being mounted on a stout-limbed, hard-mouthed horse apparently beyond his feeble powers of control. Kenneth could manage his own steed adroitly, notwithstanding his frail build and slim wrists, while in the course of a mile or so Caryl's horse suddenly shied and threw him. A few minutes before this, the millionaire's imperious son had murmured a few disdainful words to Celia, whose import partly reached Kenneth; and so, when the disaster overtook his rival, the heir of the Staffords could not resist a secret exultant glow. Still, he behaved very well, and at once dismounted after the accident, tying his horse by the bridle to a near sapling and doing his best to stanch Caryl's bleeding forehead, though the hurt soon proved to be the merest surface-wound.

Caryl had shown disarray and alarm, at first. His horse had dashed at a skittish gallop completely out of sight, but he paid no heed to this feature of his overthrow. His injury had dizzied and shocked him, and, while Celia broke into sympathetic complaints, Kenneth behaved with the nicest coolness and good will. But very soon Caryl became his old pert self. He almost threw Kenneth's proffered handkerchief in the latter's face, and presently walked away in the direction that his fugitive horse had taken, with a sulkily clouded brow and a churlish growl of annoyance.

Kenneth, after this repelling treatmeant, grew to be the sworn foe of Caryl. They met several times afterward on the lawn of Celia's dwelling. Twice or thrice the father of Celia happened to be present, but at last there came an afternoon when one of Caryl's most insulting humors overtook him, and then, as it chanced, the three children were alone together. They were playing croquet, and Kenneth alone knew how to treat the game with other than the merest hap-hazard stroke. But Kenneth did nothing at random; he had long ago shrewdly seen that blind force is the idlest of spendthrifts. Caryl gnawed his lips at having been badly beaten a second time, and no doubt the cut went deeper because he had had Celia for his partner, Kenneth playing against them both. But now Caryl asserted that their foe's game was not half so difficult as their own. "To manage two balls, as you did," he grumbled, "is a good deal the easiest way."

This, under the circumstances, appealed to Kenneth as the worst freak of silliness. "Why, you told Celia how to make all her shots," he said,—"and she made most of them very well, too. But, if you

prefer, I'll play against you with Celia, and you can take the 'dummy,' just as I did before."

The alacrity with which Celia acceded to this idea may have ruffled Caryl still further. The little girl was to-day in one of her most coquetish moods, and chose either to feel or affect pique at Caryl; it may have been that she wanted him stoutly to oppose Kenneth's new plan and insist on retaining herself as a partner.

Matters turned out no more successfully for Caryl during the next game than they had heretofore done. Indeed, he was beaten somewhat more ingloriously. Celia applauded all Kenneth's brilliant shots, followed his counsels with a pointed eagerness, and exulted loudly in their joint victory.

"Well," suddenly exclaimed Caryl, with savage irony, "it is rather unpleasant to be beaten *by two girls!*" And then he laughed out his acrimony, shrilly and harshly.

Those were the last insolent words one boy ever spoke to the other. Kenneth flung his mallet on the dark-green turf and dashed up to where Caryl stood. He had little fists and frail arms, but he did not strike out at all like a girl. Caryl had got two or three blows full in the face before he could just master his poise. After this the pair were matched most ill, for one boy loomed robustly above the other, so that it became a fray alike droll and pathetic. But, though neither lacked pluck, Kenneth had the long smart of grievance to spur and goad him. He had science, too, of a sort that resembled his deftness at croquet,—empiric, perhaps, but showing plainly the drift of temperament, and that pugilism, like other forms of experience, had passed under his analytic survey. Caryl's blows were given with twice his antagonist's force, but they were parried, every now and then, with an unforeseen skill. Celia's cries rang out wildly as the blood began to stream from Kenneth's face. She ran shrieking into the house, and luckily found her father, who was about quitting it. When Ralph Effingham tore the two boys apart, Kenneth had drawn nearly as much blood as his enemy, and showed twice as much disposition to continue the fight. It was a scarlet feather in Kenneth's cap that so big a lad as Caryl had fought him and not promptly triumphed. Though Mrs. Stafford put her son to bed pale and aching, several hours later that same afternoon, tidings of his prowess presently transpired everywhere throughout the neighborhood, and what scars Caryl Dayton wore during the next fortnight or so were widely proclaimed the badges of disgrace.

A year or two later the Stafford household began to spend each winter in New York. Miss Aurelia persuaded her sister to make this change. She had become devotedly attached to spiritualism, clairvoyance, mind-reading, and other like shams by which our poor human brains are sometimes duped. She had taken to weeping over Andrew Jackson Davis, and she read aloud to her patient sister profuse "trance poems" all about the "summer-land." But being near other spiritualists did not form Miss Aurelia's only reason for going to New York. Mr. Ralph Effingham, little Celia's father, dwelt there every winter.

## IV.

Effingham had surely given his daughter none of her beauty. He was, indeed, a man with a chalky cheek and a viscous, ascetic eye, and was never in the best of health. As a young man he had had literary ambitions, amiably looked on by some of his patrician relatives and anxiously by others. But there was no cause for any alarm: the vulgar guild of letters did not prove zealous in seeking his membership, and perhaps he had never been vain enough to imagine that it would. He was apparently most modest about his own powers; you saw the tyrannous autocrat spring up within him only when he discussed those of others. A few generations ago he would no doubt have been a fervid religionist. It is not probable that to-day he was even much of a church-goer, but he had certainly plunged his spirit into idealisms of various phases, and went abroad among his fellows with a perplexed air of spiritual remoteness that must have seemed sadly incongruous among the New York drawing-rooms he frequented. After a little while, however, he ceased to frequent them; he had found in one of them a congenial sweetheart, a Miss Van Styne, whom he soon made Mrs. Effingham. It was thought a most proper match, for there was Knickerbocker blood on either side. But in a few years they were saying mournfully of poor Mrs. Effingham that the whole melancholy meaning of her brief marriage had seemed for her to become the wife of her husband, to bear him a pretty little golden-haired girl, and then prematurely to die. She certainly left no resigned and plaintless widower. Effingham now became more immersed in abstractions than ever before. If he had been a great poet some of his stanzas on his dead wife would have thrilled the world, for so much genuine grief went to make them. But as it was, his turn for verse took the form of what he would have told you remained the only verse worth writing at all,—the “natural,” the “simple,” the “spontaneous.” If he had been a poor man there is little doubt that he would have become a critic and controlled a column or two of some newspaper in which all the minor bards, from Cowley to Barry Cornwall, would have been besieged with eulogy, and all the living ones who stood even a faint chance of immortality through the sustained and academic excellence of their work would have been either covertly satirized or openly abused. But Effingham’s wealth prevented, as it now happened, one more emotional trifter from entering the critical field. He employed the splendor of his clairvoyance in constructing lyrics that “breathed,” as he expressed it, “an indefinable feeling.” This elusive quality, he maintained, was at the root of all real poetry, and consequently, like every member of his irritating school, he placed security of artistic touch below a kind of daintily devil-may-care *naïveté*. Among modern poets he held Tennyson to be ornate and Longfellow mechanical. Certain metrical hysterics of the late Sidney Lanier he thought entrancing, and the worst things that Mr. Browning has written he found “packed with soul.” As for his own compositions, they were apt to run somewhat like this:

I stood on the headland and listened  
 To the warring of waters below:  
 In my heart was an infinite sadness  
 More deep than the sea's ebb and flow.

I said to the cloud sailing o'er me,  
 "O light-hearted roamer, God-speed!"  
 I said to the swallow, "Be joyful;  
 Thy wings from all bondage are freed!"

And the cloud and the swallow went past me,  
 And I stood on the headland alone,  
 In my heart all the sea's rhythmic rapture,  
 Yet all its mysterious moan!

But to write such verses never has meant or can mean more than the possession of a graceful facility. Effingham's trouble was that his nature preferred the flickering rays of a candle to the steadfast light of stars. He was too feverish, too feeble, and too shallow a personality for the grand repose of true poetic art not to strike him as "stilted." He so disastrously confused thought and feeling that his mentality might be compared to the gaudy tangle a girl's workbox will sometimes present, after her favorite cat has been intermingling silks with worsted. His metaphysics and transcendentalisms had affected not a few of his old friends repellantly. But they did not so affect Miss Aurelia Rodney, who doubtless blended her choicest smiles with a lurking recognition of his eligible widowerhood. It was because of Effingham that Aurelia induced her sister to winter in New York. Kenneth, who was now growing up with that extraordinary speed which almost deals pangs of fear to adults over-sensitive about the flight of time, would regard these two elderly cousins as though they were the odd denizens of another sphere. His fair straight brows would crease themselves in a perplexity charged with all the sarcasm of his own innocence while he watched his aunt Aurelia in the company of her kinsman. It struck the lad that they were both talking for the mere sake of hearing their own strange words and phrases, and with no actual desire to reach any real goal of truth. He could not understand people ever talking like that. To listen and observe, in their case, would sometimes give him resentful thrills. Effingham, who had admired his courage that day on the croquet-ground, soon got cordially to detest him. And still later, when Kenneth had definitely left the crude bounds of urchinhood and when Miss Aurelia had abandoned sentimentalities of a more general scope for the dives and flights of spiritualism, affairs in the Stafford home-circle assumed a still sterner aspect. Kenneth had succeeded in making himself so odious to Effingham that the latter had informed Aurelia of his disgust. "The boy should be sent abroad, or somewhere, to school," he had said. "Caryl Dayton is now at Geneva. The idea of Kenneth having the impudence to ask me whether I can prove the existence of a spirit as I can—no, as *he* can—prove the multiplication-table! Good heavens! one can answer grown-up folk when they assault one with such materialisms, but what answer can be given a youngster of his years except to make him hold his precocious little tongue?"

"If he could only be made to hold it!" sighed Aurelia. "But he is not all to blame. His mother pets and humors him so. As for discharging his masters and sending him off to a boarding-school, there is very little chance of her showing that amount of discipline. No, I regret to say, my sister is too weak in her love." Here Aurelia sighed again and obscured those sharp little gray eyes of hers for a moment in their drooped lids. "But is not *all* love weak, Ralph? I can realize its lofty and sublime self-abnegations; I can comprehend how mysterious powers in the vast invisible world beyond our groping sight may give many a tender and subtle monition to some heart either doubtful of its own love or wondering if this be adequately returned by another; but, after all, love, as I grasp the idea of it, is an emotion, an impulse quite ungovernable,—and therefore weak, *quite* weak!"

And then Aurelia looked up into the rather dead eye of Effingham, while another very faint and fluttering sound passed from her lips. Perhaps her kinsman did not see the connection between this little rhapsodic burst and the fact that Kenneth Stafford needed either a good trouncing or a long sojourn at boarding-school, or both. And possibly this dubious mood was reflected in the brief, blunt answer received by Aurelia.

Still, as time went on, she managed to convince Ralph Effingham that brief and blunt answers were better left unspoken. Kenneth did not go to boarding-school, but profited by his mother's proud appreciation of his talents and acquitted himself finely under the care of the several different daily instructors with whom she provided him. Scientific study was now recognized and accepted as his strong point, and Mrs. Stafford, realizing that gifts remarkable as those of her son should be improved without stint, crushed down all futile regret and gave him every rich chance for their ample culture. She would have preferred, poor lady, that Kenneth should show something of that ideality which might have made him less fond of the bare, rigid fact and more submissive to even the most illusory spells which environ it.

But Kenneth grew hardier, month by month, in his rationalistic tendencies. His passion for pure science augmented, and the spiritualism which his aunt Aurelia began to cultivate roused in him a scorn often defiant of civil usages. At last there came a period, during his residence in New York with his mother and Miss Rodney, when merely for him to know that the latter attended *séances* and spiritual meetings provoked in him a sombre zeal of challenge. His aunt had more than one fit of tears over his placid gibes and scoffs.

"That boy would fling Easter-lilies to swine!" she once vehemently told her sister.

"Not unless they were a proper article of diet for those animals," replied Kenneth, who chanced to enter the room just then and to catch in full this picturesque aspersion. "I should lay a strict veto on the lilies if they had any bad effect on the character of the pork."

Mrs. Stafford laughed nervously. "Ah, my son," she said, "that is just what your aunt means,—that you would always be thinking more of the pork than of the lilies."

"One helps us to live," he retorted; "the others merely decorate life."



Not very long after this a medium was introduced by Aurelia, one evening, into the abode of her sister. Kenneth, whose hostility and sarcasm had alike been dreaded, surprised both ladies by conducting himself with thorough politeness toward the new-comer. She was in the drawing-room, talking with his aunt and Effingham, when he appeared there at the side of his mother. She looked to be a person somewhat past fifty years, and wore above her stout bosom a huge enamel brooch bearing the face and half the form of a gentleman with a stock and a capacious collar. She might have seemed passably pretty if all her hair had not been drawn back from her brows and temples with excessive tightness and tied into a severe little knob behind, making her glazed chestnut head strike Kenneth as oddly like an acorn deprived of its cup, and rounded off, so to speak, by the insertion of a human face. It was not a very happy face, either; it had a restless, uneasy expression; and very soon after Kenneth and his mother came into the room it grew still more troubled.

"I kinder feel as though there was antaggernistic influences to work," said the medium, answering an earnest request of Aurelia's that the *séance* should begin. "I guess we won't have much of a seeunce to-night. Things ain't right, somehow."

Aurelia stole a side-glance at Effingham, to see how he stood such lawless orthoëpy and syntax from even the "child of nature" that she had already described her priestess of a new faith.

"Oh, Mrs. Gallup," she then said, with blended conciliation and persuasion, "I'm *sure* it will all turn out splendidly when it once begins. You had *such* success at your own rooms, the other evening, that I can hardly realize how to-night *can* prove a failure."

"Goodness me!" said Mrs. Gallup, with a shake of the head that seemed to imply vast hidden plenitudes of wisdom, "if the conditions was only always alike I'd never be afraid of disappointing a soul, and reg'late all my doings jus' by the amount of psycher-ma'netic fluid I was able to receive at every seeunce."

"What do you mean by psycho-magnetic fluid?" asked Kenneth, with a sudden curtness.

The youth sat with his hard, bright eyes on her face and his lip unconsciously curled. He was not far from early manhood, now, and although there was a boyishness in his look which until old age came he could never wholly lose, there was still a good deal of high-bred beauty and not a little delicate dignity as well.

"There!" exclaimed Mrs. Gallup, suddenly pointing her finger at Kenneth, "it's *you*! Young man, I couldn't no more tell you *what* that psycher-ma'netic fluid *is* than you could tell me who and where Gord is! I jus' know it kinder comes a-flowing and a-flowing all aroun' me" (here the lady made undulatory movements with both hands), "and then it's—well, then it's *time*!" She beamed upon Miss Aurelia with a sudden smile, after giving her sentence this abrupt end, with its ghostly intimations. "You understand me, o' course!"

"Oh, yes," said Aurelia, with a repressed fervor that hinted of freer speech when her present auditors had been absent; "indeed, Mrs. Gallup, I do!"



"It's *him*," pursued the medium, once more pointing at Kenneth. "That young man's a septic, and he's spoiling the conditions. I felt he was in the house as soon as I come into it."

"Does that mean you'd like me to go?" asked Kenneth, with a tantalizing repose.

Mrs. Gallup gave him a sullen stare, and then turned toward Aurelia with another exorbitant smile. "'Tain't for me to say who shall be at a seance when I'm engaged to give one."

"Still," persisted Kenneth, with his calm, bell-like voice, "you think you could humbug everybody here a good deal better without me. You're afraid I might see through some of your shams if I stayed; though perhaps I might be equally dangerous if I left the room. As it is, I intend to stay." He reached over for his mother's hand and took it in both his own. "When my mother goes into the company of such brazen frauds as *all* you people are, I go with her."

Under the circumstances (as will be seen hereafter), this was a most reckless little gauntlet for Kenneth to fling down. But youth and impetuosity are seldom other than twin terms. However he may have regretted them a few seconds after they were spoken, no power could then unsay them.

Just what he did not desire to have occur now took place. Effingham sprang up from his seat with a disgusted sniff. Aurelia threw both her hands toward the ceiling, as if she wanted to invoke some sort of celestial ire upon this perverse young desecrator. As for Mrs. Gallup, she was seized with a fit of trembling and whimpering that threatened to finish in hysteria.

But it did not. The *seance* was to be paid for by a fat sum out of Mrs. Stafford's pocket, and here may have lain the secret of that fine composure which soon replaced the medium's disarray. His mother had softly implored Kenneth to offer some kind of apology, but this he refused to do, sitting with his graceful head obstinately thrown backward and a stern resolve on his tender, boyish lips. Effingham now and then shot looks of disgust at him, but Aurelia wholly occupied herself in salving Mrs. Gallup's wounds.

The latter presently recovered with an almost startling expedition, and told Kenneth in tones of sullen wrath that she would try and let him see whether she was the brazen fraud he had been impudent enough to call her.

"Go ahead, then," returned Kenneth. "I'll take back what I said about you when you've proved to me I was wrong."

"Bless my soul!" murmured Effingham to Aurelia. "Only think of such talk from a lad of his age! If I had a son like that I'd soon show him the meaning of manners."

"For his own sake, poor boy," Aurelia murmured in response, "I do wish that he *had* been your son!"

And meanwhile, in a low voice, Mrs. Stafford was saying to Kenneth, "Oh, my boy, how ungentlemanly has been your conduct! And under your mother's roof!—your own roof! Ah, with all your past fits of wilfulness, I never believed you would come to this!"

But Kenneth merely gave a chill smile and lifted his head a little higher. His dislike of Mrs. Gallup had not been personal. He loathed, as if through indomitable instinct, all that she represented. This detestation of every alleged claim to wield occult and necromantic powers formed a sort of corollary to his reverence for the firm exactitudes of science.

The *stance* began soon afterward. It was held, of course, in a darkened room. Earlier in the evening Aurelia had spoken, with tones of expectant rapture, regarding the blessed chances of a "materialization." It seemed as if Mrs. Gallup might be so favored by some of her spiritual allies as to produce one, and a very handsome specimen of its grisly kind as well; for in the almost pitchy darkness that now filled the room she suddenly said, with a voice of hollow resonance,—

"Margaret Stafford, your little girl, Elsie, that you lost years ago, is a child o' light now, and would like to let her ma see what a 'cute and sweet little dearie they've made out of her, off there into the summer-land."

Mrs. Stafford started, and shuddered audibly in the gloom. Her first-born, Elsie, had indeed died years ago, but the wound of that loss had never wholly healed, as so many a mother will understand. But her sensation was not only one of pain; terror mixed with it. She stretched out one hand gropingly for Kenneth, who had been seated next her at the lowering of the light. But she could not find him. Where had he gone? She had not heard him leave his chair. "Kenneth," she called, in a low whisper. No answer came.

"How . . . how marvellous!" the voice of Aurelia was now heard to quiver. "I never dreamed of mentioning poor little Elsie's name to Mrs. Gallup."

"I think we'd better be quite quiet, hadn't we?" said Effingham.

There was a silence, during which Mrs. Stafford's terror grew. She felt like screaming her boy's name aloud. If the little dead one *were* to come back, she wanted Kenneth near by; he had somehow got to be so strong and big, of late; and then she wasn't ever at all sure, nowadays, about her feeble nerves.

"I guess little Elsie 'll come," at length proclaimed Mrs. Gallup, though with the effect of a person who talks in sleep. And then, in a monotonous, droning whine, "Come, little petty: . . . come away from them heavenly blooms and birds you're a-playing among; come here for a little while and see your own darling mommer, that ain't forgot you yet, nor never can."

For the mother who heard them these nasal strains might have been the rarest euphony, while it is doubtful if she even noted the raw vulgarity of their appeal. The longing, the agitation which they roused had slight concern with their tone, their taste, or their grammar. Like many religious people, she was easily impressed by just such quackeries as the spiritualist, the occultist, the theosophist, the Christian scientist, or whatever he may choose to call himself, may care to deal in. She stretched forth her yearning arms as a vague light stole through some sort of aperture yards beyond. Slowly the rays increased until they made one broad shaft on curtain and carpet. And then,

suddenly, but with no more sound than the coming of the light itself, a small shape, clad in white, with a lovely childish face and a pair of lifted arms, glided into view.

Sobs broke from Mrs. Stafford. "My child! my Elsie!" she exclaimed.

"Hush!" said Mrs. Gallup, with a dreadful solemnity.

"Hush, Margaret!" gasped Aurelia.

And now Mrs. Stafford's imagination went wildly to work. She distinctly recognized the child whom she had lost years before. She had not a doubt but that her own dead little Elsie stood in spectral beauty just yonder. A cry—an eager maternal cry—trembled on her lips, when the swift darting from shadow of another shape stilled it. A moment later she saw that Kenneth had seized the child. Then there came a shrill, babyish scream, and some one rushed toward the chandelier with its turned-down gas-jets, making each, in quick succession, burn again mercilessly bright.

There stood Kenneth, near the drawn *portière* of the adjacent dining-room, with a laugh of terrible scorn that drowned the affrighted wails of the child he was holding. But he held it very tenderly, and almost at once, after the spectacular *éclaircissement* (which had been wrought by none other than Luke, an old butler long resident in the Stafford family), he brought the dismayed little girl over to his mother, saying, with clear, vibrant voice,—

"There, you see she's only somebody else's flesh-and-blood child, after all! Kiss her and hug her all you please, poor little frightened thing. She deserves it for being made the tool of that wretched old mountebank there!"

He turned to Mrs. Gallup as he spoke the last words, and contempt flashed from his ardent young eyes, glad with the joy of a complete victory.

Soon afterward, to the humiliation of Aurelia, every detail of the real truth transpired. Kenneth had heard from Hilda, his mother's devoted maid and his own former nurse, certain words which had caused him to suspect that Mrs. Gallup had been trying to corrupt one of the other female servants. Whatever may have been the medium's triumphs at private residences in previous times, her vicious arts had failed her in the present instance. She had bribed too much or too little; the maid whom she had insidiously approached had betrayed her, and Kenneth, with his hot young soul aflame for the exposure of charlatanism, had not found it hard to enlist on his side the Swiss woman, Hilda, who adored him, or the old Irish butler, Luke, who held him in devoted esteem.

Mrs. Gallup went away crestfallen and feeless. Kenneth had proved himself a power against which the innuendoes of his aunt and the morose mutterings of Effingham were alike futile. His mother clung to him more than ever after that night when he had so pitilessly yet with so austere a kindliness brought to her side the little guiltless, hired minion of Mrs. Gallup's detected chicanery. In spite of his youth, Kenneth now became the real head of the household. Even Aurelia bowed to him, with no more muffled complaints against his

"cold-bloodedness" or "lack of sentiment." But his reign as acknowledged autocrat proved, nevertheless, a brief one.

## V.

Only a few months later Mrs. Stafford, whose health had not for years been strong, suddenly sickened and died. Kenneth was overwhelmed with horror and loneliness at her demise. It changed him for a long period. He would scarcely see or speak to one of his tutors; there were moments when he meditated suicide.

The news of his aunt's prospective marriage with Effingham woke him into comparative action. He disliked them both, and appeared at their wedding in deep mourning, scarcely uttering a syllable. Soon afterward he made up his mind to go abroad, and as soon as his financial affairs could be arranged according to the terms of his mother's will, he departed for Europe. Mrs. Stafford had been rich in her own right, and had left certain amounts to religious charities. Kenneth paid over all these sums, and found himself afterward possessed of a large fortune, the heritage of both his parents.

Reaching Europe, he went almost directly to Germany. He knew his own ignorance, just as he was perfectly aware of his own exceptional attainments. He gave himself in the humblest spirit up to the instructors of the Berlin University, and soon became aware that an enormous amount of study waited between his ambitions and their potential span. But he was prepared to shirk no height of toil, and in his later career as a student of science he won shining distinction. The new atmosphere tingled for him with a most welcome stimulus. Intercourse with congenial minds at first nearly intoxicated him by its delicious novelty. This life of the university, as he soon perceived, filled a yawning vacuum in his nature. He was now a living refutation of the cynical words "*Tout notre mal vient de ne pouvoir être seul.*" It seemed sometimes to Kenneth as if absolute solitude would henceforth become hateful; he forever sought an interchange of ideas with his co-disciples, and frequently dispensed to them on this very account entertainment which his well-filled purse made a light enough consideration. For such reason, and for others as well, he was popular. His freshness amazed and pleased everybody. He went about seeking knowledge everywhere and from all informants. "He is not a man," said one of the students: "he is a thirst." "No, an enthusiasm," preferred another. They called him *kenntnisverrückt* behind his back, and made amiable sport of him for his craze after knowledge of a certain character. But they all liked him for his fine simplicity and that species of courtesy which holds no man, not even the meanest, an unimportant factor in social forces. For nothing so flatters the ordinary human intellect as to become convinced of its own instructive value. The moment you make a fellow-creature believe that he can help you by information which at once costs him nothing and yet shows forth any of his own mental equipments, you have created an eager, if temporary, friend. And friends of this description Kenneth did create by the score. His drift was away from orthodoxy, and

plenty of encouragement with respect to this mood awaited him at the Berlin University. He was confronted, indeed, with not a few atheists, who occupied their leisure in shaping dauntless and biting epigrams which sounded like shibboleths to be printed glaringly on the banners of some future rationalistic revolt. But he revealed no sympathy with this mode of destroying conservative tenets. He had a rooted and inherent distrust of eloquence, and it gradually grew upon him that oratory as an art was one of the most harmful enemies of civilization. The deeper he plunged into science the more potently he was convinced of how its lustral waters cleansed the mind from every form of parasitic and clogging impediment. "I live," he once announced to a throng of intimates, "in search of nothing except the actual. Progress has for centuries lost untold opportunities through her hospitality toward imagination. All dreams are a disease; the really healthful sleep has none. It has often occurred to me that mankind now suffers from an immense and distracting toothache, called religion."

"Are you going to invent a cure for that toothache, Stafford?" queried one of his companions, over their beer and pipes.

"No," said Kenneth. "But time will. They gave one of the mythic Fates a scissors; I would put into her hand a forceps, and have her pull out that 'raging tooth.' She's bound to do so sooner or later; she's tugging away at the nuisance now. When the entire world perceives that there is nothing to worship, it will comprehend that there will be nothing to feel afraid of,—not even death. For death, shorn of all ecclesiastic appendices, is really a most sweet falling asleep; and nature has prepared an annihilation of dusky yet enticing splendor. No gorgeous paradise of the Koran's most glowing pages ever equalled it. The dark slaves of oblivion wait upon us there; they are better than the loveliest houries; they can never be corrupted, for the simple reason that they are corruption itself."

"Aha!" cried one of his hearers, "you're a pessimist, then!"

"No," said Kenneth. "A pessimist is a rebel. I am a martyr." And he laughed a little. "I shall always believe in having the human race accommodate itself sensibly to the curse of consciousness."

That last phrase roused a roar of laughter from a certain clique of devotees at the grim shrines of Schopenhauer and Von Hartmann.

But Kenneth seldom obtruded his materialistic feelings. He nurtured them in silence, and with but few incidents of unreserved disclosure. They strengthened within him, however, as his course at the university continued. Year after year he reaped the highest honors. Electricity attracted him more than any other branch of science, and his environment gave him the best means for exhaustive researches. He was so rich that he could purchase the most precious instruments without a thought of their cost. Subjects that also keenly interested him were physiology and brain-structure in all their subtlest details. He was never tired of microscopic investigations with respect to animal tissue, nerve-cells, ganglia, cerebral mechanism. Our entire mortal coil, physical and mental, was a source of exquisite interest to him. He would spend hours before his microscope, gazing at bits of



human brain-matter in which evidence of some lesion like paresis had shown itself. It was declared of him that he had the temperament and mind of a great physician, if he should choose to make medicine his cult. But once, on hearing that this had been stated, he shook his head and dryly answered,—

"Oh, no. Medicine is all a huge experiment. I prefer to know something."

His rationalism was completely bloodless. To him the only deity possible of belief was both centred and comprehended in nature. But he regarded such deity as a totally unconscious one, and hence neither blamable nor innocent. Of all philosophers, no doubt Spinoza most pleased and satisfied him, though throughout the last year of his residence at the university he cared but little for philosophy of any sort. It seemed to him that there was only one book worth reading, one enigma worth solving. Through what strange and thrilling stages of development had man reached his present majestic condition upon this planet? There were times when the youth in Kenneth's blood mingled with the scholar that was part of his being, and caused him to feel as if he could almost plunge thought æons back into the past until it had made bold to pluck priceless riches along its pathway, bidding the rocks render up new treasures from their caverns and the rivers to babble new secrets with their liquid lips. Man!—to understand his beginning and the slow *crescendo* that had followed! How triumphant an *Œdipus* it would take to solve such a riddle! And yet Kenneth often told himself that he had intuitively solved it. Man, the crown and flower of all evolutionary progress, though having attained a higher place in the great plan than any other of his animal kindred, was intrinsically neither more nor less than the earth from which fable had long ago claimed that he sprang. A certain mysterious and beautiful law had acted upon him more stringently and tellingly than upon vast hordes of other living creatures; a more heterogeneous entity had resulted, in his case, from the vast homogeneous One of inchoate matter. Psychology and anatomy had already both proved that between the brain of man and that of horse, lion, ape, or even of the invertebrates, there was a difference solely of degree. . . . And while he thus mused, Kenneth was never tired of repeating to himself certain words of Darwin, a writer who had impressed him with singular force:

" . . . All living things have much in common, in their chemical composition, their germinal vesicles, their cellular structure, and their laws of growth and reproduction. We see this even in so trifling a circumstance as that the same poison often similarly affects plants and animals; or that the poison secreted by the gall-fly produces monstrous growths on the wild rose or oak-tree. Therefore I should infer by analogy that probably *all the organic beings which have ever lived on this earth have descended from some one primordial form, into which life was first breathed.*"

Kenneth quitted the university keenly regretted by not a few of its best professorial adherents. One old and very wise instructor told him in serious tones, on a certain afternoon, that he had mastered the entire subject of electricity with an unparalleled power for one of his years.



Kenneth never forgot that afternoon, as much because of the marked compliment paid him by a scientist renowned throughout Europe as because of a special resolution which his talk with Herr von Sachs engendered. For a good many years past it had been known among the pundits and *cognoscenti* of the university that a little weak old man, dwelling in Strasburg, had somehow won the repute of having discovered marvels as an electrician. Rumor had asserted that these discoveries concerned a particular sturdy and curiously new force exerted by the electric current under circumstances of a chemico-dynamic action hitherto unguessed. But ridicule, it was furthermore reported, had so depressed and discouraged the Strasburg Galvani that after learning his treatise would be scornfully received he had withdrawn it from publication almost on the eve of its appearance. Herr von Sachs confessed to Kenneth a lurking faith in the possible worth of that suppressed treatise, and such words, coming from such an authority, were sufficient to kindle in his hearer a vigorous curiosity.

"I will take in Strasburg on my way to England," said Kenneth; and he did so. A note of a few lines from Herr von Sachs acted like magic with the morose, pale, attenuated little fellow whom he found in a dingy garret-room on a side-street adjoining the magnificent cathedral. Strasburg is not a cheerful town of a gusty night in late autumn, especially when you must thread its lonely mediæval alleys instead of haunting its more modern quarters. That shabby room of old Conrad Klotz, ill lit by one smoky lamp, made no pleasant terminus of a voyage in which Kenneth had almost expected to meet the ghost of an ancient Elsass burgher or a phantasmal lady with coif and missal.

In his colorless and shrunken face the eyes of Conrad Klotz glittered like diamonds. Kenneth had a fancy that some of the electricity he had spent his life in observing might have lustrously imbued their pupils.

"I've given up nearly all work now," the old man said, after he had read Herr von Sachs's note by the light of his decrepit lamp and had scanned Kenneth's face in consequence with a decidedly more amical gaze. "You see, . . . even my instruments for the most part are gone. I—I've sold them. Yes, I acknowledge it, I'm very poor."

"But there are many who would surely be glad and proud to help you," said Kenneth.

"No doubt," said the little old man, crisply. "But I don't care to be helped. I dislike debts of any sort. Besides, I possess, most probably, enough to get me through the present year, since my wants are so slight. It will be the last year of my life,—if I live through it, which is very doubtful."

"I wish I might believe you are jesting," returned Kenneth, with shocked tones.

But Conrad Klotz soon explained, in his tart, gelid style. For some time past he had been troubled by an aneurism, which of late had grown worse. From his own close acquaintance with cardiac disorders he had become convinced that his case was quite hopeless. He did not suffer; there was discomfort rather than suffering,—that, and the certainty of a near end.

With great tact Kenneth presently mentioned the treatise on electricity. An irascible defiance at once asserted itself in his hearer. What, he sharply queried, had Kenneth heard concerning that work?

The answer was given with entire frankness. Just here it struck Kenneth that the best tact would be to conceal nothing.

"It was a lie!" at length returned Conrad Klotz. "I was never afraid of any critic or fellow-*savant* in my life. I destroyed that whole edition because . . ." And then further words died on his lips. He sat staring straight past his visitor with those eyes like two tiny plates of pallid fire.

Kenneth soon found out that he had a most tantalizing person to deal with. One advantage remained, however, to aid the purpose that was now strengthening within him: Conrad Klotz permitted more than a single visit, and gradually chose to talk with greater freedom on questions which dearly concerned his young guest. In a little while Kenneth felt his admiration stirred to its depths by the scope and profundity of his new friend's learning. He had seen nothing in the university at once so brilliant and secure. And yet not merely all this man's instruments of science were gone, but all his collection of books as well. He had sold them, to keep body and soul together, and would not accept a thaler from any living being. His days were nearly over; he recognized it; he awaited the solemn summons. There was to Kenneth a piercing pathos in this proud and splendidly erudite little fellow-being perched up yonder expectant of his death; and there was a pregnant suggestiveness, as well, in the fact that over him, and just a few hundreds of yards beyond, towered the Strasburg cathedral, that superb symbol of a faith which he had spent so many a caustic hour in challenging and deriding.

Kenneth certainly managed, as days passed on, to draw him out with a remarkable skill. But, though the old man not seldom would speak of previous more prosperous times, always regarding that suppressed treatise he was reticence itself.

And yet one day Kenneth questioned him so boldly and so artfully that, with a peevish little smile and a toss of his frowzy gray head, he surrendered. Still, before he had begun to speak, his expression altered notably; into his icy eyes came the softer light of reverie; his hard, veiny hands knotted themselves together.

"I recalled that book," he said, slowly and with an immense earnestness, looking past Kenneth again and as though he were addressing the spirit of some departed friend, "because I dared not have on my conscience the horror, the misery, that it might produce."

"Horror? Misery?"

He started and glanced straight into Kenneth's face again as the latter spoke these two sudden querying words.

"Yes; just that," said Conrad Klotz. "I had given the work to a publisher, after years of toil. My whole idea was based upon the intimate connection between latent or statical electricity and the laws of evolution."

Kenneth felt himself turn pale. He was like one with whom some indeterminate yet cherished dream has given abrupt promise of turning

golden, tangible actuality. He did not dare to make any reply, lest its effect might prove fatal to further confidences.

"There is no doubt," continued Conrad Klotz, "that I had reached the root of that strenuous and steadfast propulsion which is forever going on throughout all nature, and of which modern science has hitherto caught a somewhat capable glimpse as regards its workings, while she has remained wholly ignorant of its cause. But it is not every man who has thought of seeking in the complicated and apparently baffling phases of embryology, in the unnumbered stealthy and separate growths of organic bone, filament, muscle, and fleshy texture, in the curious augment and decrease of that strange force called nervous vitality, an explanation of purely electrical meaning and origin. I, who had pored upon the workings of electricity for years, until there were hours when my brain wearied of them and loathed them because of the little positive gain they brought me, one day perceived that periods of former devoted attention to anatomy might now extend me precious help. Help toward what? Toward unravelling the real mysteries of man's development. I went to work, then, with a new impetus, an unforeseen fervor."

Once more he paused, and Kenneth, whose blood was now bounding in his veins, could not refrain from the eager murmur,—

"Well, and you succeeded in formulating . . .?"

The lips of Conrad Klotz tightened together, and for a little space he drooped his head,—the most unusual of gestures with him, since he was nearly always alert and mercurial, no matter how much gloom the shadow of his anticipated death might have cast across his mind.

"I formulated what filled me, at first, with an immense gladness," he deliberately said. "I wrote my book—why should it be called a book?—it was only a treatise. I had secured a good publisher; I felt certain that the limited pamphlet, comparatively slim as it was, would stir the whole world of science. Did I care for that, however? Pah! It was so idiotic to care. We are all such motes. Look at that giant edifice over yonder. It was begun in 1045, or thereabouts. Who will know, in a few thousand years, either when it was begun or finished? But 'a few thousand years' are to the monstrous minor quantity which we call eternity as a second by the clock is to us. My work was slight in bulk, as I have told you. But the realization that it might give me—poor, mortal me—a so-termed great fame, melted into mist when I thought of what hideous injury it might also bring mankind."

"Hideous injury?" faltered Kenneth.

"Yes. It spoke words that would act like drops of molten lead upon the cobweb fabric of many accepted creeds. Its reach was partial; I had thus far dealt only with the brain of man; all the other details of his organism remained to be treated. But what electricity, as regarded my management of it, my new diagnosis of it, would accomplish in the way of radical development, was treated exhaustively, with respect to a single human organ,—the brain, apart, as yet, from all others. I had builded, as I told myself, a magnificent vestibule to my mansion. The rest would soon follow. . . But it did not follow. I have never completed my structure. . . A sort of horror came upon me,—a con-

scientious horror. You can understand this, in part, at least, for you have already shown me in our talks together that you plainly comprehend how the moral, the altruistic sense may exist in a man devoid of all religious tendency. I have it, just as Spencer, Huxley, Darwin, have it, in spite of their reputed scorn of it. You see, I refer to your English-writing philosophers because I have grasped their greatness, their lucidity, their freedom from vapory German mysticism. Kant was a superb dreamer; Hegel was a Locke spoiled by religious fantasy; Fichte was a splendid juggler with shadows which he believed substances. . . ."

"And you," said Kenneth, softly, though firmly, "are a philosopher who did not juggle with shadows: you overcame them, exorcised them, and found beyond them the grand white light of truth."

"Perhaps . . . perhaps," murmured Conrad Klotz.

"But your dread,—your horror?" pursued Kenneth. "It made you recall the edition of your semi-published treatise. It made you destroy it. Pray answer me,—did you destroy it wholly?"

"I kept one copy,—one only."

"One?"

"Yes."

"And may not I——?" Kenneth felt his own voice fail, then, a look of such austere veto was flashed upon him.

"Read it? You? No; nor any man! It dies with me. I shall destroy it here, in this room, just before I die. You cannot have it, young man. No one shall ever have it or ever see it."

And then, in a low voice filled with intense earnestness of tone, Conrad Klotz uttered a few more words.

Kenneth sprang to his feet. "Ah, you wondersmith!" he broke forth; "how glorious! how unprecedented!"

\* \* \* \* \*

All in all, that particular interview was to Kenneth at once the most interesting and unsatisfactory of any which he had ever yet held with any fellow-being. But the sullen, damp winter that falls on Strasburg approached with its depressing series of cold, cloudy days, and made him feel as if the harshness of the weather had entered into Conrad Klotz's invalid yet strangely virile temperament. Again and again he tried to wring from this extraordinary recluse further disclosures than those which he had already triumphed in securing. Impossible! There were times, during their subsequent talks together, when Klotz phrased certain feelings and creeds with a surpassing eloquence. But there it ended; he could never again be got to touch upon the treatise, however strongly and trenchantly he might discuss other questions.

But one clear, temperate January night, when the moon was shining down upon the great cathedral with a radiance which made you feel as if the pious souls of the past who had helped to glorify the *Œuvre Notre-Dame* must be gliding here and there under James of Landschut's porch or the equestrian statues of Lotharius, Pepin, and Charlemagne, it pleased Kenneth's mood to climb the steep dark stairs which led to Conrad Klotz's attic chamber. He knocked at the door, as had been

his custom, and received no answer. Then a long, low, sighing groan sounded, and he at once pushed the door open.

Klotz lay upon his bed, with an ashen face and gasping breath. In his right hand he clutched a book. Kenneth felt, as he looked at the thick, worn little volume, what it possibly contained. This was no doubt the "one copy," still undestroyed. Klotz appeared in agony.

"How can I help you?" exclaimed Kenneth. The old man's face was bathed in a beam of moonlight. All the rest of the chamber was drowned in shadow, for the lamp on a table not far from the bed had ceased to shine and was giving its last few moribund flickers.

"You—you can burn this," faltered Klotz; and with a hand that terribly trembled he put forth the book which he held. Then suddenly he withdrew what he had proffered. "No, no," he went on; "you will not; you will see what it is; you will want it. And yet . . . a dying man speaks to you! . . . This is my heart-trouble; it is the last spasm; it will kill me; the aorta is splitting in twain . . . I know; I feel—but, most of all, I *know*. There is always a chance in these horrid strains, but . . . but . . ." He suddenly lifted himself on one elbow; his face was ghastly, and the moonlight seemed to follow it and make it more corpse-like, while the undimmed splendor of his eyes glowed toward Kenneth. "I say you will want this book and keep it; I should have destroyed it as I did all the others, but I have not done so. Will you make me a promise? Will you swear an oath to a dying man? Will you swear on your soul to destroy it without ever reading a page?"

Kenneth, infinitely moved, answered, "Yes, yes. I will swear, Herr Klotz. I will swear on my soul! I give you my most sacred oath never, never to turn a page of the volume! . . . But perhaps you are not so ill as you believe! Let me try to get a doctor! Let me—"

"Try," came the difficult interruption, "to—to get means for—for destroying this book! Yonder, on the table, you will find matches. There is a brazen pot near the window that is closest to—the cathedral spire. Fetch these things, and burn the book. Burn it before my sight!"

"I will," said Kenneth.

He went to do the dying man's behest; it seemed to him incomparably sacred. . . . But he had hardly taken ten steps away from the bed when he heard a loud, fierce, resonant sigh. He at once hurried back. Both Conrad Klotz's hands were raised in a frenzied, tortured way. He seized one of them, but it grew lifeless in his grasp.

Something fell on the floor with a soft, dull sound. It was the book. A little later Kenneth stooped and picked the book up. By this time Conrad Klotz was quite dead. Shortly afterward Kenneth hurried down-stairs and alarmed all the other inmates of the house.

## VI.

"I can't see just what you mean, papa," said Celia Effingham, with one of her most rebellious pouts. "I've always behaved politely



enough to Kenneth Stafford whenever we've met. To be sure, that's not proved very often. Ever since he came back here from abroad he's acted as if he were a sort of harmless lunatic,—which I believe he is," finished the pretty young maiden, with a backward toss of her dark, graceful head.

"Nonsense, Celia!" retorted her father, who had grown gaunter and grayer since we last saw him. "Kenneth is a remarkably sensible man. Besides . ." And here Effingham gave a dry cough, glancing toward his wife.

"Oh, yes," hurried Mrs. Effingham, who at once caught the drift of her husband's words; "we can't overlook the fact that he is a very eligible young man, my dear." She detested Kenneth as greatly as when she had been Aurelia Rodney and he an urchin of twelve, packed with precocious ironies.

"How I hate that word 'eligible'!" cried Celia. "It somehow always makes me think of the 'sober, honest, and industrious' in a coachman's recommendation. Besides, I've no reason to consider such a question." Here she rose from the breakfast-table at which they were all three seated, and walked to the window with parodied queenliness, looking across one shoulder as if to make sure that a fancied train flowed behind with the right grandeur. She was full of these sportive little arts, and you had only to watch for an instant her damask cheek and dancing eyes to feel that youth bubbled its reddest and blithest in her veins. "If the man *I* marry isn't eligible," she went on, "my consenting to take him will render him so."

'What a beautiful young witch she is!' thought her father, as the morning sunshine struck her crinkled ebon hair, with a tint in it that made you think of dark-blue autumn grapes. 'Her mother wasn't half so lovely as that; I suppose she gets it from some far-away ancestress.' And the same day he went to his study and wrote the following piece of verse, which he afterward read over to his wife and which in reverent tones she informed him was "perhaps the most purely lovely" of all the lyrics he had written that summer:

The blooms of the garden are swaying  
Their odorous disks in the sunshine,  
But fairer than they is the maiden  
Who stands at the window and watches.

O maiden, O daughter beloved,  
I tremble to think of thy future,  
So swift are the tempests that blacken  
Sweet maidenhood's pearl-pure horizon.

Yet just as thou watchest the flowers,  
Mayhap some Benignancy gazes  
On thee, O dear maiden, my daughter,  
A sun-smitten rose in life's garden!

"I am glad you like it, Aurelia," said her husband. "I think, myself, that it belongs among those poems of mine which chiefly demonstrate my belief in a spontaneous, unstudied expression. I do not think my worst foe could call the little thing at all *labored*."

"Labored!" murmured his wife. "Heine might have written it!" "Heine?" echoed her husband, with accents that told of his deep pleasure. "Do you really think so?"

"Or Browning," went on Aurelia, with the effect of having selected this name from others of a very select few.

"Oh, it's hardly obscure enough," returned Effingham, still stroked the right way. "I sometimes think," he went on, "that when my verses are finally gathered together they will strike the best minds as too facile . . . too readily understood . . . not subtle and profound enough."

"Oh, never, my dear Ralph! Never!"

"Well, there is one thing they never *can* call me,—stilted, perfunctory, coldly artistic, like Tennyson and Longfellow."

"Indeed, you are right, Ralph!" And Aurelia laid one bony hand on her husband's shoulder, and looked into his wan, waxy face. "You have so much more spirituality, too! Oh, how I long to have your book appear! Not because of the fame it will bring you, for I know you will despise that; but because of the many wounded and groping lives, dear, to which it will be as a balm that heals and a light that guides!"

Gay, careless, capricious Celia was in the habit of hearing a good deal of talk like this within her limited home-circle. It was not often that she listened to anything so worldly as the suggestion which had recently reached her concerning Kenneth Stafford. Usually marriage was referred to before her as a "precious intercommunion of spirits," or a "divine comradeship," or something of that rather frenzied description. She got along very well, however, with her father and step-mother. They thought her prosaic and unintellectual, but neither of them was indifferent to what Aurelia had once called her mirthful commonplaces. On the other hand, she had long ago taken their oddities for granted; it was like having been born in a house full of gargoyles; less eccentric architecture would have seemed out of place there. Romanticism was not in her nature. "I belong to the big practical rabble," she once told a blue-glassed Browningite who had said to her with shudders that not long ago he had heard a horrid Philistine confess a preference for Gray's 'Elegy' over "The Statue and the Bust." "I'm of the kind that like Gray's 'Elegy.' I can't help it, you know." And then she gave one of her laughs that had the notes of a flute in it. "The whole thing was an accident of birth, I suppose."

"But I had imagined that your parents——" began the Browningite.

"Oh," interrupted Celia, "mamma isn't my real mother, recollect; and papa and I—well, there is a little spot half-way up his mountain-height—a sort of mental Grands Mulets, one might call it—where I meet him now and then and get along very comfortably with him, after all."

'She's not the fool I fancied her,' afterward mused the Browningite, 'though her irreverence toward our great master is so shocking.'

Celia had spoken of Kenneth with a most unmeaning exaggeration. She was very far from thinking him a harmless lunatic, but his un-

neighborly conduct had piqued her ; for education had modified though not by any means crushed the coquette we formerly found in her. Her feelings would have been different indeed if she had known the real conditions of the case.

The truth was that after two or three visits at the Effinghams' Kenneth had given up going there through a fear of himself. Celia had simply enchanted him. He thought her at once the most beautiful and natural young damsel he had ever looked upon. She made his boyhood seem but yesterday, and yet she gave to it a memorial sanctity. He looked into her sprightly dark eyes, he let his gaze wander over the lovely undulations of her hair, her throat, her breast, and it was with him as though some prized but long-faded picture had become tinted and illumined by a sorcerer's pencil. During one of his visits who should appear but Caryl Dayton !

Oddly enough, also, the three came together on the very croquet-ground (it was a tennis-ground, now) where years ago Kenneth and Caryl had fought their furious fight. They had not seen one another since that Homeric event. Caryl volunteered no allusion to it, showing twice the repose and grace of Kenneth. Between these two friends of hers, now grown from boys to men, Celia could not but note the intensest contrast. Caryl was from head to foot the gentleman of wealth, leisure, good breeding, and culture. He had read hard at Oxford and acquitted himself rather handsomely there. His calm, aquiline face, with its trailing amber moustache, betokened as much intelligence as refinement. The throaty Oxonian drawl which Kenneth found such an affectation was no less a part of him than the palate that helped to shape it. His old supercilious air had quite vanished, and he looked like one who would always cling to courtesy where it was not a question of risking dignity.

Kenneth had a wholly different air. Had nature chosen to give him a beard, he would have let it spread, if possible, over three-quarters of his face. But no virile growth of this kind had ever sprouted on chin or cheek. He looked, at certain times, like an absurdly tall boy, but in the sense that Shelley is said to have looked like one. His gray eyes, between their dark, thick lashes, held a soft splendor of expression, and it would have been hard to fail of noticing the noble and scholarly air of his head. But a German university never yet has done for a man's outward felicities what an English university can do. It is now a good many years since Englishmen were the best-dressed race in Europe and Germans the worst. Kenneth would perhaps never have cared much for his apparel, even though his most impressionable years had been passed in London and not in Berlin. But there is just the point: London makes men who care nothing at all about dress appear as if they had given it not a little civilized heed ; Berlin quite rarely does.

Kenneth left the tennis-ground and started homeward, that day, with a dull, fretting pain at his heart. 'Good heavens!' he thought to himself, as he walked along the pleasant midsummer roadside, 'can it be possible that my old dead-and-buried jealousy of Caryl Dayton has got up and come forth in its winding-sheet after all these years ?'

He knew well that his manners had been moody and at times almost churlish, while Caryl had behaved with no less kindness than tact. Whoever had been right, whoever wrong, in those other days, there was no doubt now that Kenneth had acquitted himself most ill. He had begun to realize that nearly all his former suavity had departed. He could never have stood forth at the university as a popular personage any longer. The truth was, conscience incessantly stung him, and the effect such irritation produced was to tinge his demeanor with acerbity.

He had broken his oath to Conrad Klotz. He had not merely opened the volume containing the treatise, but had devoured page after page of it with wonder and delight. For some time (as deserves being recorded to his credit) he had struggled against temptation, and with victory. Then had come a moment of weakness; words uttered by the dead philosopher had re-echoed through memory; the keenly dramatic quality of that revocation which kept the treatise from appearing in public had impressed him more than ever before; recalled hints as to the vitally important nature of the work had fed curiosity anew. At last he broke, so to speak, the letter of his oath; he opened the covers of the little book and read its title-page. To sink lower, after that, was not so difficult. At least twenty sophistries darted from nowhere. One of these assured him that it was really his bounden duty to find out what great service those remaining pages might bestow on mankind. But all this while Kenneth knew quite well just where his bounden duty lay. He was a man of too much brains to sin any other way than deliberately. His moral sense, based on human justice rather than religious sentiment, could do nothing unconsciously evil. Every step in any downward course must of necessity be clear to him. The smirch he had cast on his own honor stared him in the face as though it were some indelible stain befouling his hand.

But nevertheless a great exultation, a fierce inward joy, now filled him. He felt the enthralling ardor of the man who believes himself near some grandeur of discovery that shall amaze the world. He had seen, with a lucid view that was at times terrifying to his own thought, just whither Conrad Klotz's magnificent investigations and conclusions tended. His wealth gave him all needed opportunity for the series of experiments which he had resolved to begin. This Vermont homestead, encircled by quiet hills, had seemed to him the fitting theatre for his coming efforts. They might last several years; he expected that they would do so. It was easy to fit up a fine laboratory extending through a suite of spacious rooms, and by degrees to have brought to him, from New York, London, Paris, Berlin, and elsewhere, just the electrical instruments which he desired. This plan he entered upon so gradually that even the placid neighborhood where he dwelt learned little of his actual doings. It began to be understood, in a rather vague manner, that he had decided to make the homestead his permanent residence, and to pursue there the scientific studies which had absorbed him while abroad.

His reserve and reticence grew upon him, and in his own household he seldom addressed any of the servants except his former nurse, Hilda,

now an elderly Swiss woman, who regarded him with a fondness that no neglect could alter. All the while that he was in Europe she had kept faithful watch and ward here in his deserted dwelling. She had welcomed him back with delighted tears, and her present vigilant interest in his solitary goings and comings preserved one fixed form of constancy. She was never tired of fighting little battles for him behind his back, when the rural gossips aired opinions about his "queerness." "He is a very wise and worthy gentleman," she would say, with a look of defiant sapience on her rugged, homely face. "I held him in these arms of mine as a little boy, and even then everybody thought him gifted with a wonderful brain. Now that he is a man, and has been studying in foreign countries, he has come to know a great lot. He is making use of all that those learned people across the ocean have taught him, and some day—oh, be sure of it!—the whole world will ring with his name. He never tells me anything; why should he mention his great thoughts to an ignorant creature like me? But I am certain of what I say. He's hatching out something in that clever head of his that will make poor me proud I once sang him to sleep with the old German lullabies of my own childhood,—songs I learned long ago by the lovely waters of Lucerne!"

"He looks to be fonder of dogs than he is of his fellow-creatures," a somewhat cynical villager once said to Hilda.

There seemed a strong grain of truth in that slur. Kenneth's devotion to his laboratory was varied by another. Slowly, and yet with the aptest nicety of judgment, he caused kennels to be built on his estate and stocked them with many species of the rarest and handsomest dogs. Breeding was carried on by him incessantly, and with an apparent eccentricity which would have surprised any one really experienced in the accepted formulæ of canine culture. But the two or three overseers whom he employed were not thus experienced. They did their work capably according to their master's instructions, and nothing further was required of them. The kennels themselves were held sacred from all outside intrusion. Kenneth laid down certain rules with respect to the exercise, feeding, and general management of his dogs, and made the least violation of such code a sharply serious affair.

## VII.

Meanwhile months had passed on, and the green Vermont hills had long been swathed in winter's whitest raiment. Weeks ago the Effinghams had gone back to New York. If they had not completely forgotten the existence of Kenneth, they had doubtless made up their minds that his country home would retain him indefinitely, when one evening he presented himself at their town residence. Celia was talking with two or three young men of fashion as he entered the drawing-rooms, and her step-mother sat not far away, clad modishly and enacting the part of duenna. Aurelia had an open book in her lap, but she had not been reading it; she had been permitting even so idealistic a mind as her own to heed the tenuous gossip and babble of Celia's admirers.



When Kenneth appeared, however, she at once began, as if *de propos délibéré*, to "entertain" him, and to place him on pins and needles in consequence. Now that she was posing as the social guardian of her step-daughter, she struck him as more rankly affected than ever. The young men who surrounded Celia seemed to Kenneth ruffianly in their manners; they just allowed her to shake hands with him and no more, closing about her again in a devoted phalanx. 'And ah, little wonder!' he thought, while the tones of Aurelia's voice rang dissonantly in his ears; 'for has she not to-night so lovely a face that one might fancy her a flower just changed into a maiden!'

He said nothing so poetic aloud, however; it would have pleased Aurelia only too greatly if he had lost some of his grimness. It seemed to her that he had grown harder and gloomier than ever. Why had he come? Did he fancy himself welcome? Of course he would be a good match, howsoever blunt and dismal, for even an heiress like their Celia. But could Celia, with her caprices, ever be brought to tolerate him? It looked as if such an event were far from possible.

Outwardly Aurelia was romantic and sentimental as ever. "We have thought of you so often, living your lonely life there in the country, my dear Kenneth," she said. "By 'we' I mean Mr. Effingham and myself; our Celia has had no time, this winter, for anything but gayety. The darling has been a great belle in society, really . . . you should have seen her, with her bouquets, and her beaux in attendance; she was such a sweet sight!"

"I seem to see her with beaux in attendance just now," said Kenneth.

"Oh, I mean in society."

"Yes. As I believe you know, I dislike society."

"Ah, I am sorry to hear it! For, after all, what we call the flippancies, the whimsicalities, are only sparkles upon the wave of life. Below is the shadowy depth and the . . . the unfathomable mystery."

"I didn't suppose you thought there was any mystery about it," said Kenneth, dryly. "I imagined it was all quite plain to you."

"Oh, it is, *at times*!" came the fervent reply. "We all have our moments, our flashes, of intuition. Indeed, as Emerson says——"

"When anybody talks of intuitions, inspirations, and all that sort of mental magnificence," Kenneth now struck in, "I'm prepared to hear 'as Emerson says.' It's always quite certain to follow remarks of a certain vague character." He had dropped naturally into the old brusque, satiric tone with which he had so often addressed his aunt on former occasions. Even her good-natured answer bored him, just now, more than if it had been a challenging one; and when, as the minutes dragged themselves along and he found her asking him whether he had not often gained a certain elevation of soul in watching the chastity expressed by snow-clad meadows, he began to fidget on his chair with ill-hid nervousness. It was even worse with him a little later, for he had inquired concerning Effingham only to receive such an unwelcome reply as the following:

"To-night we persuaded Celia to remain at home, and my husband went to a lecture given at Chickering Hall by Mrs. Humphrey Ross

Anderton, the lady who has lived so many years in India and knows such marvellous things concerning Theosophy. Ralph and I are deeply interested in Theosophy. Its teachings, alike in their splendid charity and their precious promise of a strange, complicated, yet divine immortality, have appealed to us beyond all language. . . . But perhaps an exact thinker like yourself, Kenneth, will hardly sympathize with——"

"Theosophy? No. You're quite right. I *am* an exact thinker, as you're good enough to remind me."

He had desperately meditated departure, when two of the high-collared young gentlemen who were being civil to Celia got up and made their adieus. Not long afterward the third went also, and then Celia joined her step-mother. At once Kenneth felt a great desire to be agreeable, but there was a delicate, playful mockery in the girl's mien which thwarted this tendency. Celia spoke of her present life as if it were the joyous be-all and end-all of human experience. She chose to ignore his own recent existence, and did not even inquire of him when he had left his rural retreat or how long he purposed remaining in town. But his heart fell terribly when she began to express her great delight at the prospect of soon going abroad.

"Oh, yes," chimed in Aurelia. "We expect to sail during early April. I have never seen those lovely storied lands of the Old World, Kenneth, as you perhaps remember. What enchantment they will mean for me! Ah, I expect indeed to find Rome the city of the soul, as Byron so grandly called it! I . . . ."

But Aurelia's voice became a distant hum to him. He felt pierced with pain to realize that he should not have Celia near him throughout the ensuing summer. And then a new stab was given him on learning that they would remain abroad for a considerable time. He rose and took his leave with a sullen misery at his heart. He promised to visit them again, but did not do so. As he left the house Celia seemed to him more unreachable than one of the silver wintry stars that glinted above the roof-tops.

'She would laugh me to scorn if I dreamed of telling her,' he said within his own wretched soul. . . . The next day he went back to his laboratory, his brooding hours of solitude, and his furtive, strenuous ambition.

For months and months he let the strong force of the latter sway and coerce him. A summer came and passed. Another winter dropped wan snows on the encompassing hills. Then summer came and passed again. The Effinghams were still abroad. One day he told himself that they had been gone two years. But he almost laughed, then, at what seemed to him his dead love.

'I have been wise,' he mused. 'I have chosen a philosopher's life, a philosopher's consolation. And ah, I have done so much more! If old Conrad Klotz, dead in his grave, could see me now! He would never curse me. He would understand that I am his loyal disciple, not his unworthy betrayer.'

A long time now elapsed, and suddenly, one morning, Kenneth gave orders that his kennels should be quite broken up. He retained

but a single dog, that one being still of a tender age. He had never permitted this animal to draw milk from its mother's dugs, but had brought it up in the laboratory on food chemically prepared with his own hands. The mother had been a dog of rare beauty, great size, and wonderful intelligence. But Kenneth sent her away with the rest. Her name had been Elsa, and, although she was nearly always in the laboratory with her master, those of the servants who had found a chance to caress her and to hold with her an occasional half-stolen minute of meeting felt toward her a fondness of peculiar strength. Hilda had seen more of her than any one else in the household save Kenneth himself. When spoken to regarding the dog's extraordinary sagacity and loveliness, Hilda had preserved, after a while, what seemed studied silence. The Swiss woman appeared loath to discuss the question of this brute's exceptional qualities. There were reasons why she preferred not to do so, and the reasons may be simply told.

One day, believing that Kenneth was not in his laboratory, yet having a note for him which she had been instructed to deliver forthwith, Hilda had determined to place the sealed envelope on a certain desk of her master's, with the object of having him see it as soon as he returned from the walk which usually absented him at this particular hour. The note was, after all, of comparatively small moment, and Hilda had no right to pass the threshold of that special suite of rooms. She had been forbidden to do so without permission, as had every other inmate of the homestead. But for once in her faithful and dutiful life she had disobeyed, and the disobedience cost her many after-hours of odd perplexity and surmise.

The first room which she entered was vacant, as she expected. Here were but a few of the many instruments which Kenneth had collected. The desk was but a score of paces distant, and she approached it, laying the missive where she thought it would be most readily seen. Just then a low, sombre, ululating moan reached her ears. The door of the next chamber was now close at hand. It was open, and, impelled by a sharp, sudden curiosity, Hilda hurried across this second threshold. And then a strange sight confronted her.

She saw Kenneth standing in the centre of the apartment. Beside him was an odd-shaped receptacle, half glass and half metal. Within it stood the dog, Elsa, held immovable by a skeleton-work of glittering bars and clamps.

Kenneth sprang forward with an angry face, the instant his eyes lit on Hilda.

"How dare you——?" he cried.

But even then the frightened woman had retreated. She would have hurried at wild speed into the outer hall again, if Kenneth's hand had not presently caught her by the shoulder. This happened just after she had found her fluttered way back into the first room. She had never seen him look so wrathful as now.

"Have I not told you," he recommenced, "that no one must ever enter these quarters unless I deliver an order to that effect?"

"Yes, Mr. Kenneth," she faltered, "but——" Immediately, at the sound of her voice his manner softened, his grasp relaxed. "There,

Hilda," he said, in a wholly changed voice, "I did not mean to be so severe with you. Go now; go . . . and remember in the future that my directions are not idly given. . . . I see, Hilda; you thought, most probably, that I had gone out. For this once, I will accept such excuse." He paused and looked at her steadily, but no longer with the least irate sign. "Understand, please," he went on, "that you are not to let any living soul know *what you just saw*."

"I . . . I understand, Mr. Kenneth," stammered Hilda.

"And you *promise*?" he pursued, with a sort of stern gentleness.

"Oh, yes, sir. . . I promise."

Hilda always kept her word. But when she heard others praise Elsa for remarkable and *almost human* endowments, that silence already referred to was her unvaried mode of response.

The kennels were disbanded, as we have learned. Elsa went with her other less favored mates. "He is tired of his dogs," the country-folk said concerning Kenneth. "Before long it will be some other craze with him. Perhaps he will breed pigeons. Or his taste may take a turn for either cattle or horses. He is such an oddity that no one can tell what new freak may get hold of him."

That one dog which he had retained ably thrived under Kenneth's quiet and mysterious care. Full growth at last made of him so superb a creature that when seen abroad with his master he evoked occasional cries of wonder. Whatever subtle stirpiculture Kenneth had used, a shape of unrivalled symmetry, dignity, and grace had resulted. Once, when a stranger met him walking on a rather deserted road with his beautiful charge and paused to ask its name, Kenneth answered with a hesitant, dreamy air, as though he were pronouncing the word now for the first time, "*Solarion*."

'That was an inspiration,' he told himself, as he walked onward. 'There is majesty in such a name, and a large suggestion of loneliness as well. I like it. I am glad it came to me.'

## VIII.

Kenneth alone had realized what surprising powers of intelligence had been evolved from both the parents of Solarion. Their parents, in turn, with the grandparents and great-grandparents of these, on either side, had all given proof of striking and of gradually increasing capacity. Elsa, the mother of Solarion, eclipsed them all, but his father had been of noble appearance and unwonted keenness. The truth was that for six years Kenneth had kept the actual traits of this entire little group more or less hidden from those few observers likely to discover them. Solarion's progenitors had been under his constant watch, and had spent hours with him in his laboratory. What points of mental development they had really reached no one knew save Kenneth himself. It seemed cruel to let them all depart as he did, and be sold with the other former inmates of the kennels, running the chance of meeting new masters who might maltreat them. And yet he had no other choice: the whole throng must go, and he preferred to know nothing of their

whereabouts hereafter. Solarion would alone remain to him, and Solarion he cherished with an ardor that daily deepened.

In physical grandeur and comeliness his new favorite surpassed all predecessors. Immense of stature, with a leonine front lit by a pair of lustrous dark eyes, he was clad in a curly silken fleece of that shimmering whiteness which invests a flawless pearl. The nails of his feet were of a delicate rose, and his thin sensitive nostrils bore the same tender hue. Notwithstanding his great size, every motion that he made, whether quiet or agile, breathed an equal grace. All the poetry and loveliness of his kind appeared to be concentrated in this one splendidly flexible and majestic shape. To glance at him was to appreciate that he lived the flower and crown of his race. There are some blooms that in curve and texture of petal, in rarity and freshness of tint, in their way of drooping yet not drooping upon their stems, make us almost feel as if one more felicitous touch added to them would have produced some sort of thrilling specimen it were rank profanity to call merely vegetable. So with Solarion. Not that Kenneth now doubted his dumb associate's right to be called human. Already this right had addressed him in terms distinct and cogent. He watched, he waited, he closely and devoutly experimented. Each successive week brought him additional hope and faith. The teachings of Conrad Klotz had seemed to him, at first, capable of an expansion from cerebral to physical improvement. But later he had confessed the failure of such effort in himself. Klotz had seen how evolution could be pushed forward by means of electrical nursing and stimulation, according to his own firm and faultless method, in so far as concerned the brains of lower animals alone. He had found no means of simultaneously aiding their bodies. Physiology had not responded to his researches, nor could Kenneth, howsoever he pored over the precious treatise and sought to take that intuitive leap which when safely and successfully made we always hail as a burst of pure genius, decide just where the two great forces of animality could meet on one congenial ground of progression. And yet, as he noticed the splendor of Solarion's corporal condition he could not but feel that it took origin from those laborious and promising trials made upon the brains of Elsa and her kindred. Surely there had never been so glorious a brute as Solarion, looked at from the stand-point of brute alone. After all, had Conrad Klotz realized that the corpus striatum, the gray cortical substance, the medulla oblongata, the optic thalamus, are all media of a far more facile receptivity than stubborn sinew and obdurate thew? These, in the brute, might need our slow centuries for their change into a positive human organism, while their motor brain, itself the nest and lair of all higher conscious life, might far more quickly answer to any such potent and novel law as that which this little obscure scientific Napoleon had hit upon.

As Kenneth labored and thought, there grew upon him the conviction that Klotz's discoveries and his own patient employment of them were overshadowed by a terrible sarcasm of incompleteness. It was almost as if the voice of a wrathful and yet tolerant Deity had said,—

*"Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther. And if so far thou goest, beware of thine own rashness in tampering with my works. Let their*



*unknowableness remain clad in their own native sanctity. Forbear,—or reap the bitter result."*

But Kenneth believed in no such warning voice. He merely told himself that a man of the reverent, the orthodox, the imaginative turn might have become persuaded that he heard it, and so really forbear. But he never once felt visited by the least impulse to forbear. He simply pursued his work and blessed it for the absorbing charm which it afforded. Celia had almost ceased to exist for him. It was now six years since he had seen her. A rumor had reached him that she had been engaged to an Italian prince of illustrious rank and large fortune, but that for some reason the marriage had never taken place. 'Well, I do not care,' he had meditated quite callously. 'I have Solarion.'

There was no exaggeration in this mental mood of his. Conrad Klotz had not been mistaken. The brain of Solarion had already marvellously yielded to his master's process of stringent artificial evolution. One of the great secrets of the universe had truly been unlocked by that little Strasburg scientist. He had shown how electricity, applied in certain ways, could change and ameliorate the brain-functions of nearly all lower animals.

Solarion's acceptance of the enlightening aids now brought to bear upon him gradually filled his master with a strong, triumphant gladness. There came at last a day when Kenneth, after using a certain new force hitherto kept discreetly in reserve, anticipated hearing from him the first sounds of articulate speech. Everything had thus far foretold such a result. For weeks past Solarion had shown the ratiocinative energy as a factor of his mind that slowly yet surely strengthened. He might now be compared to a child of between two and three years of age, though his conditions of growth were still those of his own species and dependent upon its far more rapid system of maturing. Ten days might accomplish for him what as many months would fail to do in the case of a child. That he would shortly speak, in some sort of rudimentary yet decisive way, Kenneth scarcely felt himself able to doubt.

And yet he somehow did doubt. It seemed so prodigious, so incredible a fact! It transcended in strangeness and wildness the first throb of momentum given by steam, the first legible word written by telegraphy. These foretold agencies that must forcefully influence the destiny of man; but here was an exploit whose connection with himself took far more intimate coloring. As he entered his laboratory on the particular day in question, Kenneth felt as though he were indeed about to call spirits from the vasty deep. And well might he so have felt. Superstition is fading from the earth; but while men live and awe is an emotion that may be quickened, some adequate substitute will not prove wanting. The Unknowable, as an element in science, will continuously supply this; for until all final causes are comprehended, mystery must ever hide at the base of both human knowledge and endeavor. Here will lie all the ghosts of our future "Hamlets," the witches of our future "Macbeths." Electricity is not the only nimble and fiery demon to be summoned by unborn sorcerers from nature's unexplored and shadowy gulfs. Light, heat, optics, chemistry, physics,

mineralogy, will all have their weird and perchance blood-curdling messages to deliver, and it may be that aeronautics will surpass even these in grandeur and suggestiveness of tidings. People with "nerves" will possibly be as much afraid to look through one of our coming telescopes as if they were now requested to walk at midnight through a graveyard. The mysterious will go on holding its own, precisely as before. Though fable will have perished, a sense of the vague, the mighty, the occult, even the diabolic, will yet remain.

Kenneth had not a little of this latter sense when to-day he dealt with Solarion for the purpose of testing what might prove the defeat or victory of Conrad Klotz's audacious theory. If Solarion did not speak now, the chances were that he would never speak. Not until the present occasion had Kenneth dared bring to bear upon him this peculiar force, really a discovery of Klotz's own, and explained and formulated in the memorable treatise. The time for a first application of this force had arrived, and none of Solarion's kindred had been deemed in a state properly receptive to its transmission. A second application of it might be perilous; a third would in all likelihood mean death.

Kenneth's pulses fluttered as he began his work. Solarion must suffer acute pain for perhaps the first time in his brief life, and he seemed to anticipate some such occurrence. If this were indeed true, he showed perfect courage. But it would have been hard to separate the idea of courage from his nobility of aspect. He looked to Kenneth so strong, so beautiful, so infused with a quality higher than instinct, so trustful of his master's fair and just intentions, that to set him in toils which might, if even for a short space, inflict burning agony, wore the hues of an unpardonable outrage.

'Ah,' shot through Kenneth's thought, 'if I could only change his body—admirable though it is—as I hope soon to change his mind! Then there would be a perfect transformation indeed! Then the dreams of poets and story-tellers would be proved but the *avant-courriers* of what science had for years labored to achieve! . . . For evolution, after all, is only a fairy-tale made actual. The great Buckle was right when he said that men like Shakespeare often prophesied through their imaginations what progress would one day accomplish!'

But Kenneth was not a man to recoil for any protracted space of time from an undertaking toward which long toil and study had led him. Yet his hands trembled as he made the last preparations in that apparatus from which Solarion might find exquisite if transient torment.

His expectations were verified. He grew firm as if every nerve were wrought from steel while his dumb associate was subjected to the first harsh throes of suffering. Here flashed and writhed a new electricity, whose potency dealt in molecular agitations and displacements never dreamed of by the most learned men of Europe. Begotten of a chemical combination hitherto unguessed, its rigors had the stress of half-tamed thunder-bolts.

But Solarion stood them stoically. A shaft of love entered Kenneth's heart as he saw the earnest look of those dark, brave eyes, fixed

on his own. They seemed to say, "I will bear this pain, because you have put it upon me and you know best." From that moment his feeling toward Solarion altered; it became in a manner parental, and yet touched by a spell still more solemn and august. Mere ordinary birth, like every other mysterious matter which constantly goes on occurring, has become a triteness to us all. But Solarion appeared as one who has been born in some way that is appallingly new, and Kenneth soon had the sense of standing toward him in terms of miraculous fatherhood. For the fateful trial did not bring forth failure. Though dragged almost lifeless from the machine that had held even his lordly strength captive in complex metallic bonds, it was not long before Solarion revived, to become a different being throughout the remainder of his life. The faculties of his brain had been pushed into a puissance which thousands of years might not even have wrought in some far-future descendant, acting upon himself as but the single link of an immense genealogic chain-work.

Learning to speak was with Solarion an affair of much greater speed than it is with even the most capable child. In a few more weeks he had made brilliant progress. And now his education was begun and carried on by Kenneth with extreme care.

#### IX.

How unutterably strange it seemed to hear (as Kenneth did hear, after a while) this glorious animal addressing him in a voice of the richest, sweetest intonation and with the purest of English! There were times when Kenneth wanted to proclaim before the whole world just who and what Solarion was. There were other times when it seemed to him as if the very sunbeams that crept in through the windows of his laboratory were bright and stealthy spies upon the unprecedented scenes that passed there. Solarion learned with a swiftness that sometimes wrapped the mind of his teacher in secret gloom. This easy and splendid aptitude,—what did it mean except that the brain thus forced into such vigorous capacity would share the inevitably short life of the body to which it belonged and yet somehow did not belong? But meanwhile the incessant surprises that Solarion gave to his master offered large consolation for these passing fits of depression. The great feat had, after all, been achieved. When occasion was quite ripe the world should be apprised of it and bow before him who had called such a marvel from the stubborn calms and silences of the Unrevealed. Kenneth felt himself craving that sort of recognition. One sin begets another, and he had now determined that when he announced himself to mankind in the rôle of so stalwart a victor over the impossible, he should do it with Conrad Klotz's treatise safely reduced to ashes. Thus the honor, the fame, the immortality, would be all his own. 'They will repay me,' he once told himself, in a mood of retrospective sombreness, 'for the sorrow destiny burdened me with in other days.' For he had never really forgotten Celia, and there were times when he felt assured that his intense mental concentration upon this very purpose which had now turned out so radiant a success was the sole

reason of whatever rest from fretful love-longings he had been able to secure.

He kept Solarion always at his side. He desired, as yet, no confidant with respect to his mighty secret. He would still have guarded it from the greatest scientist on earth, had such caution in that quiet little Vermont village been requisite. As it was, Hilda stood the chief chance of becoming at all suspicious. But before long Solarion himself had understood his master's aversion and was loyally ready to obey the least detail of its dictates.

Kenneth made a masterly instructor. Into the fine virgin mind of his strange disciple he poured floods of precious knowledge. To educate Solarion was like planting gourd-seeds in tropic soil and afterward finding that they had almost sprung up during the space of a single night. Kenneth's own mind was a storehouse of the richest learning, and what he knew he knew so radically and intimately that to impart it to another was little more of an effort than the shaping of the willing lip to the willing word. It meant no trivial task, however, to acquaint his pupil, when the needful time came, with the unique and awesome place he had been called upon to occupy in the great ordered scheme of creation.

Solarion listened with a gentle gravity to the first words which were spoken on this most pregnant subject. Kenneth, realizing that he was now clearly qualified to comprehend, weigh, and estimate every sentence that bore upon it, strove, while proceeding, against an agitation difficult of control. He felt, at the end, that he had acquitted himself ill. Solarion's visage, in which there shone, quite often, a human quality of expression that made his peerless animal beauty enchanting beyond all the art of language to convey, now betokened a doubt, trouble, perplexity, not hard for his observer to read.

"And then," he presently said, in his mellow, dulcet voice, "I—I am quite alone—quite alone—among all created beings?"

"Quite alone," answered Kenneth, averting his eyes a little. "You are—Solarion; I named you that, for it seemed to express a living loneliness. Only two others were born with you. These I destroyed. Your mother, influenced by the forces which I brought to work upon her, lost the wonted fecundity of her race. This was to be expected. The higher the type of creature the less its propagating power. Man is perhaps at present the least fecund of animals. But in coming ages man, when he has reached a position far above that which he now occupies on the planet, will probably be a sort of angelic paragon, yet wholly sterile; he will no longer reproduce his kind. Evolution will have ceased, for its goal will have been attained. Perfection will ensue, accompanied by great individual longevity, to be followed by that slow period of dissolution symbolized and prophesied already by individual death."

Incongruous and ill-advised as these words of Kenneth's may sound, they were in reality neither. Solarion had become capable, by this time, of understanding all that he said, provided it did not completely deal, on the one hand, in recondite scholarship, or, on the other, in thoughts and sentiments to which experience could supply the only key. Already

Solarion had become in a way erudite; he had so opulently profited by the tuition bestowed on him that there were moments when his teacher felt as if he had developed a brain beyond the best scope and reach of man's in its existent sentience, and that with a little more mental training aptitude might transform itself into some kind of novel and dazzling efficiency.

"All that you tell me," Solarion presently answered, "is but another way of making me sure that my solitude without yourself for friend and guardian would be horrible and even ghastly."

Kenneth affected an irritation which he did not feel. "Where do you get these fine and rolling phrases from?" he asked, in no kindly tones. "Ah, Solarion, what mystery of brain-power lies beyond all that I ever anticipated in you! You are too wise,—too self-searching. I did not foresee this. You use words whose origin in your memory I fail to decide. Each new day that we are now together you amaze me the more deeply. Have I produced in you not merely a monstrosity that shall thrill the world with consternation, but one that shall also transfix it with awe at the height and embrace of an intellect far beyond anything its most daring conjecture has ever spanned?"

"Monstrosity," murmured Solarion. "I have not learned the word before, but I guess its meaning. It still rings upon me a repetition of that idea, solitude. Am I not right?"

"Perhaps."

"And you have told me about death. You may die at any time. If you should die and leave me, what would my fate be?"

The sweat broke out on Kenneth's forehead. "Your—your fate?" he could only stammer and no more, grown pale as ashes.

"Yes,—my fate. Did you think of this when you created me?"

"I . . . I did not create you. Only God could do that, if there were one."

"And you believe there is not one?"

"I . . . I do not know."

"Does any one know?"

"People have said that they do."

"And you think them wrong?"

"I think their statements unproved."

"Tell me," said Solarion, after a little pause, "why did you make me what I am?"

"Why?" faltered Kenneth, looking at the perfect beauty and stateliness of his hearer's aspect as he thus spoke. "I—I suppose it was through a desire to accomplish something,—to show mankind that I was not content with its recognized creeds, postulates, axioms."

"I see," replied Solarion, with a touch of supreme sadness in his low, melodious voice. "You cared nothing for what *I* might be or do or suffer. You had concern simply with the success or failure of your own daring and mighty plan."

"Solarion!"

"Do I distress you? Well, I must speak out. As it is, I cling to you. You have brought me forth from a sort of nothingness. You have told me to be silent, and I will obey you. But that word 'mon-



strosity' must haunt me with a frightful cruelty. You have made me man and yet not man. If I lost you I am certain that I should have no chance of happiness anywhere on this earth, since the race from which you say that I have sprung would be loathsome to me as associates, companions, and the race of which you have caused me to become so forlornly a part would spurn me and shrink from me were I to seek its help or sympathy!"

"Solarion!" again cried Kenneth. He was fearfully agitated. He rose and tottered toward the being that had just addressed him in terms agonizing to the keenest degree. "You . . . you are *not* what I believe you!" he went on wildly. "You are a spirit,—a mocking ghost,—an incarnate vengeance! You . . . you are *his* mind, *his* soul,—Conrad Klotz's,—returned to torture, to punish me! Ah, that I, I should say this, admit this!—I, who have scoffed at soul and spirit for years!—I, who——"

And then all speech failed him, and he sank unconscious at Solarion's feet.

## X.

This mood of weakness was followed by its due reaction. An unflinching rationalist like Kenneth could not deal sternly enough with himself for having given way to it. He had expected fierce revolt from his charge; he grew prepared for a new outburst at any moment, and one which might easily end in his own destruction. At times he even desired that Solarion would rise in the wrath of a tenfold superior strength, and kill him.

But meekness and obedience could go no further than Solarion's placid exhibition of both. The usual lessons continued for many days, with a perception and grasp on the part of his pupil little short of unearthly, and with an automatic serenity on his own that hid untold discomfiture.

Finally, one morning, in a burst of irrepressible enthusiasm, Kenneth said, "This brain of yours is a miracle! You forget nothing; you apprehend, you comprehend, with a fleetness and power man has never shown before."

"You once called me a spirit," said Solarion. "Do you think me one now?"

"No. . . . Why refer to that bitter day?"

"I refer to it," answered Solarion, "because it gives me great sorrow."

"Sorrow? And why?"

"I wounded you."

Kenneth started, and looked fixedly into the splendid, dark, soulful eyes that as fixedly met his own.

"You were right, Solarion!" he exclaimed. "Though you had poured thousands of worse reproaches upon me, you would still have been right!"

"No," came the answer, slowly delivered, and in that voice rich as the tender tolling of a golden bell. "I was wrong. You have created in me a mind, but you have also created a nature."

"A nature?"

"Yes. Mind is not all. Being what I am, I do not merely think; I feel, as well. No matter with what purpose you made me. I have been lifted from lower brutish levels. That is not simply something; it is a vast and glorious something. We have gone forth together, often, on our walks. Now suppose I had been a little wild-flower, like those we saw yesterday clustering at intervals along the roadside. Suppose I had been one of these, living only for a few brief days, and yet you had infused into me the larger life I now possess. I must have been a strangeness, a solitude, an anomaly among my mates, just as circumstance finds me at this hour. But the little transient force of higher and greater life that you had given me could never have been a boon for which I owed you ingratitude. I must have praised and thanked you as I do now! I must have loved you as I do now!"

Kenneth's face lighted with a rare gladness. He sprang toward Solarion and buried his head in the soft, silky curls that clad a neck sculptors might have sought for years to rival and then flung down their chisels in despair.

"And I, Solarion," he cried, "I return that love with all my heart! A cold ambition, a fatal selfishness, may at first have begotten you, but now the feeling I bear toward you is one full of tenderness, of sanctity! You shall always be to me the strongest and dearest link between myself and life. Indeed, I shall live only for you, and in the marvels of this mind that I have unlocked it will be my happiness to find the most vivid and unfading interest!"

"And your ambition?" asked Solarion, in a tone where perhaps lingered the least delicate trace of irony. "Is that wholly extinct?"

"Absolutely."

After this there passed many weeks of the most harmonious intercourse between master and pupil.

But one day Kenneth said, "I am no longer fit to be your teacher, Solarion; you eclipse me in everything."

"I know so little practically," was the reply. "If thrown to-morrow upon my own resources, what could I do or be? And I was not then thinking," he added, after a little pause, "of those other terrible physical hinderances."

"Ah, you still think them so!" said Kenneth.

"Can I help it?"

"But unless you were to lose me——" he began.

"Unless! In that little word lies an infinity of risk and threat."

Kenneth bit his lips and drooped his head. "I believed, Solarion," he returned, "that this regretful mood of yours had forever passed."

"It revisits me at times; I cannot prevent it. I try to conquer self, but the foe dies hard."

"There, at least, you are no exception to the general throng."

A deep sigh left Solarion. "I am so mercilessly an exception, though, in other ways! . . . But there is consolation. Yes, it is very distinct; not always, perhaps, but often."

"Consolation? You mean . . .?"

"That I stand as the beginning and the end of all such abnormal,

experimental life; that no more chimeras like myself will be sent adrift upon the world."

Kenneth slightly frowned. "You speak with great confidence," he said. "How can either of us be sure of what you prophesy?"

"How?" Solarion exclaimed. "Are you then willing to cause the existence of other creatures like myself?"

"No," responded Kenneth, quickly. "So far as *I* am concerned, you are alike first and last. But who can tell how many may desire to use my secret when it has become known by thousands?"

"Known by thousands!"

"Yes. Why not?"

"But who will tell it to thousands?"

"My book, sooner or later, of course."

"Your book!"

"Assuredly. You did not suppose that I meant to let humanity remain ignorant of this most precious discovery?"

"Precious to you, perhaps," declared Solarion, with sternness.

"And to the cause of science."

"You care nothing for the cause of science. It is your own ambition that you would feed."

"Solarion!"

"I speak truth. Your ambition, that you asserted not long ago to be completely dead! But it was not dead; it never has been; you threw dust in your own eyes. And now you boldly tell me of this infamous intention."

"Infamous!"

"Vilely so!" Solarion's eyes were two disks of lambent flame; his majestic head was lifted in challenge and defiance; there was terror in his anger, and there was also an excessive grandeur. "By making man familiar with these formulas you will prove yourself the coldest and hardest egotist. If a whole race of beings like myself were to spring up on the earth, only wars and discords could ensue. But even such result were far better than that these isolated instances of what science could accomplish were to exist in all stages of shunned wretchedness. It shall not be!—no, it shall not! Hitherto I have obeyed you; now I both resist and warn you!"

"Ah," said Kenneth, furious, between his clinched teeth; "you warn me?—*you*!" And he made a movement toward Solarion.

Solarion met him as he advanced. Then Kenneth recoiled a little, awed if not affrighted.

"Kill me," he said. "You can. Why do you not? I gave you a life above the brutes you belong with. Perhaps it is only fitting you should pay me my reward in death."

His words had their visible effect. But the firm, austere answer came, notwithstanding. "I demand of you," said Solarion, "that you never tell a living soul your secret. If you did, it would be a horror, a shame, an outrage,—and a sin beyond all earthly pardon!"

The door of exit from the chamber was near where Kenneth now stood. He veered toward it, his face white, his steps reeling with agitation. . . .

He scarcely knew how he gained the lower regions of the homestead and passed out upon the big, still, white-pillared portico. It was an exquisite morning in early June. The soft New England hills rose before him like lucid blocks of rough-hewn amethyst in the warm, liberal sunshine. A pear-tree on the lawn was pink with blossoms, and in it a bird poured forth ecstasies of silver song. The peace, the cheer, the gentle splendor of the day, all helped to calm his fevered pulses.

Solarion had been right. And yet, after having won such heights of achievement, how hard to relinquish all thought of the fame that should duly follow! It would have been different if he had not tried,—if he had simply fallen upon this grand idea by accident and picked it up like a golden nugget where no treasure was foreseen. Far easier to relinquish what we have gained *sans chercher ni vouloir* than what we have longed for and struggled after through years of greed and flame! A great renown was to have been his wage, and toward that goal the arms of his spirit must forever stretch. And yet why should he dare to tell himself that he deserved a single coin from the sacred mint of fame? What had he done beside the wondrous work of Conrad Klotz? There was nobility of intellect and of soul, both wedded in one! Self-abnegation, the higher philosophy, the chaster altruistic dictate, had spoken in that dead man's act. An immense celebrity towered on the one hand; an obscure death, with the certainty of not having harmed his race, lay on the other. Klotz had made his choice, and sublimely chosen the latter.

Kenneth pressed his lips together in bitter pain as these thoughts now swayed him. A large wicker-work chair stood near, as if tempting to better enjoyment of this rare day in the light coolness of its arms. Kenneth sank into it. 'Bandit that I am!' he mused, 'what right have I thus to crave and covet a fellow-creature's renown? Oh for strength to stifle this longing! Have I not sinned enough already? Must ambition goad me into still worse hypocrisy?'

He started, the next moment, as a step sounded at his side. It was Hilda's, and she had come to bear him a piece of intelligence that amazed and shocked him.

"I have not seen a newspaper for several days!" he exclaimed, as Hilda paused. "I did not even know that such a calamity had taken place. And is it certain that Miss Celia Effingham was rescued from the sinking steamer, while neither her father nor her step-mother escaped?"

Yes, Hilda said, it was quite certain. Miss Celia had come to the old family estate a day or two ago. She had brought a few servants with her, and was living in the closest retirement. Hilda knew her maid, who had expressed the opinion that she would never quite recover from the horrible effects of that disaster at sea.

"You should have told me all this before, Hilda," Kenneth presently said, rising.

"I only found it out two days ago, Mr. Kenneth," was the Swiss woman's reply. "Since then, sir, it . . . I beg your pardon, Mr. Kenneth, but it seemed to me as if perhaps you had too much on your mind already."

Kenneth gave a start, and raised his brows as Hilda drooped hers. "Too much on my mind?" he said, in a tone where anxiety almost conquered *hauteur*.

"I only mean your studies, sir," said Hilda, very humbly and reassuringly.

"Ah," said Kenneth, half turning away. . . . "I must go and see Miss Celia," he soon added, as though half to Hilda and half to himself.

Hilda, with plain embarrassment, drew nearer to him. "Mr. Kenneth," she began, hesitatingly.

"Well?"

"If you *do* go, sir, will you not please let the . . . the barber in the village see you first?"

Kenneth's hand went to his boyish chin. "Why, surely, Hilda," he broke forth, "I don't need——" And then a laugh left his lips, gay, jocund, in harmony with the blossoming pear-tree and the carolling bird. He suddenly ceased, and looked at her who had been his nurse in childhood. Hilda's eyes had filled with tears.

"Oh, Mr. Kenneth," she said, "how sweet that laugh sounded! I haven't heard you laugh in so long till then!"

"True, . . . true, Hilda," he murmured. "I've had serious thoughts to occupy me."

"Oh, I know that, Mr. Kenneth!"

He tried to speak with an air of levity, now. "But you've been having serious thoughts too, I find. You can't have been wanting me to consult a barber for this absurdly smooth face of mine? It must have been for my hair, must it not?" And he passed one hand through locks whose thickness and length startled him. "Yes, I've neglected it, have I not?" he went on. . . . Once again he looked full at Hilda, and saw her tears quite plainly, even if they had before escaped him. "I'm afraid I've neglected you too, good Hilda." Here he put forth his hand, which she eagerly took.

"You've—you've worried me, Mr. Kenneth!" she said, tremulously. "You've seemed, for a very long time, so sad and . . . and wandering, sir. I've spoken to you, now and then, and you haven't even answered me."

"No, Hilda?"

"No, sir. You didn't hear me, I knew. Or, if you heard, you . . . you didn't hear right; it was just as if you were listening to other voices that I couldn't catch. And . . . and it frightened me, sir. I thought how troubled your poor dead mother would be, if——"

"Yes; I understand, Hilda." He pressed her hand, shook it once or twice with tender vehemence, and then lingeringly let it fall. "You're so good, so faithful; and I recollect how fond my mother was of you, and how you loved her in return."

"No more than I do *you*, Mr. Kenneth!" broke from Hilda. . . . Speech failed the devoted creature, at this point; she stood with hands tightly clasped together, staring into Kenneth's face with swimming and wistfully eloquent eyes.

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'Love?' brooded Kenneth, a little while later, when he was again alone. 'It seems to me that I am utterly done with it, now, in all its conceivable forms. . . Solarion, whom in a sense I could have worshipped, has become—— Well, no matter.' He laughed again, but very low,—almost so low that no listener could more than just have heard him. 'I will take poor, dear Hilda's advice. I will go to the barber in the village and have my hair cut.'

He did so. Meanwhile a silence nearly if not quite unbroken was maintained between Solarion and himself. For hours that afternoon and evening the two did not exchange a word. On the following day Kenneth paid his visit to Celia.

The servant who admitted him knew him, and declared, with a doubtful shake of the head, "I'm afraid, Mr. Stafford, that Miss Celia will not see any one. But in your case I may be wrong, sir."

## XI.

He was wrong. Mourning did not specially become Celia; it rarely suits a woman of her dark type. But, on the other hand, grief had not marred her beauty, and as Kenneth gazed upon it he grew convinced that this beauty had been only brilliantly matured by a somewhat considerable lapse of years. The old sorcery had him under its control almost on the instant. He could scarcely trust himself to speak, at first, while he watched the sad lustre of Celia's eyes and saw the lines of her delicate mouth tremble. But she referred to the horrors of the shipwreck with firm enough tones, and her voice betrayed signs of complete surrender only when she mentioned how a wave had literally torn her father from her grasp as they stood together on the oscillant, shriek-haunted deck. Kenneth felt a keen relief when at last he had won her to dwell on less painful matters. And all the while he was saying to himself, 'How beautiful she is! how time has given her new witcheries and not stolen a tint from her former girlish freshness! She must be seven-and-twenty, yet her cheek is even a lovelier bit of coloring and chiselling than when I saw it last.'

"How the years have swept along!" he presently found himself saying aloud. "Did you not stay abroad much longer than you had designed to do?"

"Yes," said Celia, a sweetly retrospective look seeming to possess her eyes. "At first we were a good deal in England, but afterward we went to Italy. Mamma loved it so! She was so filled with enthusiasms about it! And papa, too!"

"I can easily understand that," said Kenneth, off his guard.

Celia gave a distinct start, and looked at him with her milky brows drawn a little, either querulously or in a simply troubled way.

Kenneth had dropped into his old sarcastic habit of comment, without really knowing it. He bit his lips, while his color rose; he would have thanked the floor if it had swallowed him. He was pierced by a sense of his brutality toward the dead. But at the same time he felt a desire to make plain the unintentional character of his apparent rudeness.

"They were both," he began to stammer, "so—so given to—to enthusiasms."

Nothing, in the circumstances, could have been much worse than this. But he soon saw what a woman of the world time and experience had made of Celia.

"Yes, you are right," she said, using a cold courtesy that filled him with hate of self. And then she went on, with what struck him as a veiled and subtle defiance of his own ill-timed satire. "Papa wrote many sweet poems while we were in Italy. They were all lost, with his other manuscripts. That is one of my deepest regrets, for I should so have loved to bring them out. Papa was not a great poet, perhaps, but he had a gift as unmistakable as it was fine and sincere. He had arranged with an American publisher while we were living at Sorrento, just before our homeward voyage. But, too unfortunately, the manuscript had been returned to him for a final revision, and now there is no other copy!"

She drooped her head, making two white oval curves of her lower visage against the blackness of her gown. Kenneth could have fallen at her feet in abject contrition. He did not afterward remember what he said, but his words vaguely occurred to him, in subsequent thought of them, as a dreary blending of falsehood and fatuity.

There is no doubt that all this while Celia kept telling herself he had become even a more awkward person than when she had last seen him. He had the air of a timid-mannered valetudinarian, and there were points of a careless kind about his dress which made it pleasant not to find these hopelessly abetted by tokens of actual personal neglect as well. He had so thoroughly failed in making a good impression that she almost felt like offendedly quitting the room when she at length heard him say, and with none of the calm assurance that women like men to show in their delivery of bold personalities,—

"You, Miss Celia, have had your noteworthy heart-troubles while abroad? Or do I trespass too much on our old childish acquaintanceship by alluding to them?"

Celia scanned the dark breadths of her gown, for an instant, with compressed lips. Then she lifted her beautiful head and looked Kenneth full in the eyes with a glance that seemed to him the tender sublimity of forgiveness.

"How odd you are!" she said, smiling. "But you were always odd, were you not?"

Kenneth now had another droll desire to fall at her feet, from sheer gratitude at her sudden clemency.

"I—I feel like a positive boor," he faltered. "Do forgive me! I have been in great solitude for a long time. That is my only excuse if I have offended you."

"You have not offended me," Celia said, and her repeated smile was like an abrupt sunburst to him from a sky of lead.

"I am so glad,—so very glad!" he continued, half wildly, as it were. "But I heard——" And then he paused, looking at her with helpless regret and shame.

"I think you must mean my engagement to Prince Soriato," she said, the next instant, with faultless composure.

"Yes, that is what I mean," he managed, quite piteously.

Her smile deepened. She sat before him, *mondaine* to her fingertips, wearing the purple of high breeding and elegance with just the right unstudied air. "And you want to know about that little affair of mine? Well, there really isn't very much to tell, Kenneth." (It seemed to him as if she were showing a seraphic benignancy in thus calling him "Kenneth.") "The Prince Soriato was a rather important Italian who did me the honor of asking me to marry him while we were living for a while in Rome. One day I became aware that I had done the most senseless and trivial thing in binding myself to a man whom I could neither love nor respect. Just at this time our old friend Caryl Dayton made his appearance in Rome. You remember Caryl Dayton, of course."

"Oh, yes; perfectly."

"I asked him to help me, and he did so,—very effectually, and with the nicest art of the diplomat. Prince Soriato was furious, and a duel was talked of between himself and either Caryl or else poor papa. That rumor nearly drove me to despair; I seemed in my own eyes the worst type of a vulgar, heartless jilt, and on the verge of a horrible yet wholly just punishment. It is all a good while ago; I had more imagination then than I have now, and perhaps I made a more willing instrument, as well, for the grisly fingers of remorse to play upon. In reality no duel took place; but before very long, on our leaving Rome for Venice, an affair of a much less hostile character did take place. This, I suppose, is a rather bungling way of telling you that I became engaged to Caryl Dayton."

"To Caryl Dayton?"

"Yes. You had not heard of it till now?"

"No," replied Kenneth, staring into her face brusquely; "I had not."

"Ah, you've indeed been living out of the world! They said shocking things of me in New York; it's odd how one hears those shocking things when one is abroad. They get into the eastward-bound steamers; they are like rats; only, rats don't leave a ship after it reaches port, and they do; they travel direct to the unhappy person for whom they've been intended."

Kenneth had grown more at his ease. "And they travelled direct to you, in this case? What were they? Were they so very terrible?"

She looked down at her hands, dropped like two curled, listless lilies upon the darkness of her lap. "They hurt me very much," she answered, "though perhaps they were not, after all, so terrible. They said that I had learned the Prince Soriato was not half so rich as report had stated, and that I had planned to make Caryl Dayton cancel my engagement for me with a clear understanding of my becoming betrothed to him as soon as I could decently extricate myself from the princely toils. . . . But perhaps I should not have made any reference whatever to this part of my life. Still, you asked me for some definite information, did you not?"

"I shall think it very indefinite if you pause here," said Kenneth. "It will be like seeing the first two acts or so of a play——"

"Which did not end at all tragically," Celia broke in, with a

staccato trill of laughter. "Oh, no. Mr. Dayton and I were engaged for about four months in Venice and about six more in Paris. Then it was broken off."

Kenneth could not resist saying, "Did you also decide that you neither loved nor respected *him*?"

If the sarcasm hurt she did not show it. Indeed, her tones were full of a dreamy sadness, now; and she soon said, still watching the fair, placid hands in her lap as though they were somehow not her own,—

"No. I liked him. I often thought that I liked him very much indeed. It was so strange. I did not break it off, you know." She raised her eyes, now, and their soft rays pierced Kenneth's heart with a new, delicious, and yet remembered pain. "One day we parted by mutual assent. We parted very good friends, by the way. There was no quarrel. Caryl said something that ought to have angered me, but it did not."

"What was it?" Kenneth asked.

"He told me that I did not know how to love."

"Perhaps he was right."

"I hope he was wrong," said Celia.

There had been a simplicity about her later words which made the most singular contrast with her tranquil, worldly, collected *maintien*. 'Does it mean,' thought her observer, 'the profoundest and most adroit artifice of a trained coquette?—one whom the ablest European schools for flirtation have amply and dangerously equipped? But no; surely no; her mood is too sorrowful for that, and the gloom of her recent bereavement hangs too heavy upon her soul.'

A little later, when he had taken his leave of Celia and was walking homeward along the familiar roadside in the sweet, exuberant June weather, he asked himself if she had shown any real wish to see him again. Well, at least she had not forbidden future visits. And then her little confidential outburst . . . that might or might not have been a graceful tribute to the distant yet appreciable kinship which existed between them. And could it really be true, after all, that she did not know how to love? He had heard or read or dreamed about this queer, stubborn virginity of the heart among certain women. Yet why should a woman like Celia find it so difficult to love? Nature had surely made her no great intellectual or moral exception to her sex. Might not the terms of that bond between herself and Dayton be resumed hereafter under conditions of still rosier romance? Kenneth smiled bitterly to himself as a pang of the old jealousy shot through his heart. 'To feel like this again,' he thought, 'after all those years! It's almost incredible!'

When he again met Solarion it was with an utter change of feeling. He could not account for the dissipation of his own late wrath. He strove to look into his heart and rigidly analyze its workings. Then, startled, he recoiled from this introspective course. Had he discovered the truth? Had love leaped up burningly within his being once again, and had ambition ceased to hold forth, as only yesterday, its lure of intoxicating promise?

He found himself capable of reflecting that the complete loss of fame would be, after all, as trifling as its acquirement. Love had taken entire possession of him after a period of at least seeming desertion. It was like the return of the reinstated sovereign who has come to claim his own; and yet Kenneth was not without a mystic inward faith, just now, that this potentate had never left the throne at all, but had been carrying on a sort of drowsy reign there,—perhaps even as somnolent a one as that of the sire of the Sleeping Princess in the tale. And with the unselfish feelings begotten by that one divine selfishness, both sympathy and affection for Solarion returned in greater than their previous force. He was not without a sense of humor, and the speed of this alteration in him plainly provoked it. But, like almost all his emotions, it had a bitter touch. ‘What ludicrous little puppets we are!’ he mused, ‘and what fun we must make for our wire-holder,—provided such office be filled by a consciousness and not a mere blind force! . . . How if our whole universe, by the way, from Canopus to an asteroid, were so contemptible a proceeding in the eye of some remote and sublime mightiness that time, space, the travail of worlds, everything which means human felicity or suffering, stood for that Power in the same light as some theatrical *matinée* performance stands for us? How if all were a mere transitory episode with Him (or Her), surveyed as a brief recreation between demands of an inconceivable urgency? Man expresses a little holiday stroll, as it were; the Deity (if He be) creates and destroys a universe as we cause an egg to be hatched and then crack it. . . Who was the poet who wrote in a transcendently ideal mood that he saw “space at his feet, like a star”? I forget; . . . I’ve always read the poets—even those that I liked the best—with such a sense of poor dead old Aurelia’s rhapsodies.’

The silence of Solarion seemed like that of the Sphinx. Kenneth had a certain awe about breaking it. But after he had once done so their former relations were genially renewed. Lessons and discussions began again. But it soon became evident to Kenneth that his pupil saw some difference between then and now.

“Your heart is not in your work,” said Solarion, after a day or two. “What does it mean?”

Kenneth smiled. “Where did you get that phrase from?” he asked. “It is like many others that you use, and yet its oddity specially strikes me.”

“I can’t tell you whence it came,” was the reply. “No doubt from your talk, rather than from the books you have both read aloud to me and arranged that I should read unaided by you. Perhaps it is quite true, as you once told me, that I possess the largest powers of language. . . But you do not realize the greatness, the depth, of your own instructive methods.”

Kenneth shook his head for a moment, and then bowed it. “I realize,” he said, “your incomparable mind. . . As I before told you, there is nothing that I can now teach you. You are——”

“I am anxious to learn why you do not teach me as you did of old,” Solarion here interrupted. His wonderful eyes were riveted on Kenneth’s face, and the latter drooped his own look before them.



The glance was so arraigning that Kenneth for a brief space had no response at his command. "I am anxious to learn this," Solarion continued. "I love you——"

"You love me, Solarion!"

"I love you even in greater degree, I think, than that which you have told me belongs to the friendship of men whom loyalty, honor, respect, make their adherents in the huge outside world."

Kenneth placed one hand very fondly on the noble head of his companion.

"And my love for you, Solarion," he said, "is devout as when I first knew you for what you are and realized you in all your strange intellectual grandeur."

"But there is a difference. I do not mean in your wish to instruct me, but . . ."

"I cannot instruct you further. You are already my superior."

"Do not say that. . . There are hundreds of simple things which you yet can teach me, apart from the many complex things which I still have not learned."

"And yet," said Kenneth, his voice breaking a little, "you think there is still a difference? . . ." He tried to laugh, and failed. "A difference? What do you mean?" Then he paused for several seconds, and at length added, "I hope, Solarion, you have forgotten our quarrel."

"No," was the answer, "I have not forgotten it. I am always thinking of your declared intent."

"My declared intent?"

"Need I remind you of it?"

"Ah," said Kenneth, "I remember. You mean my wish to . . . to publish before the world what I have accomplished."

"What *you* have accomplished?"

"Yes," cried Kenneth, eagerly. "Why not?"

"Have *you* accomplished," pursued Solarion, "or was it Conrad Klotz?"

Kenneth turned ashen. "Are you, then, a spirit?" he queried. "How can you possibly know of Conrad Klotz?"

"I am not a spirit," said Solarion, "but I remember you addressed me once—not long ago—as if you thought me the spirit of——"

"Klotz! I, too, remember. And you have deduced from those few words——? Well, I do not care *what* you have deduced. I am willing to tell you all, now, Solarion. I revoke everything that I said to you regarding my future aims,—my book,—my desire of letting the world know what I have done." He added, an instant later, "or what Conrad Klotz has done, wizard, if you prefer to put it in that way."

Solarion's answer was calmly given. "I ask nothing concerning that man. Tell me of him when you will, or not at all, as it suits you. But this willingness to renounce ambition,—let me know the meaning of that."

"It is love."

"Love? You mean such love as I feel for you? . . . such love as you feel for me?"

"No." . . Kenneth spoke many sentences, then, relating how he had met Celia in boyhood, how in the full vigor of early manhood he had afterward met her, how he had become passionately enamoured of her, and at last how he had striven to make science the regnant genius of his life.

"And you loved her," said Solarion, when he had finished. "I recollect 'love' of this sort as touched on in our philosophic talks. It belongs purely to the emotions, does it not? It is a part of the sensibilities, the feelings?"

"Yes."

"So, then, it cannot be explained, can it, like the catching of a disease?"

Kenneth tossed away his *métier* of tutor, for the instant, in a burst of non-professional cynicism.

"No; it is not a question of microbes or contagion. With all your extraordinary talent, Solarion, you betray depths of discouraging inexperience when you ask such a question. Alas! you have so much knowledge, and yet so little! Love? I cannot define it to you. Who could? It is a power that pulsates incessantly throughout mankind. To some hearts it is a benign blessing; to others it is a frightful curse. Now, while you and I speak together, there are men and women pale and tortured with the throes of its ungratified passion. Men, when they feel it, cannot explain it; women can explain it still less. It drags certain men toward certain women; it makes certain women almost mad because certain men will not recognize their yearning and answer them. Love? It is a perpetual comedy, a perpetual tragedy. It is always crowning mortals with roses, it is always dooming them to bottomless pits of torment. It has brought into the world untold bliss, it has brought measureless misery!"

Solarion was silent for several minutes. "It will bring *you* such misery?" he presently asked.

"I hope not."

"Do you not know?"

"Ah," said Kenneth, "I shall do my best to forget."

"But it must be a vast power, this love, since it has influenced you as it has done."

"It is a vast power," acquiesced Kenneth. Then, looking fixedly at the regal shape of Solarion, he slowly added, "You should thank me that the weird, hybrid nature *you* possess guards you from it forever. Your splendid intellect crushes the brute in you; the brute has no chance; it is *faintant* in spite of itself; it will always be sluggish, inert, subjugated."

"Is love, then, brutal?" asked Solarion. His great, rich-colored eyes were like two dark stars as he thus questioned.

"No,—not brutal," answered Kenneth. But there was perplexity in his voice. "It is angelic," he quickly added, and then his tones fell somewhat. "It is also gross," he said. "I can explain it no further, just now. . . We will talk of it again. . . I am not in the fit mood at present. . . Perhaps I never shall be, Solarion. Of all the philosophers who ever lived, none has been able to give love a true

definition, and yet there has never been one of them—if he were not a monster instead of a man—whom some woman has not enslaved, either for good or evil.”

## XII.

Their long and pleasant walks began again. It was a summer of exceptional coolness and charm. Not seldom they would plunge together into the green heart of the sweet neighboring hills and either rest in some grove by the shore of a silver lake or ascend to its breezy summit a height commanding miles of the most enchanting pastoral landscape. The superb health and vigor of Solarion made these rambles a keen, exhilarant pleasure to him. One day it chanced that they came upon a spot of especial loveliness and at once paused here to rest. Down the granite side of a mountain tumbled a cascade of the purest white foam, while just below brimmed a natural rocky basin with those dark-brown, eddying waters in which the trout loves to lurk. All about them were stalwart forest-trees,—birches and oaks and maples,—fluting sylvan melodies, delicate or sonorous, below a sky like deep-blue crystal.

“I have been thinking,” said Solarion, “that perhaps for my brain to have been thus wondrously lifted out of itself and made so far above what the ordinary train of circumstance would have left it, is but a proof that some divine possibility waits in the very humblest forms of animal life. And yet you have told me that science has never been able positively to assure itself that man has developed from a far lower order of being, and cannot find here upon this earth a sequence of fossils that makes his regular upward progress matter of absolute certainty.”

“True,” said Kenneth. “Pious people, who see no science outside of their Bibles, will not for an instant believe that men sprang from apes. But I have yet to hear of the nineteenth-century thinker whose opinions and teaching are held in the least esteem and yet who has reached a contrary decision. Still, all just minds must admit that the evidence is incomplete,—which of course puts a feather in the cap of the ‘special creation’ zealots.”

“But why should the record of man’s beginning be so partial?”

Kenneth smiled. “Who shall answer that question? The world is filled with just such baffling ones, and whenever they are scanned in a spirit of candid inquiry a bevy of conservatives are always ready to pounce on the investigators and call them ‘morbid,’ ‘unhealthy,’ and names of a similar sort. I believe it is Huxley who says that Nature first slaps us in the face and then leaves us to find out the reason why. That, I should think, is the fairest way of expressing her cold, cruel, inscrutable methods toward man. But the ‘slap in the face’ has been splendidly salutary on countless occasions. It is because we have wounded our fingers in tampering with the frigid machinery of things that we have grown to understand at least a little of its dread, irreversible wheel-work.”

“I see,” said Solarion. “You mean that necessity has taught the race to tear from its environment much needed benefit and comfort.”

"Precisely. You could not have expressed it better."

"And necessity has, then, stimulated every species of quest, interrogation, discovery?"

"Yes."

"And yet this 'connecting link,' as you once told me that it has been called," Solarion pursued,—“this actual proof of the relationship between highest and lowest,—has never become a manifest fact?”

"No," Kenneth conceded. "But you recollect what I have so often tried to impress upon you,—the extreme comparative youth of all science."

"And yet Geology, though its disclosures may be limited, has already revealed so much!"

"Still, Darwin aptly reminds us that only a small portion of the globe has yet been geologically explored with any real care,—that only certain classes of organic creatures have been preserved in a fossil state,—that countless generations of beings must have passed from the earth without leaving a vestige behind them,—that between successive formations of fossiliferous deposits vast periods of time must have elapsed, and that during these periods of subsidence and elevation complete extinction of many a precious relic has been more than merely probable. Then there are other reasons, as, for instance, that widely ranging species are those which have been most variable and have oftenest been the causes of new species. . . But, after all, the struggle for existence, the survival of the fittest, has written a very vague work on palæontology. Or I might rather say that it resembles a book once perfect in almost every part, yet with pages here and there ruthlessly torn out, and now and then with whole chapters, copious and important, lamentably missing."

"Not long ago you mentioned to me," said Solarion, "the great convincing verdicts of embryology. Will you touch on these again, and with more definiteness? I remember all that you said, but——"

"Ah, Solarion," cried Kenneth, "is there anything that your photographic brain forgets?" . . . He discoursed for a long time on this subject, second in value to none throughout the whole range of natural history, and ended by using almost the very language of that radiant modern writer whom he so loved, to the effect that embryology is a dim, half-obsured picture of the common parent-form of each great animal class.

Intently, as was his wont, Solarion listened to every word. At length he said, musingly, and with a ring of dreamy sorrow in his voice, "It is strange to hear of these firm, unflinching laws that must have ruled the orb we dwell in for millions of years, and yet to feel one's self, as I feel now, beyond them, outside of them!"

"That is impossible," said Kenneth. "Nothing can be beyond and outside of nature. You are simply the result of a new combination and disposition of forces. You are as natural, in your way, as I am. You could not exist were it otherwise. Indeed, it would be difficult to conceive of what might *not* be accomplished by nature. All the fables in which men once believed—the tales of gods, demons, dragons, fairies, minotaurs, elves, and gnomes—may possess their foun-

dations of solid truth. I think it is John Stuart Mill who said that on some other planet than ours two and two might make five. Beings precisely like yourself in every particular may exist on spheres of whose very existence we can only have the vaguest conjecture."

After a somewhat long silence Kenneth's companion again spoke. "This theory of a soul behind human intelligence,—how the history that you have taught me is constantly infused with it!"

"Indeed, yes. But it has been said with much wisdom that the slaying of a beautiful hypothesis by an ugly fact is the great tragedy of science."

"But for humanity to have that immense want and need of an immortal state! Is there not some profound, mystic meaning *there*? You spoke to me of love, not long ago, in the bitterest and most despairing way. Surely there have been many strong thinkers who have reaped from it more of comfort than disappointment, in the sense of delicate yet distinct spiritual prophecy."

"You almost make me wish I were some dream-swayed metaphysician," said Kenneth, with a sad smile, "instead of the rigid rationalist you behold me. But it's of no use. The reasonings of metaphysics do not mean to me reasonings at all. The phenomena which I see about me are known to me solely as facts of consciousness, and these facts are explainable only by the tests and uses of physics. I am devoted to the verity of Descartes's maxim, which bade us assent to no proposition the matter of which is not so clear that it cannot be doubted."

"Has there ever before been an age," asked Solarion, "when the ethical and ideal parts of mankind—all his moral obligations, in fact, toward himself and his fellows—were so thoroughly accounted for by scientific methods as at the present time?"

"No," said Kenneth, with decision; "never, to our knowledge. Sentimentality has hitherto had a great deal to tell us about the higher standards of conduct. But selfishness lies at the root of all morality persevered in for the sake of reward hereafter. The incomparable Herbert Spencer says that underneath all so-called 'intuitions' regarding the goodness or badness of acts, lurks the fundamental assumption that acts are good or bad according as their aggregate effects increase men's happiness or increase their misery. This, too, you will affirm, points toward selfishness; but it is of the race and not the individual. Just as the choice of the most dainty epicure for an ortolan in place of a quail originated in the lowest forms of cannibalism, so the most heroic deeds of self-sacrifice that patriots and philanthropists have performed had their beginning in the grossest longings after personal pleasure. The evolution of structures and of functions throughout the ascending types of animals plainly has gone on *pari passu*. Advancing but a little further, we reach the certainty that an evolution of conduct is correlated with these others."

"I perfectly grasp your meaning," said Solarion, "because you have made it even plainer than this before now, through example and illustration. . . ." But he continued silent for a long time after he had thus spoken, until Kenneth said, somewhat curiously,—



"Of what are you thinking, Solarion?"

"Of something which might not please you," came the slow reply.

"Pray let me hear it, nevertheless."

"Well, it is this: If you have so lucid an idea of just how the loftiest unselfishness has been gradually lifted from far inferior grades of feeling, why should you yourself ever have known the least wish to gratify individual ambition and place your name proudly above those of your fellows? Why are you a contradiction of your own beliefs? For such mental power and cultivation as yours ought surely——"

"I understand you," Kenneth interrupted, with clouding brows. . . He strove not to be angry, and succeeded. . . .

They held many more talks together during the next few days. Kenneth was meanwhile burning to see Celia again, and at length he paid her a second visit. She treated him with what seemed to him a tyrannic cruelty. He left her, saying to himself, 'She loathes me. I am beardless, and still look like an overgrown boy. She has never forgotten how Caryl Dayton used to jeer at my effeminacy.'

One day, not long afterward, he learned through Hilda that Caryl Dayton was occupying his old residence, near to that of Celia. The tidings dealt him an acute shock. Nor was it pleasanter to learn that through the deaths of three or four members of his family Caryl had been made much richer than formerly.

'She teems with a flirt's worst trickeries,' Kenneth told himself. 'I shall never enter her doors again,—never!'

The next day he entered them, and found himself face to face with Caryl Dayton.

He acquitted himself execrably, and knew it all the while. It was the past repeating itself in pitiless recurrence, except that then he had merely loved Celia (or so he now assured his fluttering heart), while at present he worshipped her. Caryl Dayton, looking a little older, but none the less well-bred and suave, inflicted torture by his presence. Kenneth had no courtesies for him; every grace in the man was like a veiled challenge. When Dayton rose and quitted the room he was equally preyed upon by wrath and satisfaction.

"So," he at once said, with absurdly awkward reproach, to Celia, "you are friends with that man, after all! You told me—did you *not* tell me?—that you and he had broken with one another forever!"

"I forget, Kenneth, just what I told you," she said, with an exasperating calm. "Anyway, we're very good friends now."

"Good friends! Does that mean——?"

"Oh, never mind what it means."

"But I do mind," fumed Kenneth. "I . . . I love you, and I do mind," he added, hearing his own heart beat while he framed the words.

She smiled. "You love only your books and your science," she said, carelessly. . . And then he went to where she sat, and put out both his hands, and cried to her from the hungry depths of his soul,—

"No, no, Celia! I love only you! I loved you long ago, and thought I'd crushed all that love down. But it rose again when I saw you. I love you now more than ever! I want you to be my wife!

Celia, don't look like that, in the name of all that's merciful! Can't you love me?"

"No," she said.

Her answer had been implacable. He went home, that day, with a dim understanding that he could go to her again and be on amical terms with her, but that he must never, under any circumstances, refer to his vivid and dominant passion. . . .

Solarion found him a most faultful and derelict instructor, now. They took their long walks together, but these were the sombre make-shifts that replaced former hours of stimulating discussion. "You suggest so much to me, Solarion," Kenneth had not long ago said. And yet in his once-prized friend much of the old fascinating influence had perished. They would now and then speak most freely to one another, and their converse was full of the best and happiest significance. Solarion learned the apparent meaning to the human mind of what we name natural beauty. Kenneth and he went together often again into the heart of those delightful Vermont mountains. They watched the flight of sunshine over great foliage-clad slopes; they paused, side by side, near lakes almost as enchanting as Constance or Como. They heard the silvery plash of cascades, and the delicious *basso profundo* of streams which emptied their angry waters into shady gorges.

"You feel nature, do you not, Solarion?" Kenneth said, one day, as they sat within a great grove of primeval hemlocks, dusky as the cloister of a cathedral, with vague whispering noises in the boughs overhead. "You recognize alike the mystery and the splendor of its revelations?"

"Yes," answered Solarion.

"Do you feel, too, that there is a conscious and active God behind it? I have often fancied that you do."

"I feel that there should be," said Solarion, gravely.

Kenneth drew closer to his companion. The splashing of a dulcet water-fall was near them. Between rifts in fringing hemlock-boughs gleamed the turquoise of a stainless midsummer heaven. "Oh, Solarion, I am so unhappy!" Kenneth cried, and as he spoke his face was buried in the tender down of his friend's neck, that gave forth a scent delicate, sweet, and yet nameless as that of the garments of a pure, healthful woman. "I am so unhappy!" he went on, and then, suddenly, he burst into a passionate flood of tears.

For some time he sobbed his misery out upon the soft and massive breast of Solarion. The silky fleece was drenched with his hot tears when he lifted his eyes and saw that Solarion also had been weeping.

"You know why I am so wretched," exclaimed Kenneth. "I see that you do! You understand me!"

"Yes," Solarion answered; "I understand you. If there were anything I could do to help you! But I am so powerless! It seems to me that she must love you as you deserve to be loved. But if she does not you must force her to do so."

"Force her, Solarion?"

"Woo her,—win her,—make her love you. She must see, sooner

or later, that nature could not have given you such a pulse of passion unless there were a corresponding ardor in her."

"Nature teems with mockeries and satires like this," replied Kenneth. "She does not love me; she never will! she will let me go to her—I sometimes think that all she would ever care for is just to let me go to her and crouch at her feet in hopeless adoration!" . . . .

A day or two afterward Kenneth and Solarion were strolling together along a wayside rarely frequented, yet rich in picturesque effects of boulders half smothered with ferns, and in maple-groves that made the sward beneath them one incessant flicker of sunshine and shade. "This is the most exquisite solitude, Solarion," Kenneth had just said. "It is not far from the village, and yet we have not met a single wayfarer during all our tramp. Perhaps we shall not meet one till we have ended it."

"Here is one," said Solarion,—*"a woman, with her hands full of ferns and wild-flowers. Do you see? She has just turned the bend in the road."*

Yes, Kenneth saw, and with a great throb of the heart. It was Celia. She had been taking an afternoon ramble. She was warm, and had pushed back her hat a little from her brows, over which the glossy dark curls wildly clustered and twisted.

Kenneth was deeply embarrassed when they met, but Solarion soon supplied a surcease to his confusion. "Ah," cried Celia, "is he yours? Yes,—yes, I remember. They have told me of him; his beauty has made everybody talk,—everybody who has seen him. Is he not superb?" She forgot her wild-flowers and ferns, almost tossing them aside. She dropped on her knees before Solarion, looking up at Kenneth. "He is not fierce, is he?" she pursued. "How can he be, with those great, sweet eyes?"

"He is not fierce," Kenneth answered, and then Celia's arms were about Solarion's neck.

"Oh, how perfect he is!" she exclaimed. "How strangely and wonderfully beautiful! Surely nothing was ever like him before! What is his name?"

"Solarion," said Kenneth.

"Solarion? . . ." Celia rose and surveyed her new idol with a glance that seemed to indicate the struggle between admiration and criticism. "It's a stately sort of name, but *he* is so stately and splendid! . . . Ah, how I should love to have him for my own!"

Kenneth walked with her until their paths diverged, Solarion following.

"Her last act was a caress for you," he said to Solarion, after she had disappeared.

"You love her so much, then?" came the answer.

"She is life, happiness, everything, to me," replied Kenneth.

"I understand," Solarion murmured. . . . .

A day or two later Kenneth went to visit Celia. She talked of nothing but Solarion. There had never been so exquisite and glorious a creature. He was like a human being. Of course no price could purchase him.

"No,—none," said Kenneth.

He returned home with a heavy heart. He saw how Solarion pitied him.

The next day he went again to Celia. Caryl Dayton was with her as he entered the room in which she received him. He was almost insolent to Caryl, whose demeanor never lost a single trait of its high breeding. Agonized, he returned to his laboratory, where Solarion waited.

"I am in torture," he said.

"Can nothing be done?" Solarion responded.

"Yes," he said, scoffingly. "She adores *you*. I can give you to her. Will you become hers? You might tell me, then, of what passes between herself and Dayton." He spoke in a swift, odd, wild way.

"Do you mean it?" Solarion said.

"Yes,—yes," returned Kenneth, desperately. "That man is a torment to me. I don't know what he may feel toward her. They were engaged, once."

"You are bitterly jealous."

"Yes."

"And you wish that I should become her companion, so that . . .?"

Kenneth knelt down beside Solarion. "I don't know what I wish!" he cried. "I only know that I am very miserable!" . . .

The next day was perfect. Flocculent clouds voyaged across a sky of the richest azure, and the trees were vocal with soft breezes. Kenneth and Solarion went together to Celia's dwelling. She welcomed Kenneth's associate with an undisguised fondness.

"Do you want him for your own?" Kenneth presently said. "He is yours, if you do."

"Mine!" cried Celia. She rained kisses upon Solarion, again fondly embracing him. "Mine!" she cried once more. "Oh, no, no! You can't mean it! Don't *you* love him too much to part with him?"

"I love you," said Kenneth. "I love you so much that I will give him to you."

Celia burst into tears. "Give him to me!" she exclaimed. "Oh, do you mean it! But he will be unhappy! He will long for you. . . Will you not, Solarion? . . ." And her head fell among the stainless curls of the mute, grand creature.

Kenneth had given his gift. . . He went home, and felt very lonely for a day or two. Solarion had been willing; he was with *her*; he would come back, in a little while, and tell what had passed. "Point toward my home," Kenneth had said to Celia, "and he will come to me. He is wonderfully intelligent, as you will find."

But Solarion did not come. Two, three, four, five days went by. At last, however, he appeared. Kenneth eagerly welcomed him.

"You come late, though," he said,—"strangely late. What have you found out? Does she love Caryl Dayton?"

"No. She loves no one. She is there in her mourning, and he visits her, but that is all."

"All, Solarion?"

"All. She does not care for him. He adores her, but she cannot like him in return. . . She is so beautiful and so lovable! It is all so sad! Yesterday she looked into my eyes and spoke to me in a fierce, melancholy voice. 'Solarion,' she cried, 'what are you?' And then her arms were about my neck. . . . Let me remain with you now. . . I will not go back to her, unless——"

"No; go back to her," broke in Kenneth. "But come to me again, Solarion, and report what has passed between herself and *him*."

Kenneth never dreamed of suspecting the truth.

More days passed, and Solarion did not return. Kenneth went to Celia. It was morning, and she sat on the piazza, with Solarion at her feet.

"He has grown fond of me," she said. "I am so glad and grateful that you gave him to me!"

"But your gratitude," said Kenneth, "will show itself in no other way. . . You will not be my wife, Celia?"

"No," she replied.

Solarion went with him for a little way past the house. When they had come to a certain lonely place on the roadside, Solarion paused and spoke.

"I cannot endure this longer," he said.

"Endure?" repeated Kenneth.

"I have told you. . . This man's-brain that belongs to me has begotten a man's love. I am so far human that I love Celia. I love her,—yes, *as you do*! She looks into my eyes and seems to see there some strange, divine spirit. She herself does not understand. . . I burn to speak to her. It is not the brute in me that she cares for; she would loathe that if she had any real conception of the force that rules her. It is my identity, my soul, my intellect,—all that you have called out of chaos and given to me. She is ignorant of what she truly feels. But her instinct, ideal and yet earthly, tells her that I am human!"

"Not another word!" shot from Kenneth. "How dare you speak to me like this?" He drew backward and raised the stout staff which he carried.

"Ah," retorted Solarion, "how did you dare create me? Am *I* to blame? And why should I merit your scorn? This love of mine is chastity itself; it is pure as a saint's dream of his heaven!"

"Solarion, hush! It is infamy!—it is horror!"

With those words Kenneth fled to his laboratory. But Solarion followed him thither, like an accusing conscience.

"What is to be done?" he questioned.

"Done?" faltered Kenneth. He fell trembling into a chair while he spoke. "You . . you have told *her* nothing?"

"Nothing. But you must tell her."

"I?"

"Yes. I demand it of you. I cannot live like this."

"You must so live, Solarion. Remain here with me. Never look upon her again."

"No. I must return to her."



"You *shall* not!" cried Kenneth. He flung himself upon Solarion, who had darted toward the door. But Kenneth was tossed away by that living might as a gale tosses a leaf. In another moment Solarion had disappeared. . . .

'It is the vengeance of Conrad Klotz,' Kenneth said to himself. . . . He went to a certain drawer and drew from it a pistol. Then he left the laboratory.

He walked toward Celia's dwelling. Suddenly he saw Caryl Dayton approaching him, and looking as though an earthquake could not alter his high-bred repose.

"Ah, Mr. Stafford," said Caryl, raising his hat. "I had intended paying you a visit."

## XIII.

"Yes?" Kenneth replied, with an almost insolent curtness. "And may I ask with what intent?"

Dayton looked down and struck a weed with the stick he held. "Truly," he said, "you are very direct."

"That is best, is it not?" bluntly responded Kenneth.

"Sometimes, perhaps. And I wanted to be quite direct with you." Always the gentleman to his finger-ends, Dayton now mildly and firmly met Kenneth's gaze. "The truth is, Mr. Stafford, I am engaged to Miss Celia Effingham."

"Again?" said Kenneth.

"Again,—if you choose to put it that way,—yes."

"And you wished to pay me a visit for this reason? It is a most important one, I admit. Shall I take for granted that you would have come solely to do me the honor of announcing your re-betrothal?"

Dayton shook his head regretfully. "Are you not rather playing the spendthrift with your sarcasm?" he asked.

Kenneth was at this moment the prey of a murderous jealousy. "May I learn from you," he said, with white lips, "why you wished to hold converse with me?"

"Yes," came the quiet answer. "It is very simply explained. My marriage to Miss Effingham will be an immediate one. It will take place here, at St. Matthew's Church, in the village. You are a relative of Celia's,—in fact, her nearest living relative, unless I am in error. I thought that you might care to be present at the coming ceremony, and—"

"Good God!" Kenneth here broke in, "are you making sport of me, man? Are you seeking some curious, novel way of insulting me?"

"Insulting you? I?"

"What else, then, can it be? Do you not *know*?"

"Know? Know what?"

"That I love this woman,—that I have asked her to be my wife."

"You?"

"She has not told you, then?"

"No."

As Dayton pronounced this word his mien was the perfection of what we can only call gentlemanliness. There was no mistaking either his surprise or his pain. "I must beg your pardon," he said, presently, "for having committed a most awkward mistake."

"You are right," said Kenneth, between clinched teeth, as it sounded. "The mistake has been a most awkward one. Still, I will give you my congratulations. But they are not, after all, profound. They are the merest formality. Let me be quite candid: you may have persuaded Celia to marry you, but you will never be happy with her as your wife."

Dayton turned pale and slowly inclined his head. "You would be happy, however?" he murmured. "Do you mean that?"

"No. She does not care for me any more than she cares for you. She cares for . . ." He paused, and looked straight into the eyes of his interlocutor.

"For whom, then, does she care?" Dayton asked, gently.

"For no one."

"No one?"

"For an ideal,—a shadow,—a dream."

Dayton smiled, drawing backward a step or two. "I did not know that she was so imaginative."

"But you may discover it, sooner or later."

Dayton gave a faint little laugh. "I hope, then, it may be late and not soon."

"Ah," cried Kenneth, "you disbelieve me!—you secretly contemn what I have told you!"

"I doubt it," he returned.

"You believe that Celia loves you?"

"I hope so,—and I believe so."

"Yet she broke with you before."

"She was capricious, fanciful, as many girls are. She is older now."

"Older, yes,—in experience, in knowledge of her own powerlessness to love."

Dayton scanned the path beneath him for a second, and then lifted his calm gaze to Kenneth's face. "Mr. Stafford," he said, "I fear that I have blundered miserably. But it has been wholly through ignorance of your sentiment for Miss Effingham. We were not friends as boys. I think our not being so was in every way my own fault. It seems to me that I was the most odious boy ever born." He smiled now, a little; he was perfect in his repose, his courtesy, his evenness, his taste, his tact, yet there was not a hint of mere vulgar artificiality in him; Kenneth felt rebuffed, defeated, humiliated, by his exquisite good breeding. "I have tried to be a better man," he went on, "and my success or failure must be left, of course, to the verdict of others than myself. The present issue between us is difficult, . . . extremely difficult. But I give you my word that it was unforeseen. . . . Good-afternoon."

He raised his hat, passing Kenneth, who answered the salute as though a voice of fate had commanded him to do so. He stood in the

path for some time with lowered head after Caryl Dayton had left him. He hated the man with a new fiery ardor, and yet his lips uttered the words, "Perfect; it was perfect; he is every inch a gentleman."

Meanwhile Caryl Dayton had paused at some distance away, debating within himself whether or not he should immediately seek Celia, from whom he had lately come.

Kenneth's thoughts once more flew to Solarion and the agitating mission that now directed his own steps toward Celia. He walked onward, a great anguish beginning more and more to dominate him. So she had taken Caryl Dayton, after all! Well, whether she loved him or not, let her wed him. He, himself, would control his passion and accept the inevitable. This frightful matter that concerned Solarion must now be dealt with. Had a hurricane been unleashed? What ghastly thing might already have occurred? Had Solarion gone to her and——? No, it was too horrible for thought! 'Oh, Conrad Klotz!' he bitterly mused, 'how you are being avenged!'

#### XIV.

He found Celia in the pretty drawing-room that was but a step from the broad, open-windowed veranda. She sat before a desk, writing. Solarion was at her feet.

A faintness came over Kenneth as he drew near her. She rose, putting forth her hand with a smile. Solarion, splendid in his repose, did not stir.

"I have just begun a letter to you," Celia said. He felt that his own hand must be like ice, because hers almost burned him by its warmth.

"A letter to me?" he said.

"Yes," began Celia, with a distinct embarrassment. "I wanted to tell you——"

"What?" he broke in, sharply. "That it's on again between you and Dayton?"

Celia drooped her eyes. "Yes. I have accepted Caryl."

Kenneth almost flung himself into a chair, and for a few seconds buried his face in both hands. "You don't love him, Celia!" he suddenly exclaimed, a moment later, looking up at her where she stood beside the desk, with Solarion crouched like a mute and massive sentinel at the hem of her soft, pale summer gown. "You don't love me, but neither do you love him!"

Celia sank again into the chair she had quitted. "Kenneth," she murmured, "love is a large word. Perhaps I've never mastered its full meaning, and never shall. But I . . . I have wronged Caryl Dayton."

"Wronged him? Then the breaking of your engagement abroad was——?"

"My fault. Only mine. I see it now. He has convinced me. I owe him reparation. I must pay it, and I . . . I have decided to pay it. But you know of this already! Who has told you? Have you seen Caryl? Ah, your face, your manner, assures me that you *have*

seen him. Kenneth, forgive me! I am very weak, perhaps, and very vacillating! But I have done *you* no wrong!"

"None. You have simply made me worship you, and . . . and given yourself, before my sight, to a man for whom you care nothing."

Celia's eyes filled with tears, and she stretched forth a hand, letting it rest on the head of Solarion.

And now occurred a thing which was to Kenneth fraught with unutterable repulsion.

"Here is a friend," said Celia, "who seems to me as if he might counsel me in my doubt and perplexity, had only speech been given him. Oh, Kenneth, I sometimes feel that just to live unwedded till I die, with this dear, faithful creature to crouch at my feet as he is doing now, would mean for me the greatest human happiness! I have such strange fancies about Solarion! I look into his beautiful, limpid eyes and am thrilled by a certainty that there is a soul, a spirit, behind them. After all, if one cannot love, what is one to do? If Solarion *could* speak, I imagine that he might tell me to let his devoted service and guardianship stand in the place of what my own curious coldness has made me miss! . . . Ah, this will sound strange to you, Kenneth, and yet——"

"It sounds worse than strange," cried Kenneth, rising; "it sounds brutish." Then he added, with a bleak, hard laugh, "as brutish as Solarion himself!"

Celia looked at him with her dark eyes widened by astonishment. The hand with which she had been caressing Solarion's noble head fell at her side again. "I . . . I do not understand you," she faltered.

"Perhaps," replied Kenneth, with another burst of his ironic laughter, "you do not understand yourself."

Celia shook her head in a puzzled way. "Now you are still more vague," she said.

Just then a servant entered the room, and, approaching Celia, said a few words to her in a low tone, while at the same time offering a card.

"I must see her, Mary, of course," soon came Celia's reply. Then she turned toward Kenneth. "You remember old Mrs. Leveridge? She knew both my father and my step-mother very intimately, and I'm sure that she has come to talk with me about the . . . the disaster. I will meet her in the sitting-room, with your permission, and afterward . . ."

"We can talk about the other disaster," said Kenneth.

"I fear you are incorrigible," she said, going toward the door. "Shall you remain, then, till Mrs. Leveridge goes?"

"I don't know; I'm not sure."

His voice had so sullen and moody a ring that Celia started and looked at him alarmedly. "You seem so very unhappy," she said, with a sigh.

"Yes," he answered, "I am very unhappy; I am even more than that." He had now fixed his eyes upon Solarion, who still sat as motionless as though he were cut in marble.

Again Celia sighed. "Your manner is very strange, Kenneth,"

she said. Then she tried to speak in a brighter and less concerned way. "I shall hope to see you again in a little while. Mrs. Leveridge will probably not stay long; she's an invalid, and rarely continues out of doors more than an hour or two at a time."

Celia disappeared. There are some trifling events which produce the most gigantic results. Kenneth, as he sat with folded arms and grim-knit brows, told himself now that the mere temporary absence of Celia from this chamber which she had just left might precipitate a dire calamity. And yet he was inflexibly determined, in so far as concerned his own future course. 'It is for Solarion to decide,' he had already said to his own thoughts; 'not for me.'

Dead silence reigned for several minutes after Celia had gone. Then Kenneth spoke.

"You disobeyed me."

"I did," Solarion replied.

His voice, intensely familiar to his hearer, nevertheless dealt Kenneth a shock as it sounded through that silent room. Outside, the vines on the veranda were flapping and pulsating their leaves in the pleasant summer breeze. Here the light was moderate, falling on book and ornament, on drapery and picture, while all betokened so much of the placid usualness of life that these tones, heard in their new surrounding, struck a note of piercing discord.

"You have resolved, then, to defy me?" Kenneth pursued.

"I am hers; I belong to her; you gave me to her."

"But I had no suspicion, however remote, of what has since occurred."

"Nor had I."

"Very well," said Kenneth. He rose and went somewhat near to the majestic, immobile shape. "You now realize everything quite as clearly as I. What would be the outgrowth of your remaining under this roof, even if I were willing you should do so, which I am very positively not? In some foolish moment you would betray yourself. Perhaps if Celia were to hear a human voice issue from you the shock might unseat her reason. But in any case the thought of your being here at all is detestable, execrable. It is insult to her; it is worse; no language can convey just what it is, Solarion, for such an instance as yours has no earthly parallel. You must leave here with me when I myself depart. You have become aware of her determination to marry. If you suffer, so, too, will I suffer. The excuse for taking you with me I will invent. And I will forget all that has proved so distressful in our recent intercourse. Your secret shall be held sacred forever; have no fear of that. Come, now, decide. Decide,—and consent!"

"No, I will not consent. I will stay here. That is my decision."

"You must change it!"

"Must?" came the low answer, full of deep scorn. "Force me to change it if you dare."

"Oh, I shall dare," said Kenneth, almost whispering the words, though with eyes that fiercely kindled.

"I have no fear of your threats. I see you in a new light; you are



the merest self-loving tyrant. You have put this curse of mind upon me, and now you wish to make me your slave, your cringing minion. I demanded of you that you should tell her what I really am. Well, you have refused, and let it pass. But I shall not leave her. I shall be near her always till I die. Who knows from what danger I may guard her? If, as you say, I should ever betray myself, the shock might not be so terrible, after all. Perhaps it would be best that she *should* know the truth. But take these words from me as the expression of a great resolve. I will never leave her while I live and she lets me remain. You want me to grovel at *your* feet; I prefer hers."

Kenneth shook his head rapidly several times. His right hand had gone to his breast.

"You shall never do it," he said. "This thing shall not be. I foresee only unnamable horror in your mere presence at her side. Once more, Solarion, and for the last time, will you come with me?"

Solarion slowly rose. His eyes were blazing; they looked like two great purple diamonds. The sinews of his lion-like form visibly quivered. He was sublime, terrifying. But Kenneth did not falter.

"Your answer," he went on. "Reflect before you make it. You must agree to my wishes. I shall give her up forever; remember that. I shall go away and never set eyes on her again. You must come with me. If you do not . . ."

"If I do not?" said Solarion. His voice was faint, and yet it had somehow the effect of a distant roll of thunder, while it seemed also packed with wrath and disdain.

"You must die, then," returned Kenneth, and he drew swiftly backward. At the same instant he took something from his breast.

Solarion stood towering in fury. There was a report; Kenneth had fired, but the bullet did no mortal work. Then Solarion gave one mighty spring. Kenneth fell to the floor, and great fangs rent his face. But in some way, prone as he was, he had power to lift his weapon and fire again. It was a wild and random shot, this time, but it fatally told. Solarion, without a sound, sank. The bullet had entered his brain.

Frightfully mutilated and bleeding, Kenneth rose just as Celia, followed by Caryl Dayton, hurried into the room.

A shriek rang from Celia. Kenneth was staggering, but he lifted one hand with a gesture of reassurance. He could scarcely discern Celia; one eye had been torn from its socket, and the other was almost wholly blinded by blood, which also flowed from another shocking wound in his thigh.

"He—he showed signs of madness, and I shot him," came Kenneth's gasped words. "Don't fear; he's dead. . . I—I think I shall soon be dead as well," he added, falling heavily just as Caryl Dayton darted toward him.

\* \* \* \* \*

But, as we already know, Kenneth did not die. At the end of his long illness the faithful Hilda, who had nursed him as devotedly as his own dead mother would have done, sailed with him for Europe.

There, in Switzerland, we have seen him, and have had some knowledge, as well, of the sombre, secluded life that he lived. He would never let Celia look on his face after the healing of its dire wound, though she made several efforts to see him. When he had been absent from America about three months her marriage with Caryl Dayton took place. He may or may not have learned of this event, though most probably the news of it reached him.

And thus it befell that poor Conrad Klotz, the little Strasburg philosopher, asleep in his humble Alsatian grave, had been sternly and solemnly avenged. If all human treachery were equally sure of the expiating hours destined to follow it, a few of our sublunar experiences might be less peaceful than present conditions find them.

THE END.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF GEORGE W. CHILDS.

## IV.

YOU ask me to show you "the treasures" of my library. There they are,—several thousand of them ; many of them notable books indeed. The presentation-copies alone, I suppose, contain enough interesting autograph inscriptions of their authors to amuse you. There are many curios in the collection,—many valuable manuscripts. Here, bearing the date of May 17, 1703, written in a small, compact, but legible hand, is the original of a sermon by Cotton Mather. To set it off, here are two volumes that were once in the library of Charles Dickens,—one the Poetical Works of Leigh Hunt, with an autograph inscription to "Charles Dickens, from his constant admirer and obliged friend, Leigh Hunt," the other a copy of Hood's "Comic Annual" for 1842. It contains these characteristic lines in Hood's handwriting :

Pshaw! away with leaf and berry  
 And the sober-sided cup!  
 Bring a goblet, and bright sherry!  
 And a bumper fill me up.  
 Tho' I had a pledge to shiver,  
 And the longest ever was,  
 Ere his vessel leaves our river,  
 I will drink a health to Boz!

Here's success to all his antics,  
 Since it pleases him to roam,  
 And to paddle o'er Atlantic,  
 After such a sale at home!—  
 May he shun all rocks whatever,  
 And the shallow sand that lurks,  
 And his passage be as clever  
 As the best among his works!

A manuscript I prize is the translation of the first book of the Iliad by my friend William Cullen Bryant. Not less interesting is the manuscript of Edgar A. Poe's remarkable story of "The Murders in the Rue Morgue." It is written in a fine close hand on seventeen pages of large legal-cap paper, and has quite a history. The late Mr. J. W. Johnston, from whom I secured it, wrote me that it was in the spring of 1841, at the time he was an apprentice in the office of Barrett & Thrasher, printers, in Philadelphia, that the manuscript came into his possession. It was at this office that *Graham's Magazine*, in which the story first appeared, was printed. After the tale had been put in type and the proof read, the manuscript found its way into the waste-basket; but Mr. Johnston picked it up, and, obtaining permission to keep it, took it home to the residence of his father. He then, it seems, lost sight of the manuscript for years. His father removed from Philadelphia to York County, Pennsylvania, thence to Maryland, and thence to Virginia, and in these several pilgrimages, unknown to

himself, carried the Poe manuscript along with him, folded up in one of the books of his library. Determining to return to Pennsylvania, he made sale of his personal effects, and among a lot of old books offered was found the Poe manuscript. It was at once recognized, rescued from the rubbish among which it had so nearly been lost, and forwarded to Mr. Johnston the son, who in the mean time (1847) had removed to Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and begun business as a daguerrotypist. Twice his daguerrean rooms took fire, and once (March 8, 1850) almost all his books, papers, pictures, and apparatus were consumed; but the Poe manuscript, folded within the leaves of an old music-book, escaped the wreck.

"About the year 1857," he goes on to say, in his letter to me, "a grocery-store, occupying the first floor of the building in which were my rooms, took fire and burned furiously. The flames did not reach my rooms, but the smoke did, and the firemen drenched them with water, destroying books, papers, and other property; but, by rare good fortune, the Poe manuscript again escaped all injury, except a slight discoloration. From 1861 to 1864 I was in the army, but on my return therefrom I found the Poe manuscript in the old music-book where I had left it on leaving home. In the spring of 1865 I took charge of the Swan Hotel, Lancaster. Removing therefrom in 1869, a great deal of rubbish was consigned to the ash-pile, the old music-book sharing the fate of many worthless articles. The next-door neighbor, thinking it had been inadvertently thrown away, picked it from the ash-pile and handed it to me. On opening the book, I again beheld the much-neglected manuscript. Resolved that it should not again be subjected to so many risks, I at once had it bound."

I have a very interesting letter written under date of August 13, 1841, by Poe to the Philadelphia publishers Lea & Blanchard. "I wish," he says, "to publish a new collection of my prose tales, with some such title as this: '*The Prose Tales of Edgar A. Poe, including "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," the "Descent into the Maelström," and all his later pieces, with a second edition of the "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque."*'"

"The later pieces will be eight in number, making the entire collection thirty-three, which would occupy two *thick* novel volumes.

"I am anxious that your firm should continue to be my publishers, and, if you would be willing to bring out the book, I should be glad to accept the terms which you allowed me before,—that is, you receive all profits, and allow me twenty copies for distribution to friends."

I possess an interesting relic of Lord Byron,—his writing-desk, on which he wrote "*Don Juan*" and other poems. It bears his crest and monogram. Byron's works are represented in my library by Murray's sumptuous six-volume edition (1855), inscribed to me "In testimony of kind remembrance, from John Murray." The first volume contains portions of the manuscript of "*The Bride of Abydos*." It also gives a curious illustration of Byron's dislike of Wordsworth. When "*Peter Bell*" appeared, Byron cut it out, placed it in the beginning of a copy of his own works, and on the margin of the page wrote a parody of the poem. It will be remembered that "*Peter Bell*" ran in this way:

## PROLOGUE.

There's something in a flying horse,  
 And something in a huge balloon;  
 But through the clouds I'll never float  
 Until I get a little Boat  
 Whose shape is like the crescent moon.

And now I *have* a little Boat,  
 In shape a very crescent moon :—etc.

Byron's parody is as follows :

## EPILOGUE.

There's something in a stupid ass,  
 And something in a heavy dunce;  
 But never since I went to school  
 I heard or saw so damned a fool  
 As William Wordsworth is for once.

And now I've seen so great a fool  
 As William Wordsworth is for once,  
 I really wish that Peter Bell,  
 And he who wrote it, were in hell,  
 For writing nonsense for the nonce.

"I saw the light in ninety-eight,"  
 Sweet Babe of one-and-twenty years !  
 And then he gives it to the nation,  
 And deems himself of Shakespeare's peers.

He gives the perfect work to light !  
 Will Wordsworth, if I might advise,  
 Content you with the praise you get  
 From Sir George Beaumont, Baronet,  
 And with your place in the Excise.

RAVENNA, March 22, 1820.

Here is the original manuscript of William Godwin's "Cloudesley : a Novel." It is written on both sides of the sheets of old parchment paper, but in a strikingly clear and smooth hand. Shakespearian scholars, I suppose, would be particularly interested in my copy of Mrs. Mary Cowden Clarke's "Complete Concordance to Shakespeare." It contains a selection of fifty closely-written pages of the original manuscript, together with a long and exceedingly interesting autograph letter, which gives a detailed account of the progress of the work from its inception, through the twelve years occupied in its compilation, and four more of press-corrections, to its final publication ; also copies of a congratulatory letter from Douglas Jerrold, the author's application for the privilege of dedicating the work to the queen, and the queen's reply, besides several portraits, a large number of newspaper cuttings, etc. In a letter to me, written from Villa Novello, Genoa, February 8, 1879, Mrs. Clarke says, "The notice in your paper was read through tears of proud emotion at the way in which your reviewer recognized the admirable characters of my Parents : It was enjoyed in concert by our family party, then assembled around our breakfast-table here ; which included my brother Alfred, my sister Sabilla, and our two charming Italian nieces, Portia and Valeria Gigliucci—to whom I read aloud, as well as my streaming eyes would allow me, this American



warmth of tribute to Vincent and Mary Novello's moral and intellectual excellence."

From the late Anna Maria Hall and her husband, S. C. Hall, I procured a valuable collection of letters, manuscripts, and sketches from many celebrated people of the past fifty years. Mrs. Hall presented me with the Bible of Tom Moore, in which the poet entered the names and birth- and death-dates of his children. I have also an original score signed by Tom Moore, and the poet's famous Irish harp.

I have perhaps the only complete manuscript of any of Thackeray's works in existence. It is his "Lectures on the Four Georges," and is entirely in his own handwriting. The volume is illustrated by numerous original drawings by Thackeray, some of which are colored by himself. I have also the original manuscript of Walter Scott's "Chronicles of Canongate," which he presented from his Abbotsford library to his publishers, with a kind and appreciative note.

Among many other original manuscripts in my possession are "The Need of Two Loves," by N. P. Willis; James Fenimore Cooper's "Life of Captain Richard Somers;" Mary Howitt's translation of Frederika Bremer's "Hertha;" Bulwer's "Pilgrims of the Rhine" and "Godolphin;" Gray's "Habitations of our Kings;" Harriet Martineau's "Retrospect of Western Travel;" the Dickens manuscripts to which I have previously alluded; and "The Italian Bride," an original tragedy by John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home." This tragedy by Payne is in four acts, and was written for Charlotte Cushman; but it was never produced, and it has never been printed. Payne left two manuscript copies of his play. One was given to his friend Mr. James Rees, a well-known literary man of Philadelphia, from whom it passed directly to me. It consists of ninety-six pages entirely in the handwriting of Payne himself, with only a few pencil-marks and some stage-directions on the alternate blank pages.

The manuscript of "The Cow-Chase" must not be overlooked. This satirical poem, written by Major André, was founded upon an unsuccessful attempt of a party under General Anthony Wayne to capture a block-house upon the Hudson a short distance from New York City, on the 21st of July, 1780. It is said to have been the last literary effort of the ill-fated young Englishman, and, singularly enough, the last canto was published in New York, in Rivington's *Royal Gazette*, on the same day upon which he was arrested. The poem was afterwards printed, with full notes, for private circulation, and this with the original manuscript was the property of the Rev. Wm. B. Sprague, of Albany, New York, an extensive collector of autographs, who prized it as probably the most valuable article in his collection. The manuscript has been admirably illustrated by Mr. Ferdinand J. Dreer, of Philadelphia, with portraits of the generals of the Revolution, both Continental and English, well-known and historical landscapes, characters, and buildings. The closing stanza of André's epic, which is complete in three cantos, runs as follows:

And now I've closed my epic strain,  
I tremble as I show it,  
Lest this same warrior-drover Wayne  
Should ever catch the poet.

Soon afterwards André was caught, and some unkind hand thus continues the poem :

And when the epic strain was sung,  
The post by the neck was hung,  
And to his cost he finds too late  
The "dung-born tribe" decides his fate.

It would not be interesting merely to catalogue my collection, which includes poems, letters, and manuscripts of Burns, Swift, Longfellow, Bryant, Holmes, Tennyson, Pepys, Pope, Thomson, Shelley, Keats, William Penn, Voltaire, Goethe, Irving, Lamb, Gibbon, Hume, Lord Clarendon, and others. Coleridge is represented by a long letter, in which he states that he would be glad to go to London if he could be assured of *a guinea a week*. Here is a noteworthy manuscript of Schiller,—his dramatic poem entitled "Demetrius." It occupies two folio pages, and was secured for me through the kindness of Longfellow. There is also the original manuscript draught of Tennyson's dedicatory poem to the queen, which is prefixed to the last collected edition of his poems.

I will do no more than enumerate a letter of Lord Nelson, written four days before his death ; a number of presentation-volumes from the brothers Chambers, Robert, William, and David ; many curiously illustrated, inlaid, and arranged works, especially Ticknor's *Life of Prescott*, two volumes quarto, with several hundred illustrations ; *Life of Everett*, quarto ; Rogers's *Italy and Poems*, inlaid with three hundred engravings, all first impressions ; a work on the empire of Brazil, presented by Dom Pedro in 1876, and containing his autograph ; a copy of Chambers's "English Literature," which has autograph letters, about seven hundred extra plates, and numerous newspaper cuttings and references, the work being extended to eight volumes ; many books upon the North American Indians ; quite a large collection of Americana ; Lamb's Works, with autograph letters of Lamb ; Talfourd's *Life of Lamb*, with a manuscript poem by Talfourd, and a letter written to myself ; Shakespeare's Works in many editions ; a Collection of the Illustrations of H. K. Browne, better known as "Phiz," which contains all the sketches, several hundred in number, that can be obtained, and is enriched by memoranda and notes in the artist's own hand ; and three large volumes of photographs, many bearing also the autographs, of interesting and well-known people I have met at home and abroad.

One of the most unique works in my library is "A Collection of Autographs, made by a Scrivener." Mr. W. G. Latham, a lawyer of New Orleans, compiled the book. As a notary public he had access to many original documents, and he presently began to make accurate copies of the notable signatures which came under his notice. He thus employed the leisure hours of twenty-five years, and made at least one trip to Europe to complete his remarkable collection. If lost it could never be replaced. There are about four thousand names in the book, and they embrace distinguished Americans of all professions from the beginning of our history ; British authors from before Shakespeare until within a few years ; men of renown in authorship, medicine,

theology, natural history, botany, music, the drama, and the fine arts; a complete list of the signers of the Declaration of Independence; Washington and his generals; Napoleon and leading men of his time and nation; and the royalty, nobility, and military and naval celebrities of Europe for the past three centuries. Appended to almost every signature is a brief biographical sketch.

I have reserved for final mention a volume in my library that no doubt exceeds all others in historical interest. It is a large folio containing portraits and autograph letters of every President of the United States from Washington to Harrison. Eight of the letters are personal ones from the various Presidents to myself.

The first letter is one of the most interesting. It was written by Washington to Colonel Clement Biddle, of Philadelphia, under date of Mount Vernon, December 8, 1799,—that is to say, only six days before Washington's death. It was the last letter he wrote. There is not the slightest indication of approaching dissolution in the firm handwriting; the letters are carefully formed, the words carefully chosen; and, though he spells cabin with two b's, his shrewdness in business dealing is illustrated in the stately announcement to Colonel Biddle that he has it in mind to send him "a hundred or two barrels of flour to dispose of for me in the Philadelphia market, as it commands a better price there than in Alexandria, and some barrels of fish also,—on commission." He also instructs his correspondent about the purchase of various kinds of seeds.

John Adams's letter is addressed to Commodore Bainbridge, and declines an invitation to visit the latter, on the ground that "an octogenarian gentleman and a septuagenarian lady (his wife) cannot be too cautious of engaging in bold, daring, and hazardous enterprises without an object of public good." The letters are all of a private and entertaining character: Pierce's letter is the touching one to James T. Fields to which I have already referred in connection with the death of Hawthorne; the Lincoln letter is the famous one of April 9, 1862, containing instructions to General McClellan and concluding with the under-scored words, "*But you must act;*" and General Grant is represented by the noted letter he wrote me, June 6, 1877, from London. This is the letter, fourteen pages in length, which I telegraphed to the *London Times*. It contains the lines, "It has always been my desire to see all jealousy between England and the United States abated, and all sores healed up. Together they are more powerful for the spread of commerce and civilization than all others combined, and can do more to remove cause of wars, by creating mutual interests that would be so much disturbed by war, than all other nations."

Autograph letters of Andrew Johnson are very hard to obtain,—harder than the letters of any other President. Letters written by his secretary and merely signed by himself are common enough. I have been enabled, however, to secure quite a store of Johnson's original manuscripts, including the account-book he kept while a tailor. This is full of droll expressions. The letter I have selected to represent him in the volume of the Presidents is an interesting communication to his friend Major (afterwards General) Sam Milligan. It is ill writ-

ten, and notable for its odd misspelling and its frank political gossip. It breathes a feverish anxiety for the action of the Southern leaders, and hopes "there is still intelligence enough and virtue in the country sufficient to save it." "As you say," he writes, "they" (meaning the "treasonable men") "have given me 'thunder' in some places."

Perhaps his nearest friend was the Hon. Samuel J. Randall, who fairly lived at the White House during Johnson's stormy administration. Yet, as illustrating the scarcity of Johnson's autograph letters, even Mr. Randall has none in his possession. I have three addressed to Major Milligan which are full of entertaining chat about politics.

But haven't I talked enough about my friends? For these books and manuscripts are as much my friends as human beings. And I had almost forgotten the clocks. I have a collection of nearly fifty in various places, and it has been said that a whole history of clock- and watchmaking might be written from a study of them. The most important clock in my possession is the one constructed by David Rittenhouse, the great astronomer, for a rich citizen of colonial Philadelphia. It now stands in my office. Barton, in his *Life of Rittenhouse*, gives its interesting pedigree. There is attached to it the mechanism of a musical clock, besides an accurate little planetarium, placed on its face above the dial-plate. It was made for Mr. Joseph Potts, who paid six hundred and forty dollars for it; in the spring of 1774 it was purchased by Mr. Thomas Prior, who refused General Sir William Howe's offer of one hundred and twenty guineas for it, shortly before the evacuation of Philadelphia in 1778, and another offer of the Spanish Minister of eight hundred dollars, made with a view of presenting it to his sovereign. After Mr. Prior's death, in 1801, it became the property of Professor Barton, the biographer of Rittenhouse, and from him passed into the possession of the late James Swain, at the sale of whose effects I bought it in October, 1879.

But the mention of that office of mine, about which so much has been written, must not tempt me into further talking. Whatever it may be to others, it is hallowed for me by a thousand associations. Look any way I will, a familiar face confronts me: on this side Bishop Simpson, on that Dean Stanley and Dickens; over there my old friends Robert C. Winthrop and General Grant; faces of men and women,—of Nilsson and Modjeska; of Mme. Bernhardt,—a portrait painted by herself.

This is a fitting place to stop. Just one parting reflection. If asked what, as the result of my experience, is the greatest pleasure in life, I should say, doing good to others. Not a strikingly original remark, perhaps; but seemingly the most difficult thing in the world is to be prosperous and generous at the same time. During the war I asked a very rich man to contribute some money to a certain relief fund. He shook his head. "Childs," he said, "I can't give you anything. I have worked too hard for my money." That is just it. Being generous grows on one, just as being mean does. The disposition to give and to be kind to others should be inculcated and fostered in children. It seems to me that is the way to improve the world and make happy the people who are in it.

## RELATED BY AN UNAVAILABLE.

IT seems to be quite the fashion for the literary brothers and sisters to give their "experiences" through the medium of the periodicals. These experiences have been, in most instances, a relation of adverse beginnings, of hand-to-hand struggles, figuratively speaking, with unappreciative editors or with a still more unappreciative public, but almost invariably ending in a grand *finale*,—a flourish of the drums and trumpets, so to say, of liberal-handed publishers solicitous for contributions, of short poems which command one hundred dollars, and of an enthusiastic literary audience.

But, dearly as literati love to talk of themselves (a harmless loquacity, as natural and necessary as the singing of the birds), no genuine unavailables have come to the front. I mean unavailables to the end of the chapter. These unfortunates expend their garrulity in the privacy of their chamber, and, if confidential, always tell you that they have just completed a manuscript and sent it for "consideration," and that it will, in all probability, soon be accepted. It is a distinguishing trait of the unavailables to be sanguine of success in the near future. The drawer containing rejected manuscripts is a sort of Pandora-box,—hope lies at the bottom; for, however the editors may have played battle-door and shuttlecock with an essay, there is always the pleasing belief that in time just that subject will be in demand and the often-refused sketch will be at a premium.

The unavailable usually has just so much of success that it allures him, *ignis-fatuus* like, deeper and deeper into the marsh of disappointment: an acceptance gives him a little foothold only to leave him floundering hopelessly in the mire. Then, just as he has, after much self-conflict, arrived at the conclusion that he is a dunce, and has worn the fool's cap of the literary aspirant long enough,—that, rather than subject himself to those ups and downs of ecstasy and despair, he will dig ditches, or fell timber,—another trifling success is achieved, and the mercury of his hope and faith goes up to the highest point; he takes up the thread of his dropped belief, and again fancies himself a genius.

Of course there are unavailables who are stolid and matter-of-fact,—who do not experience these fluctuations, and who persist in writing from a sort of doggedness. And there are others who, though comparatively successful, yet fail when they would succeed, and become disheartened. An exceedingly clever woman who wrote charming essays that were printed in the old *Lippincott's*—essays that had the flavor of the pastorals of Theocritus and the bucolics of Virgil—once wrote to me, "I reproach myself for the immensity of stockings I might have knit and the useful things I might have done while I was frittering away my time with the pen. I can't say, with Pope,—

I left no duty for this idle trade,  
No business shunned."



And she further wrote that as for the matter of money she could make more washing dishes in her own kitchen or weeding onions in her own garden, and that those occupations would be more peace-giving. Yet this was a woman of rare culture and of exceptional talent; and her warning was given mainly to prevent another from embarking on such an uncertain sea. But warnings are seldom heeded, else I should not be an unavailable, and to such an extent as to consider myself an authority on the subject.

It is not necessary to enter into minute details,—to tell of a state of insolvency brought about by an excessive use of postage-stamps (for nothing so forcibly reminded me of the futility of my literary efforts as that rapidly-decreasing sheet of stamps; every square or triangle taken out stood for so much disappointment), or to speak of wasted time,—which was not, perhaps, wasted, after all, for amateurs are apt to forget that in no work is a long apprenticeship more needed than in literature; though in the beginning that fact never presents itself, and every manuscript seems, instead of being returned—as it often is—because it is crude and unfinished, to be sent back out of pure malice on the part of the editor. However, it must be confessed, out of justice to that much-abused personage, that when the same manuscripts are viewed dispassionately some time afterwards the editorial anathema is often found to be a benediction.

The editor is a unique and mysterious being. He cloaks himself in "we," he winds it around and about him, from beneath its folds he can bestow the gifts of the gods or the animadversions of the evil one, and still not be responsible; his "silent partner" may in either case be the prime mover, although the editor who has brought before the public a genius never says, 'We first discovered this bright light,' but, 'I discovered it.' He is a *chef* who puts on the tables of those literary inns, *Lippincott's*, *Harper's*, *The Century*, etc., a tempting *menu*. Sometimes, though, our mind-food is roasted when we would have it boiled, and *vice versa*, and sometimes when we would infinitely prefer mint sauce we have to accept capers; sometimes we even dine heartily off the platitudes of a great writer, saying to ourselves that it is good, when a whole week will hardly remove the insipidity from our mouth.

Long experience as an unavailable makes one versed in the "tricks and manners" of journalists, in their graciousness and ungraciousness. They might be classified as cross, polite, and just. Then there is the editor who, when articles of equal merit are before him, one written by a stranger and the other by a friend, accepts the friend's production. Who blames him? But why take such pains to inform the public to the contrary? Then certain writers, having during their apprenticeship offered crude, inferior productions to a magazine, and afterwards sending really good ones, are rejected because they are "in disfavor at the office;" at least the editor of a prominent New York magazine admitted as much, though reluctantly.

It is wisest for the unavailable to have perfect confidence in the editor's infallibility. The sketch or story, if rejected, was doubtless prolix, trite, or entirely lacking in interest; or the occult meaning of the mysterious printed slip may be that the writer has elaborated his

story of two old maids, one wearing a plaid and the other a striped dress, and both sitting on the door-step shelling peas, just a little too late. Somebody else had a parallel line of thought, or a similar story had been marked "to copy" from *London Society*.

Among the types of editors, there is the tardy sort, who keeps your manuscript until it is useless elsewhere, and the over-prompt, who bundles it back after glancing at the title-page and signature. But these are in the minority. Long live the editor who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb"! With little expectation of its acceptance, I sent an essay to a New York monthly, and, although it was returned, it was so graciously and kindly treated that my defeat was the next best thing to a victory. The article, the editor kindly wrote, although pronounced charming by two or three readers, was unavailable for their use; but at the same time an offer was made to purchase sketches and stories for a syndicate then newly formed. Somewhat encouraged, I then sent the same essay to a Boston magazine, whose courteous editor wrote a little note expressing thanks for the reading, and regretting that lack of room prevented its acceptance. The essay had started on a tour, and went again to New York, whence it was returned with, "Sorry we have not room." Then to a fourth magazine, whose chief curtly informed me they only published matter of interest to their readers! The essay now lies in the bottom of the Pandora-box, and attached to it is a little silver-winged hope that by and by nature will predominate over art, and then——

In speaking of the types I quite forgot the consistent editor, who is on the staff of a prominent Chicago daily. The paper mentioned made a general request for stories, but promptly returned one which was sent in response. The story was accepted and printed some six months after by a New York daily, whose editor wrote pleasantly of it, saying that it was considered clever and was widely copied, and by the same mail sent newspapers in which it was reprinted. The first paper to copy the story was that same Chicago daily! and three days later it was again copied by the same paper, the title shortened and the credit cut off. The story was published anonymously. Consistent? Yes. Who dares assert that editors are not consistent?

But when an unavailable decides to beard an editor in his den,—alas, what experiences! Driven to desperation, a journey was taken to the metropolis, ostensibly to visit friends and art galleries, but—tell it not in Gath—every leisure moment when free from surveillance and when supposed to be devoted to the study of gems at the Metropolitan Museum was spent with directories, and on the railways and street-cars, and going up innumerable flights of stairs, for the editor's den is near the stars. I had pictured the den, or sanctum, to be a cosy and reassuring nook, where one would be as calm and self-contained as in a drawing-room, and that the editor, a man of elegant leisure (or an elegant man of leisure), would listen with real or affected interest to the would-be author's confidences, while manuscripts (of which I carried a bundle) would be accepted and paid for on the spot. Vain delusion! the sanctum was a myth, the elegant man, etc., a satyr—or satire, rather, is the better spelling—clad in alpaca coat frayed at the wrists,

out at the elbows, with dishevelled locks, inky fingers, and a meer-schaum!

My first visit was to the office of a sensational newspaper, and there was a comfortable-looking sanctum, but I was not asked into it; instead I was motioned to sit on a bench in the passage facing the offices. I debated for some time whether I was an applicant for soup or for a position as scullery-maid. Finally a person asked me what I wanted. I humbly replied, to see Mr. —. After some delay, a person who might or might not have been Mr. — appeared. I did not much care who it was, for by that time my chief desire was to escape. "What do you want?" was asked, brusquely; and I felt as if every moment of his time was worth a million of dollars. "To write some biographical sketches," I answered, saying the first thing that came into my mind. "Do you think you can write them as well as Mr. —?" How could I tell? All I achieved by that call was a promise that if I did send a manuscript, and mentioned the fact that they had promised to do so, it would be returned if I enclosed stamps. Glorious promise! my four or six cents would not be squandered by that editor! Then, considerably disheartened and humiliated, I made my way, after many inquiries, to another publishing house. There, certainly, I should find the sanctum of my dreams, for how could an editor write from an "easy-chair" if there were none? I thought I should never reach my destination, as my guide led me up-stairs, down passages, through many rooms, and around piles of books and huge domes of papers; finally I was shown into a room where apparently numbers of editors were corralled. In the central enclosure was a genial gentleman who was courtesy itself; but I saw no easy-chair, although he kindly offered me the best the house afforded, a chair which speedily dispelled the remainder of the illusion I had entertained about the luxury of the editor's sanctum. But be confidential?—ask advice, as do the struggling literary people of whom we read? Not with all those alert ears so near that the most ordinary conversation could be overheard. How the benign elderly gentleman who smiled upon me so reassuringly would congratulate himself did he know of his narrow escape from those confidences! Here let me say that a sanctum might be defined as an enclosure low enough to permit the chief's jumping over and collaring his subordinates. To return: after being asked if I could write for a child's paper, and handing for inspection the wrong manuscript, I awkwardly bowed myself out and followed the clue (in the shape of a young lad) that was to lead me from that modern Cretan Labyrinth. Will I attempt to beard another editor in his den? Never, emphatically. And that night when I reached my relative's lovely suburban house, and found awaiting me an invitation to the hospitable home of a New York journalist who was all consideration and kindness (and who accepted and used the manuscript I intended to offer in that sanctum), I wondered if I had really experienced or had merely dreamed of being in the confusing labyrinth or in the sensational newspaper's literary soup-kitchen.

"When doctors disagree, who shall decide?" An author of note, who is accepted by the public as the best literary critic of the age, and

who is more than kind and self-sacrificing in his efforts to encourage young writers, praised a short character sketch in highest terms, saying, "Why did you give it to a country daily? it is worthy of the *Atlantic* or *Cornhill*." The sketch was first sent to *Harper's*, then to the *Century*, then elsewhere, and rejected all around. But why? It was brief, —bright, yet pathetic; it was bold and original, unlike anything those magazines had published, or published afterwards. It was rejected, without doubt, simply because it was from the pen of a tyro.

The summing up of the whole situation is the literary puzzle of M. Durand:

"Make yourself known, and we will publish your writings."

"How does one become known?"

"You must get your writings published."

Although I do believe that, given a certain amount of talent and adaptation to literary work, time, strength, perseverance, yes, more than that, persistence, will in the end bring to the would-be author the desired success. And, after all, what is success?

What the poet writes  
He writes: mankind accepts it if it suits,  
And that's success; if not, the poem's passed  
From hand to hand  
Until the unborn snatch it, crying out  
In pity on their fathers' being so dull,  
And that's success too.

Anne Ferris Muir.

### THE AUSTRALIAN BALLOT SYSTEM.

**T**HIRTY-FIVE to forty years ago elections in the British dominions were no pleasing spectacle for believers in popular government to contemplate. The system of open *viva voce* polling then in vogue (by which every man had to declare his vote in the presence of the crowd assembled about the polling-booth, and the varying fortunes of each party the whole day long were known at once to all within hearing, and quickly reported throughout the community) was the fruitful cause not of excitement only, but of corruption, intimidation, and violence. Nor were these results confined to the election-days. These were rather the days on which those who could be bribed and coerced fulfilled their bargains or the commands that had been laid upon them, days of a harvest of disorder after a long seed-time of "pernicious activity." Extensive as was the bribery, the intimidation was probably greater. Landlords coerced their tenants, employers their workmen, trades-unions their members, and sometimes even customers their tradesmen, creditors their debtors, and priests their parishioners. More than this, in the larger towns hired mobs often patrolled the streets in the interest of one party or another, frightening many voters away from the polls, and intimidating those who attempted to exercise the rights of freemen. What was the most disheartening of all was

that these disorders were but too clearly on the increase,—every fresh extension of the suffrage only adding fuel to the flame.

Of all the British dominions, Australia seems to have borne about the worst reputation in these matters. An abiding love of law, order, and justice could not as yet be expected to control these young colonies, with a population suddenly increased by the discovery of gold, and composed chiefly of men whose minds were set on gain before anything else, not without a sprinkling of ex-criminals. Under circumstances so favorable to disorder of every kind, it was but natural that the vices of the English election system should have taken root and flourished. Fortunately, the mere newness of the country, the absence of that very conservatism which is so often the safeguard of long-settled communities, were in Australia's favor, in making it easier to introduce a radically new system and carry it out successfully than was the case in England, where the struggle for reform in elections had made but little headway. More fortunately, too, because less to be expected, Australia had men capable of originating it and carrying it out,—men who saw that the evils which threatened their government, serious as they were, could all be traced practically to one source,—the publicity of the voting,—and that their cure was to be found in a simple system of compulsory secrecy, which, by protecting the weak and disarming the unscrupulous, could make elections what they should be,—full, free, and honest expressions of public opinion. At least as early as 1851, Mr. Francis S. Dutton, of the South Australia Legislature, realized the necessity of removing all inducement to bribery and intimidation by making it impossible for any one to know whether these means of procuring votes had the desired effect or not. Compulsory secrecy, and this alone, would keep the dishonest man from finding a market for his vote, by depriving him of the only sure evidence of his having carried out the bargain; and it would also protect the timid from all the dreaded consequences of having his vote known. Bribes would be useless when there would be no proof that the briber had actually received what he had paid for. Commands, backed even by threats or force, would be equally useless when it could never be known whether or not they had been obeyed.

At first Mr. Dutton's view gained favor very slowly, but at the session of 1857–58, soon after a completely representative government, based on universal suffrage, had been introduced into the colony, he again brought in a bill, which, after some modification, became a law. Mr. William Nicholson had done the same in the colony of Victoria the year before. In the thirty years that have since elapsed the system of voting then established in those two colonies has spread not only all over Australia, but to Europe and America. It has proved its usefulness in elections for every kind of office, national and local, and alike under universal and restricted suffrage. It has never been discarded by any community that has tried it, is now used by millions of voters every year, and, while one cannot say that it may not possibly assume some slightly different form, the fundamental idea is clearly destined in time to be carried out in the elections of the whole world.

The object of the system, I have said, was secrecy, and to secure this



the ballot was resorted to ; but not the American open ballot, supplied outside the polls by party organizations, and cast, often in accordance with positive commands, and always under the eyes of those who make it a business to let nothing escape their notice. Such a ballot may be useful as a convenience, but is practically as open and as little of a check on fraud and coercion as the old system of *viva voce* polling itself. To secure secrecy it was essential that all the ballots should be alike, both inside and out, and that the votes should be indicated by the voters' private marks, affixed to the ballots in secret, and seen by no one until the votes should be counted. All this was provided by the Australian system, whose principal features (as subsequently embodied in the bills presented in the legislatures of many of our States) may be briefly described as follows :

All nominations, whether made by a party convention, as is usual in America, or by the written endorsement of a number of citizens, are received by a designated public officer at a fixed time before each election, and the names of all candidates are posted and advertised at the public cost. If a candidate die or resign, another can be substituted. The ballots are printed by the State or local government. They are all alike for any one election in a given locality, and contain the names of all candidates to be voted for in that locality, with the proper party or other designation, and grouped alphabetically under the titles of the respective offices. In America the names of all the Presidential electors nominated by each party would be grouped together under the proper party name. To the right of each name is a blank square, where the voter can indicate his choice by marking a cross. Specimen ballots on colored paper are posted up outside each voting-place, to familiarize every one with the ballot beforehand. Cards of instruction as to the marking are also provided. The voting takes place inside a room which is provided with small shelves placed in compartments formed by wooden or canvas partitions. These compartments and the ballot-box are within a guard-rail and at least six feet distant from it. The right to vote having been established in the usual way, the voter passes the guard-rail, receives his ballot, and retires alone to a compartment, where, screened from observation, he marks his ballot, and folds it so that the marks cannot be seen. This done, he deposits it and leaves the enclosure. Any attempt to show the marks, delay the voting, or otherwise defeat the object of the law, is a criminal offence. The marking takes little time, and as several men can do it at once, each in his own compartment, votes can be received quite as rapidly as is now done in America. If any one wish to vote for a man who has not been nominated, he can insert and mark the name in a place reserved for the purpose. Where there is no educational qualification for the suffrage, an election-officer (or, better, two of different parties) can help illiterates to mark their ballots, and the same help can be given to the blind or otherwise disabled, all such ballots being endorsed as having been so marked. A ballot accidentally spoiled in the marking can be given up, and a new one issued.

The practical working of this system will be best understood by comparing it with what we are accustomed to in America, where,

though elections may be more orderly than they used to be in Australia, both methods and results leave much to be desired. Observe first the immense gain in the freedom of the ballot. It is clear that elections cannot be free unless every elector can vote without the risk of being called to account for so doing. To attain this an absolutely secret ballot is indispensable; but with us there is no such thing as privacy at the polls. A voter's every action is closely watched by the window-book men, ticket-peddlers, and hangers-on of both parties. If he puts on a "sticker," it is seen. If he erases a name, it is seen. If he keeps his ballot folded, the caption usually required by law is recognized and noted,—the type used indicating what candidate or party he has voted for. A little secrecy is gained by making up the ballots at home, but even then the distinctive caption tells the tale to some extent, and, besides, one rarely has all the tickets or "stickers" he needs for a thoroughly independent ballot. Moreover, this slight measure of privacy is usually a luxury of the upper classes. Men of the humbler sort (whether from the circumstances of their employment, their connection with the employees of the public offices and departments, their desire to share in the loaves and fishes, or from association and natural affinity) are, as a general rule, much more closely connected with the political machine than are their richer fellow-citizens. In fact, it is on the votes of the poorer element that the machine chiefly depends. Any attempt at secrecy by such men would at once attract suspicion and investigation. They rarely fail to take their tickets from the party ticket-peddlers at the polls, and their ballots are no more secret than if the law required them to be shown before they were cast. I do not mean to say that all employers stoop to control their workmen's votes, but we know well enough how sometimes a large employer of labor (a horse-car company, for instance) becomes a power in local politics, and how the source of this power is the ability to know how the men vote. We know, too, that the vote of office-holders and public employees (except so far as affected by a conscientious administration of the national civil service law) is usually "solid," and that this is as likely to be from fear of unpleasant consequences as from conviction. In short, we know that our ballot is not free, and this because it is not secret.

Archbishop Trench points out, in his "Study of Words," that language is "fossil history;" that is to say, that words embody historical facts. We have an instance of this in the word "bulldoze." Unless the practice of influencing a man's vote by one sort of coercion or another had become only too well known in this country, we should never have had a particular word to express it. So long as this word has any meaning for us in regard to elections, our elections are not free; and they will not be so until we have a voting system to protect the poor against the rich, the honest against the unscrupulous, the weak against the strong.

The gain in the purity of the ballot is, perhaps, the most obvious of all the results of the Australian system. The practical futility of bribery laws is well known, but the Australian system simply makes bribery useless. A man who can be bribed is not a man who can be trusted. The briber knows this well enough, and never pays the

money until he has seen, or learns from his agents, that "the goods have been delivered." When no such evidence is obtainable, the briber, who is always a "practical" man, will be the first to see that he can make some better use of his money. The testimony on this point has been unanimous. One of the most recent expressions of opinion is that of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, when he was in this country last year. "In my opinion," he said, "there is at the present moment exceedingly little electoral bribery and corruption in the United Kingdom. The elections are singularly pure, and are daily, if it were possible, improving in that respect. Corruption, indeed, is almost an impossibility, owing to the fact that the briber is absolutely dependent upon the bribe-taker's observance of the motto, 'Honor among thieves,' for the former has no means of ascertaining how the latter votes. This is due to the secrecy in which ballots are cast; so very different from here, where the voter practically casts his vote in public."

Bribery is carried on under many forms, and, apart from the deterring effect of the Australian system upon it in general, there is one form which is absolutely prevented by official ballots and secret voting, —viz., the employment of ticket-peddlers and window-book men. The men who supply ballots outside each voting-place, and those who record how each man votes, are almost always paid, and that they and their friends should vote for the party that pays them is a part of the bargain, performance of which is strictly looked for. In Philadelphia, for instance, ten to twenty dollars must be spent for ticket-peddling at each of the eight hundred odd voting-places, and some five thousand men are by this means directly paid for their votes. This practice may be used on a large scale to cover very extensive bribery, by making the ostensible employment of men for a few minutes as ticket-peddlers an excuse for paying them money.

A further good effect of the Australian system is that it tends to impress upon each voter a sense of responsibility, by compelling him to make the ultimate selection of candidates by and for himself, without its being easier to vote for one man than for another. The fact that the Australian system makes it just as easy to vote regardless of party as it is to cast a "straight ticket" may seem trifling; but it is just such trifles that turn the scale in an election. Besides, every voter and every candidate has a natural right (in some States a constitutional right) that the elections be equal for all, and equality of convenience to the voter may mean a great deal to the candidate. Certainly the law should sanction no system of election that infringes the right of equality.

So far we have looked at the Australian system as it affects the voters. Let us now see how it affects the candidates. A system of official ballots printed by the State or local government necessitates the official recognition of nominations, and their official equality. The Australian reformers did not have this especially in view, as their system of nominations was less complicated than ours; but in America it will be an inestimable boon. Nominations, in whatever way made, are as much a part of an election as are the votes that are cast, and if

the people have no voice in them their votes are but little indication of their real preference. This truth has unquestionably been far too little regarded in this country, where party nominations have acquired a wholly undue importance and yet, through the "primary" system, are almost absolutely controlled by the "machine." It is a curious perversion of our boasted principle of majority rule that the people opposed to the "machine" (*i.e.*, those whose dreaded independence excluded them from primaries, those who were outvoted there, or would have been had they attended, and those whose delegates, though elected at the primaries, were beaten in the convention) often constitute a very large majority, and yet are powerless at the polls. Sometimes a part of this practically disfranchised majority asserts itself by combining with the other party, when disapproving the machine candidates, but rarely to any extent, because it would have no voice in the nomination of the other party's candidates, who might very likely be as displeasing as those of its own party, and also because the influence of party traditions is very strong with most men. Independent nominations are still more rare, because, apart from the risk of merely giving the victory to the other party, there are two potent considerations,—the expense, and that independent candidates do not stand on an equality with "regulars" at the polls.

The law requires ballots to be used, and, as it does not supply them, very considerable expense is involved, often much greater for each party than the public printing for all parties under the Australian system. The printing, folding, addressing, and mailing of the ballots cost the three leading party organizations of New York City (*i.e.*, Tammany, County Democracy, and Republican) twenty-five thousand dollars apiece for each election, exclusive of the pay of ticket-peddlers at the polls. In Philadelphia the party treasuries are not so plethoric, but certainly each party in that city needs nine thousand dollars at every election to enable voters to comply with the law requiring ballots to be used. Independent candidates must of course have as much of this indispensable machinery as their opponents have; and twenty-five thousand dollars for New York, or nine thousand dollars for Philadelphia, or even a less amount for a ward or district contest, is a serious drain upon an independent treasury, in view of other electioneering expenses, including meetings, distribution of circulars, etc., that have to be paid for. The machines have plenty of money, for they know how to make "politics" pay, and this gives them an advantage like that of the bank at roulette or any like game. They can keep on playing when independents have to stop.

Now, the Australian system provides for nominations by papers signed by a number of voters, as well as party nominations. It gives equal publicity to the names of all candidates by the posting and advertising, and it does away with all the expense that is now incurred in order that a candidate's supporters may exercise their constitutional right of voting. If the law requires ballots to be used, the law should supply them. Not to do so is to impose a penalty on all who enter political life.

Besides the matter of expense, an independent candidate, by our



present methods of voting, has not a fair chance at the polls, because, as already stated, it is easier to vote a "straight" ticket than a "mixed" one, and, human nature being what it is, thousands of voters will vote the easiest way; and also because thousands more will object to be seen bolting the party ticket. The equality and secrecy of the Australian system strengthen the independent candidate in both these respects.

Again, the Australian system makes a candidate secure on the ticket. Once nominated, he need no longer pay tribute to the machine to avoid being "traded off" or "sold out." Trading is the great bane of American elections, a worse perversion of the whole spirit and purpose of an election than bribery itself, which is at least voluntary on the voter's part. Trading not only often involves bribery, but it also takes advantage of carelessness, ignorance, drunkenness, or machine subordination to turn the current of a party's strength into whatever channel the machine leaders may desire. Every candidate, though he may have received the coveted party nomination, is at the mercy of the machine at every polling-place. It can make a bargain with the other side, and combination tickets can be secretly printed or "bunched" (and our system of separate ballots facilitates this "bunching"), distributed instead of the regular ticket, and voted by hundreds who do not know the difference, and by other hundreds who must vote as the machine directs. At last November's election, for instance, it is not denied that at several voting-places in New York City the Tammany and Republican tickets supplied to voters were substantially the same,—i.e., the Harrison electors, Hill for governor, and Grant for mayor; and similar combinations are not unknown elsewhere.

The machine's control of the primaries and of the ballots, and its power to bribe and coerce voters, can be made a great source of revenue, obtained either from the party candidates or by selling its support to the other side. What this blackmail levied on candidates amounts to has been shown by Mr. William M. Ivins, late chamberlain of New York. In an average year, with no President or governor to be voted for, the assessments upon candidates in that city by their party machines (on a basis of two candidates only in each district, and entirely apart from what the candidates may spend in the course of their canvass independently of the work of the machine) amount to two hundred and eleven thousand dollars! What a commentary on American public life! The right to receive the suffrages of a so-called free people put up at auction and knocked down to the highest bidder!

Perhaps some one may admit all the evils of our present system, and yet ask what proof there is that the Australian system furnishes any real cure. The answer is found in the thirty-three years' life and growth of the system. It has grown because it was a success. I have described Australian elections as Mr. Dutton first saw them. Fifteen years after he had introduced the new system, he declared before an English Parliamentary committee that he was more in favor of it than ever, and that the very notion of exercising coercion or improper influence had "*absolutely died out of the country*;" and he is but one among a cloud of witnesses. The growth of the system has been marvellous. At first applying to legislative elections only, its merits were so evident



that it was gradually extended to all elections alike, and the simplicity of its working is shown by the extraordinarily few lawsuits that have grown out of it. Tasmania and New South Wales adopted it in 1858, South Australia, West Australia, and Queensland not many years later, New Zealand in 1870. England herself, after a long struggle against the Anglo-Saxon's dislike both of change and of secrecy, adopted it in 1872,—at first tentatively, then more and more completely, till now it governs all elections in England and Wales, and practically in Scotland and Ireland also. Our Canadian neighbors have also joined the ranks, as have Belgium and Luxemburg; and some features of the system are employed in Austria, Hungary, France, Italy, and Greece.

In our own country, the city of Louisville, Kentucky, was the first town to see the system in operation, and the election there last December showed a wonderful improvement in purity and freedom. The Kentucky law did not, indeed, provide for aid to illiterates, so that it cannot be enforced against them until it is amended. Massachusetts was the first commonwealth to adopt the system for the whole State, and this year (the experiences of last November having shown, more clearly than ever, the need of a change) her example has been followed by Indiana, Minnesota, Missouri, Montana, Rhode Island, Tennessee, and Wisconsin. The governor of New York has vetoed the measure twice, and his *confrère* of Connecticut once. As to whether these vetoes furnish an argument against the system or not, the people of the last-mentioned States are the best judges. Similar bills have been introduced into the legislatures of more than half the other States, and will be introduced again. The adoption of the system over the whole country seems only a question of time, and a very little time at that.

American ingenuity is already at work to devise a system that shall even surpass the Australian in preventing bribery, intimidation, and fraudulent counting. A curious and possibly practical voting-machine has been invented, and is being pushed forward energetically. Whatever be the voting system of the future, whether by casting a ballot or pressing an electric button, it will certainly contain the two most important elements of the Australian,—official equality of nominations and secrecy in casting the vote. These it must have, unless Lincoln's ideal "government of the people, by the people, and for the people" be indeed destined to "perish from the earth."

Charles Chauncey Binney.

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### UNFULFILLED.

"WONDROUS fair!" the people cried:  
 "'Tis a masterpiece of art!"  
 Yet I deem the painter sighed,  
 Saying in his yearning heart,  
 "These but see the face I wrought,—  
 Not the Mother that I thought."

Solomon Solis-Cohen.

## THE PINE AND THE PALM.

## I.

BOSTON, MASS.

CARL HERITAGE, ESQ.,

Care Messrs. Jordan Brothers, Publishers, Boston :

KIND FRIEND,—For you surely are kind, and you must be my friend,—you who have so clear an insight into the hearts of women, you who have sounded the deeps of mine,—

I have just finished your novel "The Love-Story of Janet." I read it at a sitting,—read it avidly, breathlessly,—and I laid it down to weep wild tears of agony. Of agony? Yes; and yet of strange wild delight as well. For it is always a delight to know that somewhere in the world there is a soul which can understand yours, which can sympathize with your feelings and appreciate your motives.

Now, in Janet's story you have told mine. Like Janet, I am called beautiful and heartless. Men flock around me and worship me. I know too well the delights of conquest. A new man means a new heart to play with, to trifle with,—my adorers say, to crush. But I doubt whether the hearts of my adorers are capable of being crushed. I amuse myself with them, I like them after a fashion, but in my inner heart I despise them. And I know men pretty well, for I never have less than half a dozen in my train, and each one of the half-dozen thinks himself the favored one,—until the time comes when I weary of him and install a successor.

I don't know whether you will think me very vain or very candid in making these admissions. But at least I am telling the truth. And I am going to tell you more. I am going to tell you the whole truth. I am going to make you my father confessor, and shall apply to you, not for absolution, but for guidance.

I have told you that I know too well the delights of conquest. I ought to have said that I *have* known them. Those delights are of the past; they have lost their savor; they are sparkling wine soured into vinegar and gall. I have told you that I despised men. I ought to have said that I despise the men who throng around me. There are men whom I respect, but somehow I don't care for them, I don't like them, and I am conscious that they neither like me nor respect me. The male flirt, the society butterfly, the dude, the rake, and the fortune-hunter,—these are the men who compose my train, these are the men whom I delight, or rather whom I have delighted, to goad to desperation in order only to laugh at their discomfiture.

But now the past is dead, and I am utterly alone. Ah, it must be sad to be alone on a desert, but to be alone in a crowd is far, far sadder! If I were heartless, I could stand it. But I am *not* heartless, dear friend! I *know* I am not. Away back in my girlhood I remember how passionately, how devotedly, I loved my father. His death almost

broke my heart. Once I had a friend, a girl whom I loved, and whom I would have given my life for. But a man came between us. He was her lover; I did not know that she loved him. She jestingly asserted that I could not get him away from her; and, half in jest, half in earnest, I said that I could. I succeeded; but I lost my friend.

I feel, I *know*, that I could love a man with the utmost fervor of passion if I only met one whom I could both respect and like. And I know that somewhere in the world he exists, that he is waiting for me. Do you remember Heine's lyric? Do you remember "The Pine and the Palm"? I am that Pine,—the Pine of the Northland, which shrouded in ice and snow dreams of a Palm-tree in the far-off Eastern land. Is the Palm-tree mourning for the Pine? Shall Pine and Palm ever meet? Are my dreams ever to come true?

I am at the parting of the ways. What shall my future be? Janet, in despair at her own supposed heartlessness, threw herself away on a man whom she did not love, whom she hardly respected, whom she merely liked. And only a little after HE appeared,—he to whom her soul had been intrusted from everlasting. Shall my life be wrecked in the same way?

Pray, pray excuse this long letter from an admirer, and believe me

Yours very truly,

CLARA SINCLAIR.

## II.

MISS CLARA SINCLAIR:

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Your letter pleased and touched me at the same time.

You need never apologize for writing to an author to tell him that you have enjoyed his books. We are a vain tribe. When we are modest, we are conscious that modesty adds the final grace to a noble character; when we undervalue ourselves, we are keenly alive to the injustice. "You little know how poor an opinion I have of myself, nor how little I deserve it," says some character in "Ruddigore." That gentleman was eminently fitted for authorship.

Even the good Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table confesses that authors purr very loudly on having their fur smoothed the right way by a skilful hand. Now, yours is a very skilful hand.

To be a help, a comfort, a guide to a soul in distress,—can there be any loftier or nobler mission? Is it not a great boon you are conferring upon me when you appeal to me? I only hope that I may justify your trust.

My poor dear girl, I feel for you, and I know how thoroughly empty your life must be. To live without love when the heart knows that it has infinite capacities for loving,—that is sad indeed. The glittering nothings of the ball-room, the excitement of continual flirtation, may fill the void when the heart is too young to understand what it craves, but hearts cannot retain youth forever: these things pall and leave only a jaded and yet unsatisfied appetite behind them.

The moral I sought to enforce in "The Love-Story of Janet" is the

old and obvious one that no woman should marry except for love. People would be better, and better off, if they had more respect for the old and obvious. Commonplaces make up the true value of life. To accept the truisms of our fathers is wiser than to hunt after far-fetched paradoxes.

And just here, my dear friend, is the danger of such a temperament as yours. You are evidently nervous, excitable, high-strung,—ruled by imagination and not by common sense. The great Unknown has a mystic charm for you. You close your eyes to the mystic charm of the Known. God reveals Himself on the sacred mountain; He has already revealed Himself in the meanest pebble at its base. You yearn for the Unattainable, and, lo! it is already attained. You long for wings with which to search the mystery of the Empyrean, and the mystery lies at your feet.

Somewhere in the great world you fancy you may meet your beloved. Look around you and about you: he may be your next-door neighbor. The Fairy Prince usually wears a familiar face when he arrives.

But you are evidently young yet. You can afford to wait.

I have written at more length than I had expected, but your letter interested me, and I had to relieve my mind.

Yours very truly,

CARL HERITAGE.

P.S.—You may continue to address me through my publisher.

### III.

BOSTON, MASS.

TO CARL HERITAGE:

DEAREST FRIEND,—Your kind letter is received. How noble of you to pay attention to the scrawl of a nobody such as I!—to write such a sweet, beautiful, lovely letter!

You say I am young yet and can afford to wait. Well, listen! there are certain things in my life you must know before you can form a judgment. I am an orphan. My mother died in childbirth. My father followed her to the grave some seven years later. He was wealthy and kindly, but eccentric. He had married late in life,—at the age of forty or thereabouts,—and he imagined he had made a fatal mistake in not marrying earlier. In fact, he developed a sort of mild insanity on the subject of early marriages. He left all his fortune to me, with the proviso that I should marry at or before the age of twenty-one. I am now twenty. In six months I shall be twenty-one.

Now, tell me, what am I to do?

I know men that I like. I know men that I respect. But I know no one that I love. Nay, more. The men that I like I do not respect, the men that I respect I do not like. It is impossible for me to marry at present. And if I don't marry within six months I shall be almost penniless. I shall not attempt to hide from you the fact that I cannot live without money, without the comforts and the elegancies to which I am accustomed. I might dispense with necessities, but not with luxuries. I could gnaw a bone, but I must have champagne to

wash it down with. I am willing to brave the inclement weather in scanty clothing, but the clothing must be satin and of the latest cut.

In the name of God, dear friend, what am I to do?

Yours ever, truly and cordially,  
CLARA SINCLAIR.

## IV.

BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR MISS SINCLAIR,—

The information you give me in your last letter does, indeed, complicate matters. I am entirely at a loss what advice to give you,—excepting not to take it. This is a matter that the individual only can decide, for everything must depend upon the individual temperament. Some women undoubtedly would be happier if they gave up everything rather than be forced into a distasteful marriage; but they abound only in novels. Are you one of those women? I don't know you well enough to say. I should judge, however, that whatever course you pursued you would regret it, and would curse the one who advised it. The untried and the unknown will always retain their charm for you. So the adviser's position is a very awkward one, and I don't long to assume it.

Yours very truly,  
CARL HERITAGE.

## V.

BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR, DEAR FRIEND,—

Put aside all thoughts of advising me; look the situation squarely in the face, and tell me, which would you honor and respect most,—the woman who would marry to preserve her fortune, or the woman who would rather surrender it and live in penury?

Yours sincerely,  
CLARA SINCLAIR.

## VI.

BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR MISS SINCLAIR,—

Your question is again a difficult one. Abstractly speaking, the more heroic character would be the second woman in your fable. But the heroism that would be sublime in some people just oversteps the sublime in others. A step from the sublime—you know what that is. Heroism befits the heroic character: won't you pardon me if I say that it would look rather absurd in a society belle? I fear that if you were to lose your fortune through your own act you might bitterly regret it. Hence I cannot take upon myself to counsel such a step. The Catholic Church shows its wisdom when it holds that the counsels of perfection are addressed only to the few, that the many may be saved without the exercise of any extraordinary virtue, asceticism, or self-denial.

But pray excuse me if I say no more. Remember, I don't know you. In saying anything without this knowledge I am floundering in deep water. I am no expert. I always fear to venture over my head.

Sincerely your friend,  
CARL HERITAGE.



## VII.

BOSTON, MASS.

MR. CARL HERITAGE:

SIB,—And so you who sign yourself "sincerely my friend" can send me such a letter as your last! Every word in it was an insult,—do you hear? an insult. So it is not to such as I that the counsels of perfection are addressed! If I attempted the heroic I should become ridiculous!

Thank you for your kind opinion of me!

"Sincerely your friend,"

CLARA SINCLAIR.

## VIII.

BOSTON, MASS.

MY DEAR GIRL,—

Really you are foolish to explode as you did in your last letter. I expressly bade you remember that I didn't know you well enough to give any advice. If I had met you, if I had known you long enough, I might have found that yours was a nature fitted for the highest self-sacrifice. But until I know more of you, how can I be held to insult you because I do not care to assume that you are an extraordinary and exceptional character, and, basing my advice on that assumption, advise you to that which might be your ruin?

Surely in your calmer moments you will see that my letter was dictated by the sincerest friendship; and so I insist again on signing myself

Your sincere friend,

CARL HERITAGE.

## IX.

BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR MR. HERITAGE,—

Perhaps I was too hasty in my last. But indeed you did seem to assume in your letter that I was merely a society belle. You say you don't know me. Well, I want to know you. I must know you. Won't you come up and visit me in Boston? Come up at your earliest leisure moment. Perhaps if I only saw you and knew you—but never mind. Come!

Ever yours,

CLARA.

## X.

BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR MISS SINCLAIR,—

Indeed, I cannot explain, but there are reasons why at present it is impossible for me to pay you a visit. Some time in the future, perhaps, but now it is impossible.

Pray excuse me, and believe me

Your sincere friend,

CARL HERITAGE.

## XI.

DEAR MR. HERITAGE,—

I shall be very angry with you if you do not pay me a visit. There can be no reason that makes it impossible. And I am not accustomed to having men use that word to me when I make a request.

Yours,

CLARA SINCLAIR.

## XII.

DEAR MISS SINCLAIR,—

Really I don't want to incur your anger, but you will pardon me for saying that your letter is very foolish, and that I am not accustomed to having requests made to me in that tone.

I repeat that it is impossible for me to make the visit you suggest.

Yours truly,

CARL HERITAGE.

## XIII.

Perhaps Mr. Carl Heritage would explain to Miss Sinclair *why* it is impossible for him to pay her a visit?

## XIV.

Mr. Carl Heritage presents his compliments to Miss Sinclair and regrets that he cannot explain.

## XV.

Oh, Carl, dear Carl, my Beloved! don't let us be foolish. Don't let us quarrel. Forgive me my folly. You were right and I was wrong. But I *must* meet you, I *must* know you. Or, indeed, I do know you, I know you now. I have met you, O my beloved, I have seen you in my waking dreams. Yes, I know you now. You are he, the hero I have longed for, the Palm of the Orient for which I longed, the god who is to recreate my life!

Do you believe in telepathy? Do you believe in the mystic communion of souls? I never did until yesterday. I do now, firmly, unalterably.

Listen. I was lying in a sort of day-dream, thinking delightful thoughts, building air-castles, dozing a little perhaps, and of a sudden, without any warning, you, who had been the burden of my reflections, stood before me. Yes, it was you; I knew you at once, O my love! And it was you, not in any ethereal form, not in the substance of which dreams are made, but in the flesh, for I inhaled the fragrance of your breath, I felt the warmth of your arms around me, I returned your passionate kisses. Your kisses,—do you hear me? Ah God! for a repetition of that moment! I awoke, and you had fled.

Surely, surely you must have felt my kisses too. Did you dream too? Are you conscious that we met? You must be. Ah, darling, my love, my friend, my all, do not deny me. Come to me.

Your loving

CLARA.

## XVI.

MY DEAR MISS SINCLAIR,—

You may fire up or not, just as you please, but I am going to inform you that your last letter was simply nonsense. Please don't afflict me with any more of the same kind. No, I don't believe in telepathy, or soul-communion, or any folly of that sort, and your ecstasies simply gave me a nice, long, loud laugh. You are a perplexing person. I had just begun to be seriously interested in you, when your new departure startled me into something like contempt. You see I am using plain language. But I must put a stop to this nonsense at once.

Yours, with less respect than heretofore,

CARL HERITAGE.

## XVII.

DEAR CARL,—

Despite your anger, despite your contempt, despite your unkind words, I love you. I may be unmaidenly, I may be foolish, but now that I have confessed it I glory in my love. I am wealthy, I am said to be beautiful. Unless you love me, my beauty is of no worth to me; unless you love me, I shall let my wealth go by default. I shall marry no one else. Surely you won't be cruel enough to persist in your refusal to grant me an interview?

You don't believe in telepathy? you don't believe it was your astral body that visited me in my half-waking visions? Well, then, I will see if I can describe you as you appeared to me.

You are tall and dark. You are about six feet in height. Your hair is black and curls back from a high and thoughtful forehead. You have dark-brown eyes, large, lustrous, earnest, wistful. Your mouth is large, though well shaped, but its expression is partly hidden by a luxuriant black moustache. You were dressed all in black, and wore no jewelry, save a watch-chain, and a small cluster-ring on your left hand. Your general air was that of a refined, graceful, and poetical melancholy. And I knew you and loved you the moment I saw you.

Yes, I saw you! I repeat it, I saw you! Are you convinced now that I saw you?

Your loving

CLARA.

## XVIII.

Clara Sinclair, who are you?—you who know so much and yet know so little? [*Here a line is carefully cancelled.*] Your letter astonished me. And yet, let me assure you, you are entirely wrong. I am willing now to meet you, partly to probe a mystery which, I acknowledge, arouses all my curiosity, partly because I want to disabuse your mind and put an end to this farce-tragedy. I warn you that you will be terribly disillusionized when you see me. It will be impossible for you to remain in love with me. But I shall say no more at present. Tell me what time next week I can meet you, and where. Tuesday or Wednesday

would suit me. I live outside of Boston, on the line of the Boston and Albany Railroad.

Yours truly,  
CARL HERITAGE.

## XIX.

DEAR CARL, DEAREST CARL,—

You cannot deceive me. I know that I pictured you accurately. In your last letter you have acknowledged as much,—in the line which you so carefully erased, and which I deciphered as follows: "You have given a wonderfully exact description of"—here you changed your mind and broke off your sentence. Yes, I have given a wonderfully exact description of yourself, my darling. I have seen you, I know it, I feel it. I shall recognize you the moment you appear.

Suppose I meet you at the station? I'll drive you home to my house. Come up Tuesday, on the train that lands at 2.50.

Yours, in expectation of a joyous meeting,  
CLARA.

## XX.

DEAR MISS SINCLAIR,—

I shall come, as you suggest, on the 2.50 train on Tuesday, and meet you at the station. But you have forgotten one very important matter. How shall I recognize you at the station?

Yours,  
CARL HERITAGE.

## XXI.

DEAR CARL,—

I don't think it necessary to tell you how you should recognize me, because I know that *I* would recognize *you* at once. But I enclose you my photograph, and for further description I may add that I shall wear a lilac dress trimmed with white satin.

Your loving  
CLARA.

## XXII.

DEAR MISS SINCLAIR,—

Your photograph certainly represents a very lovely woman, and I shall be delighted to make her acquaintance. I don't think it at all likely I shall miss you.

Yours,  
CARL HERITAGE.

## XXIII.

MISS SINCLAIR,—

I was at the station at the appointed time, and you did not appear. I waited round the station for half an hour. What does this mean?

Yours,  
CARL HERITAGE.

## XXIV.

[Same date as above.]

MR. HERITAGE,—

SIR,—What do you mean by not keeping your appointment?

CLARA SINCLAIR.

## XXV.

MR. HERITAGE,—I assure you I was at the station. I waited for half an hour, in spite of the fact that in the station there was a young lady, a friend of mine, whom I was most anxious to avoid.

Yours truly,  
CLARA SINCLAIR.

## XXVI.

[Same date as above.]

MISS SINCLAIR,—There was no one at the station, I assure you, except a friend of mine, a gentleman, whom I had no desire to meet.

Yours truly,  
CARL HERITAGE.

## XXVII.

MISS SINCLAIR,—I was that lady, your friend, whom you had no desire to meet.

ADA THROCKMORTON,  
*alias* CARL HERITAGE.

## XXVIII.

[Same date as above.]

MR. HERITAGE,—I was that gentleman, your friend, whom you were so anxious to avoid.

FRANK DE GEX,  
masquerading as CLARA SINCLAIR.

## XXIX.

ROCHTON, MASS.

MR. DE GEX :

SIR,—With this letter I return you by express a package containing the engagement-ring you gave me, and all presents and other reminiscences of my association with you. From this moment you are free. You have behaved in a most ungentlemanly, in a most brutal manner. You have played a mean trick upon me,—a low, mean trick. Perhaps you think it was clever. *Chacun à son goût*: you are welcome to your bad taste. But a man with your tastes is no fit friend for a lady,—certainly no fit lover.

You have pried into a secret which I had no wish to disclose at present. I congratulate you on your talent for peeping through a key-hole, or rather for carving a *trou de Judas*. And I hate you for it, and I beg to remain

Yours never,  
ADA THROCKMORTON.

## XXX.

HARVARD COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

DEAR ADA,—

I am humbled, ashamed, abashed. If you don't relent I shall be heart-broken. But indeed, darling, I had not the faintest idea that you were the author of "The Love-Story of Janet." I plead guilty to perpetrating a practical joke of which I ought to be—of which I assure



you that I am—ashamed. But I thought I was playing the joke upon Frederick,—upon your brother.

Will you pardon me if I tell you a story? It's a long one; but I don't know how to get out of this unfortunate affair without telling the truth in its entirety.

You may not know that last year, just before his graduation, Fred played a pretty tough joke upon three of us Juniors who were sitting with two of his class, playing poker in my room. I had the parlor room, you will remember, in Mrs. Bowme's lodging-house. While we were deep in the game, a knock was heard at the door. John Jordan got up and let in a stranger, clad in blue, with gilt buttons, who summarily proceeded to sweep the chips from the table into his pocket. Up jumped Ned Canby and demanded what he meant. "I have a warrant," said the stranger, "for your arrest." And thereupon he showed a detective's star, and, drawing out a legal-looking document, summoned us to appear next morning before Magistrate Jones to answer to the charge of running a gambling-house. You never saw such a lot of white faces in your life.

"What is the punishment?" asked Billy Bluster, his big manly voice changed to a childish treble.

"Two years' imprisonment, or five hundred dollars fine, or both, at the discretion of the court," said the stranger.

The faces which had been white before changed to a livid yellow. Fred sank his head upon the table between his hands, and shook in evident agony. Then Ned Canby jumped up and proposed to fight the detective, but the latter drew a revolver, and we all rose in confusion and reasoned with Ned, telling him the gentleman was only doing his duty and we had no fight with him, but with the informer, whoever *he* might be. Ned needed little reasoning with: the cold glint of the barrels had calmed him at once. During all the tumult Fred had not raised his head from his hands, but sat the picture of hopeless anguish. I remember I was touched by his attitude, and put my arm round his shoulder, begging him to cheer up, that it would be all right, we'd get off with a fine. But Fred's body only shook and swayed the more. Then John Jordan leaned over to me and whispered that perhaps we might buy off the detective; he didn't look very honest anyway. To cut a long story short, the detective, after many protestations, swore us all to secrecy and consented to let us off for one hundred dollars.

We didn't go to bed at all that night, but sat up with the whiskey and the sherry, talking, wondering who could have informed upon us (the detective had positively refused to reveal his name), whether *he* would be willing to "let up on us," whether *he* were safe. Then, as the wine went round, we regained some of our spirits. We jestingly pictured ourselves in prison costume, tried to think what trades we should prefer, and rallied Fred upon his cowardice. Indeed, we had all been surprised to see him break down so completely. But he straightened himself up in his melancholy dignified manner and said nothing,—the glint of his great brown eyes and the twitching of the muscles around his mouth alone indicating that he was still suppressing some violent emotion. And so the night wore away.

Next morning, which was Sunday, Fred sent all the fellows an invitation to come up to his room and breakfast with him: he expected a cousin of his from the West. We found a sumptuous collation prepared for us,—fish, game, and champagne. The cousin had not arrived. But after waiting ten minutes Fred made us all sit down. The cousin's chair remained vacant. The meal progressed; as the wine flowed, everybody became cheerful and talkative. A knock was heard at the door, and Mr. Allan Throckmorton was announced. "My cousin," said Fred, and, jumping up, he opened the door and let in—the detective.

For a moment we were nonplussed,—astounded. Then the truth broke upon us. We had been hoaxed! Fred had employed his cousin to play the detective's part. We were in good humor, as I have said; we didn't pause to think whether we ought to be angry or not; the table burst into a roar of laughter, Mr. Allan Throckmorton was welcomed with hearty hand-shakes, and the meal proceeded in an uproarious fashion.

But next day things appeared in a different light. The story had spread all over Harvard: we found ourselves the laughing-stock of the college. We joined in the laugh as gracefully as we could. But under our breath we swore revenge. Don't you think we were justified?

Days passed, months passed. Commencement day arrived, and with a twinge of that regret which is so much more poignant and humiliating than remorse we saw Fred take the sheepskin that seemed to deliver him from our clutches. We had planned several dark and devious schemes. They had all miscarried.

One day early in the present session John Jordan rushed into my room with a gleeful mien.

"Frank," he cried, "Fred Throckmorton has written a book."

"Has he?" I replied, with some surprise,—surprise at the information, and surprise at Jordan's almost fiendish delight.

"Yes," continued Jordan, in the same exultant tone, "he has written a book, my father is going to publish it, and it will appear under a pseudonyme."

You know Jordan is the son of the senior partner in the firm of Jordan Brothers, publishers. I still failed to see that there was any reason for Jordan's high spirits, and I said so.

Then Jordan explained. "Surely," he said, "we can rig up some joke upon him, to pay back for that poker hoax."

That set me to thinking. But first I wanted to know what reason he had to suspect Fred of writing a book.

Well, his reasons were somewhat as follows. Since graduating he had held the position of "preliminary sieve" in his father's publishing-office. The duties of the "preliminary sieve" are to read all the manuscripts submitted, to winnow the chaff from the wheat, and to send the wheat up to another reader, who selects the more promising grains and scatters them broadcast through the land, by accepting them for publication.

In the course of his duties John had read and sent up for further consideration a manuscript entitled "The Love-Story of Janet." It

was type-written, to be sure, and the name on the title-page was Carl Heritage. But certain corrections and emendations made with a pen were in Fred's handwriting, which was very familiar to him. And the address of "Carl Heritage" was given as Rochton, Mass. Now, that, of course, was Fred's address. Throughout the manuscript he had come across an occasional jest, an anecdote, or a character, which wore a familiar look. I suppose this is explainable by the fact that Fred had assisted you in the preparation of the manuscript.

"The Love-Story of Janet" had been accepted for publication, and would appear within six weeks.

The evidence as to the authorship seemed to me to be complete. Upon my word, I never dreamed of your connection with it. I knew that Fred had literary ambitions, I hadn't the faintest idea that you had. Really I don't think it was fair to me, your betrothed husband, that you left me out of the secret.

The result was what you know. The book was published, and was a success,—as it deserved to be. Then, as a final result of our plotting and contriving, I sent you a note under the mask of Clara Sinclair. Throughout the correspondence I never faltered in the belief that I was addressing Fred Throckmorton, and that the type-written letters in reply were his own. When, as the climax of the hoax, I invited Carl Heritage to Boston, I and four others had prepared an elegant little surprise-party for him,—a dinner at a restaurant which we had often patronized together. We had even devised the merry conceit of making the first course consist entirely of menu cards and Saratoga chips, as a punning reminder of his poker-jest.

Even when I saw you at the railway-station and didn't see him, the truth never dawned upon me. It was stupid of me, of course, but I thought I had your implicit confidence; it never occurred to me that you could be carrying out a publication scheme of this sort without letting me into the secret. Not until your letter arrived, in which you said you had been at the trysting-place, and had seen only a friend of yours, a gentleman, whom you had done your best to avoid,—not till then did any suspicion of the truth flash upon me. Even then I was in doubt. But with your next letter suspicion deepened into belief, and belief was swallowed up in certainty on receipt of the next one. At last my eyes were opened! I saw what a fool I had made of myself,—what a terrible blunder I had committed. I simply confessed the truth and awaited developments.

You will pardon me, won't you, darling? Tell me I may call upon you. And meanwhile I shall insist on signing myself

Your devoted lover,

FRANK DE GEX.

XXXI.

DEAR FRANK,—

You have been very foolish; I am not sure that you have not been something worse. But all the same you may call upon me.

Yours sincerely,

ADA THROCKMORTON.

Wm. S. Walsh.

## HOW PLAYS ARE MADE.

A CAREFUL estimate of the number of plays annually written in this country shows that it exceeds three thousand. When there were in New York four or five resident stock companies, the manager of each received, on an average, ten plays a week. Many of these, of course, made the rounds of all the theatres, though probably fully half the writers were discouraged by the first refusal. Very frequently aspiring authors who receive letters requesting them to call and remove their rejected work fail to respond; and the cupboards of several New York managers are consequently crowded with plays which have lain there for years. In many instances no record is attached of the name and address of the author. About four years ago Mr. Wallack produced a comedy which had by some accident been disinterred from the manuscript-catacombs; no name was on it, and no claimant for the honor of authorship appeared. The plays sent to metropolitan managers represent, however, probably less than half of those written. Pieces for "stars," "specialty people," libretti for comic operas, and ground-works for acrobatic and musical comedies of the "Brass-Monkey" order, form the majority. Then, too, nearly every city or town that boasts a theatre has one or more local writers, whose pieces seldom get further than the resident manager, or are handed to some "star" when he or she arrives in town, and by whom the writing is rarely even casually examined.

Of this army of would-be dramatists the names of possibly twenty are known to the well-informed theatre-goer. Perhaps one hundred more are fairly equipped for the task they attempt; but the finished work of the great residue shows that they are almost hopelessly ignorant of the necessities and limitations of the stage and of the simplest elementary principles of dramatic composition. The attractions which lead so many on this will-o'-the-wisp chase after theatrical fame are the reports of the almost fabulous sums that have been made by the authors and managers of a few very successful plays. The aspirant witnesses one of these performances, and straightway says to himself, "That is a very simple story: the dialogue doesn't amount to much,—just plain, every-day, natural talk; and it is easy enough to put together some situations quite as thrilling as anything he's got. Why shouldn't I try?" He does try, and produces something hopeless and impracticable, for the sufficient reason that he is endeavoring to create effects while he has no practical knowledge of the tools with which he must work. He is apt to regard a play as so much literature, whereas, in the styles of play that have of late years proved acceptable, literary merit is the least important factor in their construction. As well might a painter who can make the outside of a house attractive attempt to build it entirely of paint, as a writer hope to make a play succeed on literary merit alone.

To the making of a drama these ingredients are necessary,—plot, situations, characters, dialogue; and their relative importance in the

present day is shown in the order in which they are given. This rule applies to both comedies and dramas. How much it may be modified in tragedies is scarcely worth considering here. Very few are now attempting to write tragedies, a form of entertainment that is not particularly popular even in the instances hallowed by long acceptance. The man who writes a really good tragedy must be a poet, if not in the actual form of his work, at least in his feeling; he will not be bound by rule when the fever of composition is on him. It is best that he should write as he feels, and have his work shaped for the stage by another hand. The ordinary dramatist gives, or should give, more attention to the mechanics of his play than to its literary qualities. What is known as "good construction" is the great desideratum. "Construction" includes the exposition, progress, and unravelling of the plot; the development of those successive stages by the means of situations placed in the best positions and most effective sequence; the exits and entrances of characters; the forming of them into groups and the dispersing thereof; and the gradual helping forward of the story by the use of hints in the dialogue and the employment of bits of action known in stage-parlance as "business." A well-constructed play may be fitly compared to a Roman mosaic. It is composed of hundreds or thousands of minute pieces, each one of which has its value in creating the general effect, while the absence of any one would leave an ugly gap. In seeing a play we are in the same relative position as if we were watching a workman put together his mosaic. At first the importance and value of each sentence or action are as difficult to distinguish as in the case of each additional little square of stone; but after a time the apparently detached and disconnected morsels grow into a complete and systematic design. The artistically-made play has not in it a word or a deed which does not help on the action. Nor is anything omitted needed to make the situation clear and the development reasonably logical. If such omission were made, we should feel that the workman had left out one of his cubes and seriously injured the value of the work.

Experience has taught the practical dramatist that the only way in which he can hope to secure good construction is by determining definitely, before beginning to write at all, what is to be the end of his play and how that end is to be attained. One of the Paris journals sent, a couple of years ago, a letter to each of the principal dramatists asking information about his method of working. The answers varied greatly in detail, but upon one point there was absolute unanimity,—viz., that each constructed his last act in every detail before beginning to write; while one or two declared that they actually wrote the dialogue of the last act before writing a line of the first. In order to have a clear working-plan, the practical dramatist makes what he calls a "scenario" of his play; and the novice cannot do better than imitate him. The best "scenario" is made by following the French plan of calling each successive dialogue a "scene" until it is broken up or added to by the addition or departure of one or more members. As an instance, let us suppose a dramatist is commencing his play: he makes out some such memorandum as this:



## ACT I.

SCENE. Here description of scene.

## SCENE I.

A and B seated, discussing affairs of C.  
Interrupted by D. *Exit* of A.

## SCENE II.

B and D plot to spread further scandal about C.

## SCENE III.

Entry of C with his daughter, F.  
B talks to C. D attempts to make love to E, and is repulsed.  
C attempts to negotiate business with B, and fails.  
Mem.—Try conversation in strophe and antistrophe.  
*Exit* B and D.

## SCENE IV.



C with E.  
Pathetic revelation of impending ruin.  
Interrupted by arrival of F, hero.

The number of such scenes or subdivisions generally runs about fifteen to each act. By the employment of this method each entrance and exit and the reason for the making of the same are arranged. The gist of each conversation is settled, and the author is able to see how long characters will be kept upon the stage, and thus avoid the danger of making parts too long or too short.

It is very desirable that an entire act should take place in one scene or "set," as the shifting of scenery before the eyes of an audience always destroys something of the illusion. But in the present fashion of melodrama several changes of scene occur in many of the acts. The inexperienced writer should bear in mind that between each "set" or scene requiring considerable depth of stage, a front scene must be interposed to give the carpenters time to change to the second "set," and if that is elaborate, from seven to ten minutes will be required. A "set" can rarely be "struck" and another substituted in less than ten minutes, and therefore the dramatist must make his front scene interesting for that length of time at least. Now, as the painting cannot be very attractive, and as the limited space left between the front scene and the foot-lights does not admit of much action, the dialogue here must be as good as the writer can make it. And yet it must not wander from the development of the subject in search of verbal pyrotechnics. Mr. Boucicault once pointed out that in his most successful Irish plays he had put his own best "bits" and dialogue in the front scenes. "The 'sets,'" said he, "will carry themselves by scenic beauty and the vigorous action that passes, but I must keep my best things to prevent the front scenes from dragging." The young writer should try to get his play into as few scenes as possible, for the manager in considering the advisability of accepting a piece will be greatly influenced by the cost, and each additional scene adds largely thereto. It is not advisable

to have, at the most, more than three scenes to an act, the first and last of which can be "sets," while the middle one must be a front scene. It is true that recent improvements in stage-carpentering have made it possible, by means of what are termed "mechanical changes," to have one "full stage set" immediately succeeded by another; but the expense of doing this is very great, and managers are little likely to risk the outlay except on foreign successes or the work of an established dramatist. The necessity of the alternation of "set" and front scene would appear to be extremely evident, yet plays are constantly being received by managers in which the authors ask for four or five "sets" in an act and make no provision for front scenes. Even in the hands of the best dramatists a front scene is objectionable; and the best French writers, who are certainly the most able and advanced in the art of construction, never use it. Where their plays imperatively demand a great number of scenes, they divide them by dropping a *tableau-curtain*. It is far preferable to have a play in seven or eight *tableaux* than in three or four acts with frequent changes of scene. In comedies each act should invariably take place in one scene.

The length of a play is something which very few novices in dramatic writing sufficiently consider. It will be found that plays long enough to "fill an evening" will contain from sixteen thousand to twenty thousand words of dialogue. These should be divided between the acts as equally as the exigencies of the scenes and action will permit. Thus, a five-act play of twenty thousand words should have four thousand words to the act, while the three-act comedy of eighteen thousand words would give six thousand words to each act. As a rule, dialogue is rarely spoken on the stage at a greater speed than one hundred and twenty-five words to the minute. A fairly good guide to the writer is to reckon that if he uses legal cap paper—the best for manuscript—and gives a line to the name of each character who speaks, each page will play but very little short of a minute. The division into acts need not be exact; but it is very bad to have one act play only fifteen minutes and the next forty-five. The last act is in most of the best plays the shortest, and frequently the first is the longest. Not more than one act should be devoted to the exposition of the story, and this need not develop much action; but after the first act the story must move rapidly and continuously. The greatest care must be taken to make the actions and situations seem to be the logical outcome of the natures and desires of the characters of the drama. If they come on the stage and seem to do and say things only because the writer wants to lead to situations, they become mere puppets, and cease to hold or fail to win the interest of the audience.

The growth of interest in a play should be gradual and climactic, and may be expressed, when best handled, by a long *crescendo* mark, thus: . One of the greatest difficulties to be overcome is the necessity of long explanations after the last strong situation is reached. The audience becomes wearied, and the interest has travelled in a way like this: . The explanation is foreseen, the progress of it is tedious; and instead of the audience being dismissed directly after a great effect, and while there is still strong tension on their nerves, they are allowed to

become tired and restless and anxious to secure overcoats and wraps. Another danger lies in having long intervals supposed to elapse between acts, and the consequent necessity of explaining what has taken place. Instead, therefore, of carrying on the audience from the state of enthusiasm to which a previous act or situation may have roused them, they are let down and tried to be pulled up in this manner, the breaks being the intervals between the acts: < < < < <. But the rock on which inexperience most frequently splits is the making of a strong first act which leads to nothing, or at best to something so feeble that the middle and end are completely overshadowed by the beginning. Nothing is easier than to get characters into involved and interesting complications; the extrication is the difficulty. Alexandre Dumas *fil*s points this out very clearly in one of his famous prefaces. He says, in effect, "I offer dramatists the use of such and such situations which are in themselves immensely strong; but there is no way, at least no theatrically effective way, out of them."

The number of characters in a play of three or more acts must vary in number according to the requirements of the story; but it should not be fewer than eight, and almost any plot should be capable of unfolding by sixteen. Certain English melodramas of the "Lights o' London" and "Hoodman Blind" order contain about thirty speaking parts; but this great number is put in only to satisfy the manager who desires to advertise an "enormous" or "unparalleled" cast. The reason why fewer than eight people should not be employed is that the parts of each would then have to be made so unduly long as to run the risk of becoming wearisome. As a general rule, from ten to fourteen characters will be found ample. The nature of these will be determined by the plot; but the author should bear in mind the necessity for strong contrasts. He should also remember the usual members of a company, and write his parts so as to be within their reach; for any manager who may accept his play will not be very willing to engage extra people. A company is generally thus composed:

Leading woman,	who plays	heroines.
Juvenile woman,	" "	ingénues.
Comedy-woman,	" "	comedy parts.
Heavy woman,	" "	adventuresses and female villains.
Old woman,	" "	mothers.
Utility women,	" play	any small parts.
Leading man,	" plays	heroes.
Juvenile man,	" "	lovers.
Comedian,	" "	comic parts.
Heavy man,	" "	villains.
Old man,	" "	fathers.
Character actor,	" "	eccentric parts.
Utility men,	" play	small parts.

In determining the construction of a play, a strenuous effort should be made to avoid the telling of stories by any of the characters. The awakening of interest should be effected by dialogue: monologues, so-

liloquies, and "asides" (or spoken thoughts not supposed to be heard by the people on the stage) should be rigorously excluded. Nothing is more wearying to an audience than when two or three characters in a play recite long stories in order to explain the motives of action. The key-note of the piece should be struck as early as possible, so that attention may be centred, and awakened to the gradual development of the theme. Yet there is here a danger to be borne in mind,—viz., that the first few speeches of a play are generally lost to the majority of the audience, through the discourtesy of late-comers. It is, therefore, advisable to let some of the minor characters open a play, and what they say should, while contributing to the exposition of the story, not be of such great importance that the failure to hear it entails any considerable loss. The old-fashioned opening of the two comic servants, one furnished with a burning affection and the other with a feather-duster, is, it is to be hoped, banished to the limbo of perpetual obscurity.

The advent of important characters should be prepared for by a few words showing their dispositions, though the doing of this must be so artfully disguised as to seem to be naturally evoked in the course of conversation. The older dramatists used to label their characters with names which described their peculiarities. Even Sheridan and Goldsmith gave us *Candor*, *Sneerwell*, *Snake*, *Trip*, *Absolute*, *Malaprop*, *Lumpkin*, etc. But the moderns, recognizing the necessity of greater naturalness on the stage, and knowing that this system of nomenclature was utterly false, have found a way of preparing us for characters in a few words. I can recall no instance in which this is better done than in Sardou's "Seraphine." The Admiral's name is taken by a servant to Seraphine. She dreads to see her former lover. "Tell him I am not receiving."—"I have done so, madame, but he sat down in the hall and said he would wait till you were." These are not the exact words, but they show the spirit of the scene. Curiosity is at once aroused by the firmness and determination of the visitor, and all are anxious to see him. When he comes on he has no need to spend any time in explaining that what he wants he gets, or what he says he sticks to. How infinitely preferable is this plan to that of calling him Admiral *Steadfast* or *Firmgrip*!

Whenever it is possible, all the important characters of a play should be introduced in the first act, and seldom later than the second. There are one or two notable exceptions to this, such as Lady Gay Spanker in "London Assurance," who first enters in the third act; but, as a rule, it is unsafe to try to create fresh interest at so late a stage in the story; and if this had not been Boucicault's first play, he probably would have brought his heroine on earlier. Next in importance to the proper and timely entrances of characters is giving them effective exits. Characters leaving the stage should generally have the last words; though, of course, this does not apply to servants or to people who are dismissed with a command or a torrent of invective. Care must be taken not to make the same person enter and leave the stage too often during the progress of an act: three entrances and two exits appear to be the limit which the best constructors have fixed.

Whenever practicable, it is very desirable so to blend dialogue and

"business" as to make them appear inseparable. This can be done even in comedy by the skilful employment of "properties" or stage-furniture. Robertson developed this plan, and gave thereby a seeming reality to his little comedies that proved extremely effective. The dialogue built round the milk-jug in the love-scene in "School" is an excellent illustration of his method. No talk, however good, that had not a visible and tangible basis would be half so interesting to an audience. In "Ours" the same method is followed in the last act; and H. J. Byron was evidently inspired thereby in the third act of his best comedy, "Our Boys."

What are termed in theatrical parlance "gags," or catch-phrases, such as Sellers's "There's millions in it," should be used sparingly, and only one character in a play should be thus emphasized. The number of times a "gag" is repeated is very deceptive: seven or eight repetitions are about all it will bear, and that number will seem to be very plentiful. Dialect parts are effective if well handled, but, as with "gags," must be used sparingly. One dialect part is enough in a piece, though two may sometimes be ventured on. Dialect parts tax the attention of the audience, who become confused when trying to follow too many. Yet young dramatists are very apt to fall into the error of filling their work with negroes, Germans, Irishmen, Italians, Cockneys, etc., believing that by so doing they will gain the effect of strongly-contrasted characters. But they invariably overshoot the mark and produce little better than an unintelligible Babel of strange sounds.

The difference between the value of spoken and that of written dialogue is something that very few except actors and experienced dramatists understand. A sentence written with perfect smoothness and grace may be utterly ineffective on the stage, owing to its too great length, to the clauses being so divided as to necessitate taking breath at the wrong time, or to the most emphatic words not being placed so as best to assail and linger on the ear. A couple of very brief illustrations may be found in two succeeding lines of "Led Astray." Hector has warned Armande of her danger.

ARM. Hector, you insult me! (*Crossing to R.*)

HEC. I don't care, if I save you.

Now, suppose these lines had been written thus:

ARM. You insult me, Hector!

HEC. If I save you, I don't care.

Apparently either way is equally good, yet the first way is extremely effective, the second is utterly barren and hopeless. In the first, the actress springs up with surprise in her tone, as she reproachfully speaks the name of her accuser, and then, as she indignantly sweeps across the stage, adds, "you insult me!" If she spoke those words first, she could not utter the "Hector" with any effect whatever, nor would she find any reason for, or force in, her movement across the stage. If he answered her by any arrangement of words in which "save you"



were not the last of the sentence, he would assuredly fail of getting any applause on this usually good "point." Instances innumerable of this nature might be adduced to show the difference between writing for the eye and writing for the ear. The trained dramatist or the actor who writes a play may not always have great command of language, or be absolutely perfect as a grammarian, but his speeches will "tell" in the delivery. A young dramatist should never neglect to read and re-read his speeches aloud. By so doing he will learn to correct his diction by his ear, until with practice he will be able to hear his words spoken as he writes them down for the first time.

Individuality in speech must be one of the great aims of the dramatist. The novelist can explain how his characters looked and felt, but stage-talk must be thoroughly distinctive and individual. In a really well written play each speech should bear such marked character that it would seem in its proper place only in the mouth of the one person who makes it. To gain this quality much thought and study are necessary, and the want of it is one of the rocks on which the good writer who does not know the stage is usually wrecked.

Collaboration with an actor or an experienced dramatist is the best way for the novice in stage-craft to learn his business. In this country there has been very little collaboration; but in France it is customary for the older writers to associate themselves with the younger, the latter furnishing ideas and the former putting them into shape. In this way the results of experience are communicated and a succession of well-trained dramatists is maintained.

While the observance of the rules and the avoidance of the dangers I have set forth will not suffice to make any one a successful playwright, they will, I hope, help those who already possess the first requisite,—viz., a strong story, developed by interesting characters placed in exciting or amusing situations. To the many who wonder why there are not more good plays, the difficulties and necessities I have endeavored to explain may, perhaps, prove a sufficient answer.

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### AN ALABAMA GARDEN.

A LONG a pine-clad hill it lies,  
O'erlooked by limpid Southern skies,  
A spot to feast a fairy's eyes,  
A nook for happy fancies.  
The wild bee's mellow monotone  
Here blends with bird-notes zephyr-blown,  
And many an insect voice unknown  
The harmony enhances.

The rose's shattered splendor flees  
 With lavish grace on every breeze,  
 And lilies sway with flexile ease  
     Like dryads snowy-breasted ;  
 And where gardenias drowse between  
 Rich curving leaves of glossy green,  
 The cricket strikes his tambourine,  
     Amid the mosses nested.

Here dawn-flushed myrtles interlace,  
 And sifted sunbeams shyly trace  
 Frail arabesques whose shifting grace  
     Is wrought of shade and shimmer ;  
 At eventide scents quaint and rare  
 Go straying through my garden fair,  
 As if they sought with wildered air  
     The fireflies' fitful glimmer.

Oh, could some painter's facile brush  
 On canvas limn my garden's blush,  
 The fevered world its din would hush  
     To crown the high endeavor ;  
 Or could a poet snare in rhyme  
 The breathings of this balmy clime,  
 His fame might dare the dart of Time  
     And soar undimmed forever !

*Samuel Minturn Peck.*

## OUR ONE HUNDRED QUESTIONS.

## XIII.

89. *Why do brides wear orange-blossoms ?*

The Saracen brides used to wear orange-blossoms as an emblem of fecundity. In that sense it is peculiarly appropriate, as both blossoms and fruit are often on the tree at the same time. The same emblem may have been occasionally worn by European brides ever since the time of the Crusades ; but the general adoption of orange-blossoms for brides is comparatively a modern practice, probably at first adopted because the orange-flower was rare and costly and it has always been the custom to be expensive at weddings. The orange-blossoms were found appropriate and suitable, the sentiment under which it was used by the Saracens was approved, and it became the fashion for brides to wear the orange-blossoms.

The orange fruit was brought to England as early as 1290, but it was a long time before there was really any cultivation of the orange. The tree is supposed by many to have been brought into England by Sir Walter Raleigh, and the statement is made that it was not adopted from the Saracens, but probably from India, or at least from the far East. It owed its adoption at first to the fact that it was both a rare and a scented flower, and was introduced without any reference to its symbolism.

It was a universal mediæval custom to wear flowers for a bridal wreath. Orange-flowers seem to have been first used in Spain for that purpose, and to have come to England by the way of France. Some of the correspondents of *Notes and Queries* consider the introduction to have been a device of French milliners. They are superior to roses in being thornless, and both color and scent were in their favor.—BIBOTA.

#### 90. What is the story of the Kilkenny cats?

The Irish story of the two cats of Kilkenny who fought and fought till there was naught left but their tails has its origin in fact.

In 1798, during the Irish rebellion, Kilkenny was garrisoned by Hessians. The soldiers used to amuse themselves by tying two cats together by the tails and hanging them over a clothes-line, where they would fight desperately till one or the other, or both, perhaps, were killed. When this cruelty became known to the officers, they determined to stop it, and so sent an officer every day to watch for any offence of this kind and to punish the offender. The soldiers would keep a man on watch themselves, and when the word was given of the approach of the officer the cats would be let loose. "One day the man neglected to keep a lookout, and, the officer coming upon them suddenly, one of the soldiers divided the cats' tails with his sword, and the cats ran off, "leaving their tails behind them," like Bo-Peep's sheep. The officer inquired about the curious sight of two cats' tails hanging on the line, and was told that two cats had fought desperately, destroyed each other all but the tails, and the soldiers had picked up these appendages and hung them on the line.

So started the story, according to Irish authorities.

Brewer says, "This is an allegory of the municipalities of Kilkenny and Irishtown, who contended so stoutly about boundaries and rights to the end of the seventeenth century that they mutually impoverished each other,—ate up each other, leaving only a tail behind."

"De Gubernatis," says Conway, "in his 'Zoological Mythology,' has a curious speculation concerning the origin of our familiar fable 'The Kilkenny Cats,' which he traces to the German superstition which dreads the combat between cats as presaging death to the one who witnesses it."

OLIVE OLDSCHOOL.

#### 91. Whence the expression "crocodile tears"?

The expression "crocodile tears" is derived from the fiction of the old travellers that the crocodile sheds tears over its prey. One of the earliest allusions to this fable is by Sir John Mandeville in his "Travels" (1499), who, speaking of "Æthiop," "Ynde," and an "Yle clept Silla," says, "That Lond is full of Serpents, and of Cokadrilles. Theise Cokadrilles ben a manner of long Serpente, zalowe and rayed aboven, and han 4 Feete and schorte Thyres, and grete Nayles as Clees or Talonns; and there ben sume that han 5 Fadme in length; and sume of six and a halfendal. And in the nyght thei dwellen in the Water, and on the Day won upon the Lond. Theise Serpentes sleu men, and thei eten hem wepyng; and when thei eten thei moven the over Jowe, and noughte the nether Jowe; and thei have no Tonge."

Polydore Vergil's "Adagiorum Liber" was written about the same time (1498). After noticing Pliny's account of the crocodile, he says, "Conspicito homine lachrymat, mox appropinquantem devorat. Unde est proverbium, 'Lachrymæ crocodili,' de iis qui specie misericordiæ et pietatis homines fallunt."

Erasmus (1467-1536) quotes both the Latin and Greek ("Krokodeilon dákrua") proverbs, and in his Colloquy on "Friendship" one of the interlocutors says, "Jam nullum est animal inimicium homini quam crocodilus, qui aspernumero totos homines devorat, et arte malitiam adjuvat, hausta aqua lubricans semitas, quibus descendunt ad Nilum aquam hausturi quo collapsos devoret." This account is from Ælian (early part of third century), "De Animalium Natura:" so even then the crocodile was believed to be extremely crafty. Erasmus, in "Adagia," adds to this relation of the animal making the banks of

the Nile slippery, that the unfortunate travellers may slide down into his jaws, another instance of guile, that when the crocodile has caught his prey he macerates the skull with tears to soften it, and devours that part last.

"His nature is ever, when he would have his prey, to cry and sob like a Christian body, to provoke them to come to him; and then he snatcheth at them! And thereupon came this proverb, that is applied unto women when they weep, 'Lachrymæ Crocodili,' the meaning whereof is that as the crocodile when he crieth goeth then about most to deceive, so doth a woman most commonly when she weepeth."—*Account of Hawkins's Second Voyage to the West Indies*, 1565.

In Fischart's "Flöhatz, Weibertratz," 1573, is the following passage:

O du böe unbarmhertzig Art,  
Die von kaim Menschen geboren ward,  
Sondern vom Crocodil komt her,  
Der zum Mord waint, wan mordet er.

Leroux de Lincy, in his "Proverbes Français," defines the phrase "Verser les larmes de crocodile = Verser les larmes trompeuses. On prétend que le crocodile feint de pleurer pour attirer vers lui les passants."

In the *Nineteenth Century* for April, 1882, in an article on the superstitions of modern Greece, a curious notion with regard to the seal is mentioned, which resembles this about the crocodile. A woman is fabled to dwell in the seal: when a swimmer ventures too far, the seal seizes him by the neck, strangles him, and carries him to a desert shore, where she weeps over him, giving rise to the expression "She cries like a seal."

As when a wearie traveller that strays  
By muddy shore of broad seven-mouthed Nile,  
Unweeting of the perillous wandring wayes,  
Doth meete a cruell craftie Crocodile,  
Which, in false griefe hyding his harmfull guile,  
Doth weepe full sore, and sheddeth tender tears;  
The foolish man, that pities all this while  
His mournfull plight, is swallowed up unwares,  
Forgetfull of his owne that mindes an other's cares:  
So wept Dnessa untill eventyde,  
That shynig lampes in Jove's high house were light.  
SPENSER, *Faerie Queene*, I. 5, 18, 19, 1590.

He (noble Lord), fearelesse of hidden treason,  
Sweetly salutes this weeping Crocodile;  
Excusing every cause with instant reason  
That kept him from her sight so long a while:  
She faintly pardons him; smiling by Art:  
For life was in her lookes, death in her hart.

R. BARNFIELD, *Cassandra*, 1595.

"It is written that the crocodile will weep over a man's head when he hath devoured the body, and then he will eat up the head too. Wherefore in Latin there is a proverb, 'Crocodili lachrymæ,' to signify such tears as are fained and spent only with intent to deceive or doe harm."—BULLOKAR, *English Expositor*, 1616.

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,  
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.  
Out of my sight!

*Othello*, Act iv., Scene 1, ll. 256-8.

Gloster's show  
Beguiles him as the mournful crocodile  
With sorrow snares relenting passengers.

*King Henry VI.*, Part 2, Act iii., Sc. 1.

ONE OF A THOUSAND.

## 92. What was the old fable of the origin of the barnacle goose?

One of the most curious instances of the power of popular etymology is seen in the English *Barnacle*. The word, used in the sense of *limpet*, is probably *pernicula* (diminutive of the Latin *perna*), changed to *bernicula*, a real bird,

known as the barnacle goose. But, though the bird is real, the accounts of it which have arisen through a series of blunders are most marvellous. These words *bernacula* (a small limpet) and *bernicula* (a goose) being gradually confused, and the two corrupted into *barnacle*, it was natural to look for the identity of nature in the two creatures; and, as the cirri of the limpet were observed to resemble the feathers of a goose, it was given out that the goose was the offspring of the limpet. There are two families of these limpets: the first class are attached to their resting-place by a flexible stalk; the second class are the sea-acorns, composed of six segments, and firmly fixed on the wood or stone on which they live. In the early stages, the form of the limpet is not unlike that of a crab, possessing eyes and some freedom of motion: it is later that it loses its eyes, forms shells, and becomes stationary. The ancient error was to mistake the claw of the shell-fish for the neck of a goose, the shell for its head, and the antennæ for a tuft of feathers. The barnacle goose was otherwise known as the "Solan" or "Solent" goose (so called from Solent, an ancient name for the whole of the English Channel, which these birds frequent in large numbers), and called by the Scotch "bren-clake," or "brant-claik" (which Müller derives from the old Briton *clake*, "a wild goose," and *brant* or *branded*, "brown"). Old writers of the very highest credit have fallen into the ridiculous error which confounds the bird with the shell-fish. So late as 1677, Sir Robert Moray, in "A Relation concerning Barnacles," gravely affirms, before a scientific public, that he saw, on some timber thrown up on the shore by the sea, "a multitude of little shells, having within them little *birds*, perfectly shaped, supposed to be barnacles;" and then he proceeds to describe the appearance of the "bill, neck, breast, wings, tail, and feathers of the bird." Hollinshed declared that with his own eyes he had seen the "feathers of these barnacles hang out of the shell at least two inches." The fact that these barnacles were so often found growing to old wood and trees near the water gave rise to a theory that there was a "tree-geese," and John Gerarde, of London, published in 1597, at the end of his "Herball," not only a lively picture of the tree, with birds issuing from its branches and swimming away on the sea or falling dead on the land, but we read the following description: "There are founde in the north parts of Scotland certain trees, whereon doe growe certain shell-fishes, which shels in time of maturitie doe open, and out of them growe those little living foules, whom we call Barnakles; in the north of England, Brant Gese; and in Lancashire, Tree Gese." Another theory as to the origin of the tree-geese is ventured by Hector Boece, in his "History of Scotland" (1465-1536), who says, in most curious English, that these geese are bred by nature of the seas; that timber which has been soaked by water in process of time appears worm-eaten, and that in these little holes appear small worms, which first develop heads and feet, and then wings and plumage, and the goose is complete. Hall says,—

The Scottish barnacle if I might choose,  
That of a worm doth waxe a goose.

In the time of Henry II. (1154-89) we find the same story so firmly established that Giraldus Cambrensis found it necessary to protest against the Irish bishops for the custom then prevailing, of eating those barnacle geese during Lent, because they were not birds, but fishes. In his "Topographia Hibernæ" he says, "I have frequently seen, with my own eyes, more than a thousand of these small bodies of birds, hanging down on the sea-shore from one piece of timber, enclosed in shells, and already formed. They do not breed and lay eggs like other birds; nor do they ever hatch any eggs; nor do they seem to build nests in any corner of the earth. Hence bishops and clergymen in some parts of Ireland do not scruple to dine off these birds at the time of fasting, because they are not flesh, nor born of flesh. But these are thus drawn into sin; for if a man, during Lent, had dined off a leg of Adam, our first parent, who was not born of flesh, surely we should not consider him innocent of having eaten what is flesh." It is impossible to tell how long before this the fable of the origin of the barnacle goose existed, but the belief in it survived the attacks of occasional contradiction. Pope Pius II., when on a visit to King James, complained that miracles will always flee farther and farther, for when he came to Scotland to see



the goose-tree he was told that it grew farther north, on some islands. It seems almost incredible that in an enlightened age so gross an error in natural history could have prevailed so long. So recently as June, 1807, there appeared in the *Court and Fashionable Magazine* the following advertisement: "Wonderful natural curiosity, called the Goose-Tree, taken up at sea, Jan. 12, 1807. More than twenty men could raise out of the water. May be seen in the Exposition Rooms, Spring Garden, from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M., every day."—DAVUS.

### 93. Whence the slang word a "boom"?

Murray's New English Dictionary is doubtless correct in saying that "the actual use of this word has not been regulated by any distinct etymological feeling." Its recent "slang" use, which is fast becoming language, meaning "effective launching of anything with *éclat* upon the market, or on public attention," is in that dictionary traced primarily to a particular application of its meaning of "A loud, deep sound with resonance or humming effect," "with reference not so much to the sound as to the suddenness and rush with which it is accompanied," but there is noted, as possibly modifying this meaning, "association, original or subsequent, with other senses of the word." (Webster gives as one definition, "to rush with violence.") In connection with the regular derivation of the word from those meaning "tree," "beam," "bar," etc., it is suggestive that the earliest-traced use of the word in its slang sense was in the *Lumberman's Gazette* in October, 1879.

One thinks of a mass of logs kept back by the restraining bar, or boom, and themselves therefore called a boom; then their rapid rush when released receiving the same designation. Thence the word would be easily transferred to certain mining-operations, and to any rapid advance in commercial activity. Murray quotes from the *Toronto Globe* (in 1880) a definition of the mining use of the word, where the essential features of the rush of lumber are reproduced. Water is confined in mass, then suddenly released, so that it "rushes down with irresistible force."—McNOX.

### 94. Who originated the expression "The Three R's"? and did he do it in jest or in earnest?

"The Three R's" is a phrase generally attributed to Sir William Curtis, Bart., Lord-Mayor in 1795, and for thirty-six years Alderman of the ward of Tower. According to a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, an aged member of the corporation, now dead, asserted that in the days when Dr. Bell and the Quaker Lancaster were pleading on behalf of increased facilities for the education of the poor, Sir William Curtis gave "The Three R's" as a toast at a City dinner, intending it for a jest. Though a man of limited education, he was very shrewd, and not so ignorant as to suppose the implied orthography correct.

The phrase has been also attributed to Sir William Rawlins, another City knight.

A parallel to this is a toast given at a public dinner in Hull by a local magnate, a strong Conservative and a coal-merchant. He proposed "The Three K's," which were to stand for king, coals, and constitution.—ONE OF A THOUSAND.

### 95. Which is the longest word in the English language?

Brewer's "Phrase and Fable" says that "*Honorificabilitudinitatibus*" is called the longest English word, and that it is found in old plays, and given in Bailey's Dictionary; but it can easily be acquitted of the charge on the ground of its manufactured origin. It is "brummagem," not gold. The longest real word found in Webster is "disproportionableness," excluding compound words and plural and participial formations, which I have not closely examined. Probably it would retain its headship even were the last admitted, for its plural would "stretch its slow length along" two letters farther.—McNOX.

It is not so difficult a thing to find long words as it is to decide whether they really have a right to be considered a part of the English language. We have the authority of the London *Times* for "nitrophenylenediamine," a red

dye-stuff; and the *Star* says, "Why not wind up the famous ministerial declaration . . . with that difficult expression 'polyphrasticcontinomimegalondulation'?" (thirty-five letters). If this Jumbo of a word has about it a tinge of unreality, we may fall back on "dynamorphosteopalinklaster" (twenty-six letters), a surgical instrument for breaking a falsely-united fracture; if one must have a word known to literature, we can quote Shakespeare's famous "honorificabilitudinitatibus" (twenty-seven letters). But, for fear that some may urge that this word smacks of Latin, we add the following, the chemical terminology for cocaine, for which a Boston medical journal is authority: "methylbenzomethoxyethyltetrahydropyridinecarboxylate." This word contains the equivalent of two complete alphabets (fifty-two letters), and we think it may be safely asserted that it is the longest word in the English language.—OWEGO.

96. *What historical foundation is there for the poem "Barbara Frietchie"?*

This question has been much discussed, and the pros and cons may be summed up as follows:

Mrs. Southworth, the novelist, sent Whittier the incident, and its truth has since been testified to by Dorothea Dix, who investigated the matter in Frederick, by an officer of the army, and by a Southern soldier, who declared that his was one of the shots that struck the flag-staff. On the other side are General Jubal Early and two others, who testify that Jackson's corps did not pass through the street where Dame Frietchie lived. A Washington correspondent of the *Baltimore Sun* stated, a few years ago, that the *real* heroine of the poem was Mrs. Mary A. Quantrell, and that the Quantrell family have letters from Whittier acknowledging the mistake. Mrs. Quantrell—at that time thirty-two years old—did wave a flag conspicuously, but was not molested in the least, though a small toy flag which her little daughter held was twice struck from her hand by a passing soldier. Mr. Whittier himself has written, "The story came to me from sources which I regarded as entirely reliable; it had been published in newspapers, and had gained public credence in Washington and Maryland, before my poem was written. I had no reason then to doubt its accuracy, and I am still constrained to believe that it had foundation in fact."

97. *What is the origin of "news" as applied to newspapers?*

It is commonly said that this word did not originate from *new*, meaning new things, but that it is derived from the initial letters of the four points of the compass arranged in this fashion 
$$\begin{array}{c} N \\ \vdots \\ W - \text{+} - E \\ \vdots \\ S \end{array}$$
,—a device which was placed at the top of

some of the early news-sheets to indicate that their contents were derived from all quarters. But it will not take long to show that, on other grounds than its improbability, such an assertion is not to be believed. In the first place, while the first regular English newspaper dates from 1662, we find the word *news*, *exactly in its modern sense*, in common use by Shakespeare, who, it will be remembered, died almost fifty years earlier (1616). Witness the following quotations:

How now! What news?

*Macbeth*, i. 7.

But let time's news be known.

*Winter's Tale*, iv., Cho.

Even at that news he dies.

*King John*, iii. 2.

Base news-mongers!

*Henry IV.*, iii. 2.

News-crammed.

*As You Like It*, i. 2.

This list, which might be extended indefinitely by reference to Shakespeare and other old writers, would seem sufficient to disprove the North-East-West-South theory; but a reference to the equivalent words in the tongues to which English is most nearly related will further show its fallacy. In German the initials of the points of the compass, read in this order, give N-O-W-S, while the

word for news is *neuigkeiten*, obviously impossible of derivation from these four letters, while it is derived from the word for *new*; in French the initials are N-E-O-S, the word for news, *nouvelles*, again simply the plural form of *new*. Moreover, the French and German words come from the same root as our English *new*. Can one believe that these initials—read in an unnatural order—give us the word which is exactly equivalent, both in form and derivation, to the naturally-derived words of the kindred languages?—OWEGO.

### 98. Who was the Gabbon Saer?

The Gabbon (or Gobbon) Saer is said by the historians of ancient Ireland to have been the builder of the Round Towers. He is thought to have lived in Ireland in the first Christian age of that country, the sixth century; but his birth, life, and death are involved in great obscurity and many legends. In the oldest period of Irish history he was a most popular personage, and is said to have been the rival of St. Patrick himself in the affections of the people, although they seem to have known little or nothing about him. No one could tell whence he came, or what was his name, or age, or rank. There were many surmises as to his origin, and those who did not believe him to be a direct descendant of the Druids thought he had once been a pagan, or a mighty conjurer, whose evil gifts had lost their power when St. Patrick flooded them with the light of Christianity. He was called "The Master," or "Gabbon Saer," because of the wondrous towers or *cloiteachs* which he erected; these were tall, straight, pillar-like structures, exquisitely round, which he set up as indexes to mark holy ground, in glens, on the lowlands, and on the river-banks. Some of the people believed that he had taken a vow to distinguish his ancestors thus, and that underneath these buildings lay buried the bones of heroes, martyrs, and other holy men. He lived apart and solitary, and seemed to shun the sports and councils in which the people met; he was never seen to address a woman, taste of wine, or kneel in worship; although he was known to perform some religious rites whose nature was not recognized by those whom chance made his companions. His labor of building the towers completed, he passed away from the sight of men as mysteriously as he had come. None knew the manner of his death, but it was believed that his body had floated away, like a breath on the sea-mist. In Innisfail, Ireland, traces of these strange towers may still be seen; and many stories are told of the Gabbon Saer's supernatural powers,—how he split the great rocks in two by a single touch, and how he built giant ships, and created seas in the hollow of his hand for them to sail upon; but

Doubt overhangs his fate, and faith, and birth;  
His works alone attest his life and lore;  
They are the only witnesses he hath,—  
All else Egyptian darkness covers o'er.—DAVUS.

### 99. When and where did envelopes originate?

Before Sir Rowland Hill introduced the penny-post, envelopes were little used, as a double charge was made for a paper enclosed in another, however thin each might be; even the smallest clipping from a newspaper necessitated an extra fee. Consequently, after this rule was strictly enforced, only franked letters were enveloped, although it had once been considered a mark of more respect to use an envelope, and a point of etiquette in writing to a superior.

The penny-post was established January 10, 1840. The use of envelopes became common after May 6, 1840, when stamped and adhesive envelopes were introduced. The first envelope-making machine was invented by Edwin Hill, brother of Rowland: Hill and De la Rue's machine for folding envelopes was patented March 17, 1845.

The invention of envelopes has been attributed to S. K. Brewer, a bookseller and stationer of Brighton, about 1830. He had some small sheets of paper for sale, on which it was difficult to write the address; he invented for these a small envelope, and had metal plates made for cutting them to the required shapes and sizes. They caught the fancy of the Brighton ladies, and his orders multiplied,

so that he finally had them made for him by Dobbs & Co., of London, which was the beginning of the trade.

There is no doubt, however, that envelopes were in use before the time of the worthy Brighton bookseller. As far as is known, the idea of post-paid envelopes originated early in the reign of Louis XIV., with M. de Valfyer, who in 1653 established with the royal approval a private post, and placed boxes at the corners of streets for the reception of letters wrapped in envelopes which were sold at offices established for that purpose. Piron is the authority for this statement. Valfyer had also artificial *formes de billet* or notes applicable to the ordinary business communications of the inhabitants of large towns, with blanks which were to be filled up by pen with such special matter as the writer desired. One of these *billets* has been preserved to our time by a fortunate misapplication. Péliasson, the friend of Madame de Sévigné, and of whom it was said that he "abused the privilege which men have of being ugly," was amused at this skeleton correspondence, and filled up a blank form with a letter to Mlle. de Scudéry, addressing her as "Sappho" and signing himself "Pisandre," according to the pedantic fashion of the day. The billet is still extant, and is probably the oldest example of a prepaid envelope.

In the State Paper Office is a letter addressed to the Right Hon. Sir William Trumbull, Secretary of State, by Sir James Ogilvie, May 16, 1696. It is attached to an envelope, size 4½ by 3 inches, cut nearly the same as our modern envelopes.

The next example is an autograph letter (in an envelope) of Louis XIV. to his son by Madame de Montespan, the Count de Toulouse, admiral of the fleet at the siege of Barcelona. It is dated April 29, 1706, Versailles, written, sealed, and addressed by the royal hand.

While envelopes continued in general use in France, they were used in England only for official or franked correspondence.

In Le Sage's "Gil Blas" (book iv., chap. v., published in 1735), Aurora de Gusman takes two *billets*, "les cacheta tous deux, y mit une enveloppe et me donnait le paquet," etc. Swift, indeed, in his "Advice to Grub Street Verse-Writers," 1726, tells them to have all their verses printed fair, leaving a margin wide, and then

Send these to paper-sparing Pope,  
And when he sits to write,  
No letter in an envelope  
Could give him more delight.

But it has been conjectured that this did not refer to anything resembling our modern envelope, which could have been of little use to Pope, but merely to a half-sheet used as a cover.

But among the papers of an old family of Yorkshire is an envelope of thin paper exactly like the square modern pattern, sent from Geneva in 1759. And in the Egerton MSS. (39, fol. 27, Brit. Mus.) is one precisely like ours, with an ornamented border, containing a letter written in 1760 by Madame de Pompadour to the Duchesse d'Aiguillon. There is also extant a letter sent by Frederick the Great of Prussia to an English general in his service, July 28, 1766, from Potsdam, having as a cover an envelope of coarse German paper, precisely like those in use at present, except that it opens not at the top, but at the end, like those used by lawyers for deeds.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine*, May, 1811, is the copy of a letter from Father O'Leary, of which it is said, "the envelope being lost, the exact direction cannot be ascertained, but it is known to be addressed to Mr. Kirwan, Dublin."

Charles Lamb writes to Bernard Barton, March 20, 1826, "When I write to a great man at the Court end, he opens with surprise upon a naked note, such as Whitechapel people interchange with no sweet degrees of envelope. I never enclosed one bit of paper in another, nor understood the rationale of it. Once only I sealed with borrowed wax, to set Walter Scott a-wondering, signed with the imperial quartered arms of England, which my friend Field bears in compliment to his descent in the female line from Oliver Cromwell. It must have set his antiquarian curiosity upon watering."

While the use of envelopes was still uncommon, people frequently cut and folded them for their own convenience, using a cardboard model. In Laman Blanchard's "Life and Literary Remains of L. E. L." (d. 1838), the poetess

asks to have sent her "slate-pencils, a quire or so of small colored note-paper, and a pasteboard pattern of letter-envelopes."

Now that letters are rated by weight and not according to the "single or double" method, more than two million letters in envelopes pass daily through the post-office.—ONE OF A THOUSAND.

### 100. *Why are opals considered unlucky?*

The belief that the opal is unlucky is of modern origin, for in ancient times it was held in the highest esteem. The Greeks called it *keraunios*, or thunder-stone, believing that it fell from heaven with the lightning. It was thought to render the wearer amiable, to bring love and joy, to dissipate melancholy, preserve from foul air, cure syncope and heart-troubles, confer invisibility, and to sharpen and strengthen the sight, while it was a remedy for diseases of the eye. These last fancies probably arose from its Greek name, *ophthalmius*, or eye-stone (Lat. *opalus* or *ophthalmus*). In old English books it is spoken of as *ophal*.

The story of the Roman who suffered banishment and the loss of his estates rather than part with his opal is well known. The epithet "*Paideros*" was applied to it, because it recalled the blooming complexion of Cupid. Because it had the colors of all the other precious stones, it was supposed to possess all their virtues. In the Middle Ages it was called the "orphan stone." Grimm says it was highly valued by the Teutonic nation, and there is a mythic story that Wieland Smith made opals out of children's eyes. The opal was said to influence October and to symbolize hope.

The modern superstition is hard to trace to its origin. Augustus C. Hamlin, in his "*Leisure Hours among the Gems*," says, "Possibly the dread of the opal may have descended from neolithic times, like the superstitions concerning the ancient stone implements now in Western Europe, called 'elf-stones.'"

A black opal is thought to bring luck, and a white opal misfortune. Perhaps the belief rose from its use as a love-token, which was indicative of the constancy or faithlessness of the absent lover by its colors growing bright or cloudy. But this in itself can hardly explain it, for the opal would not cause the desertion,—would only indicate it. The Central-American opals are said to fade and recover their hues on exposure to atmospheric influences or the polishing-wheel. Nor can the reason be found in its fragility, as that would only increase its value.

To show its malignant influence are instanced Mark Antony, who forced Nonnius to resign his opal, Nadir Shah, whose opal was stolen by Prince Potemkin, and Leopold II. of Germany. The Empress Eugénie was superstitious in regard to this gem, but Queen Victoria possesses several fine specimens. Mawe gives no reason for the belief in his "*Treatise on Diamonds*" (1822), but H. Emanuel, in "*Diamonds and Precious Stones*," says that after the publication in 1829 of Scott's "*Anne of Geierstein*" the opal went out of fashion and the trade was greatly injured. Other writers confirm this opinion. In the second chapter of that novel Donnerhugel narrates the legend of Arnheim, which is, in brief, that the baron of that castle took lessons in the black art from a Persian who was carried away by (supposably) the evil one, and sent his daughter to take his place, warning the baron not to marry her. The baron disregarded this, and married his maiden tutor, who is represented as beautiful and always wearing a superb opal on her brow. Some malicious person, doubting the lady's orthodoxy, threw holy water on the jewel, when it immediately lost its lustre, and the baroness died shortly after. This may be only a parable of fire *vs.* water, for the heroine appears at the first ray of the sun, in the place where her father had left his sacred fire, and after her death no trace of her was discovered except a handful of ashes. Her actions are light and flame-like, and the opal with which her destiny is bound up shoots forth flames. Whether this interpretation be correct or not, in the fourth chapter of the second volume Anne speaks of it as only "a fairy-tale," and says that "as for the opal, it did indeed grow pale, but only because it is said to be the nature of that noble gem on the approach of poison," which really caused the death of the baroness. The hydrophane, or Mexican opal, which loses its beauty if wet, is of course referred to.

Another explanation refers the superstition to the legend of Robert the Devil.—ONE OF A THOUSAND.



### THE LOG COLLEGE AND EARLY PRESBYTERIANISM IN PENNSYLVANIA.\*

WE are wont to look upon the Province of Pennsylvania as a spot where Quakers alone did congregate, yet as early as 1702, as appears from a letter to the Proprietary from his Secretary, James Logan, the population of Pennsylvania was about equally divided between Friends and others. A large proportion of the others was composed of Scotch-Irish immigrants, whose characteristics were destined to impress themselves as deeply upon the life of the Colony as those of the original settlers. For wherever these Scots made their home, whether by the Irish Sea in Ulster, or in the primeval forests of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, they proved themselves to be thrifty, hard-working, honest citizens and strong unwavering Protestants. Driven away from the land they had planted under James I. by the exaction of religious tests whose denial would have proved as injurious to their business as their acceptance would have proved to their consciences, and further impeded in worldly progress by the passage of certain exportation laws, a part of the fatuous policy that has ever governed the English rule in Ireland, these emigrants came to Pennsylvania to gain the freedom in secular and religious life that was insured them by the liberal proposals of the Proprietary. If each one of the widely different denominations that migrated to these shores brought with him the prejudices and bigotries of his own especial religious institution, and if the Presbyterian settlers seemed at times to possess a larger share of conscientious disabilities than most of the others, let it be remembered of what stern stuff they were made,—fit framework for the building of a nation!—and that if they had left Ireland to escape tests and laws that hampered them in conscience and pocket it is not remarkable that they should have proved a trifle contumacious with regard to the same sort of rocks and snags in Provincial Pennsylvania.

With so many and various views, religious and secular, prevailing among these settlers, it redounds to the honor of those who administered the affairs of the Province that no bitter persecutions, such as those that stained the pages of the early history of New England, cast their shadows athwart the fair records of this Colony. If James Logan complained of the "Presbyterian leaven" coming among them, and scornfully denominated as "that black gentleman" the Episcopal clergyman sent over by the mother Church to minister to those of her flock in Philadelphia, and if William Penn himself indulged in satirical allusions to the gaudy Common Prayer Books and fine communion-table presented by the bishop as calculated to charm the baby in the Bishop

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\* In preparing this little sketch of the Log College the writer takes pleasure in acknowledging her indebtedness to the Rev. D. K. Turner, D.D., of Hartsville, Pennsylvania, historian of Neshaminy Church, who has generously placed his storehouse of reminiscence at her disposal, and to Dr. Murphy, of Frankford, chosen historian of the celebration of September, 1889.—A. H. W.

of London as well as in Parson Evans, the war was one of words, and not very sharp words either, and Scotch Presbyterian, English Episcopalian, Roman Catholic, Baptist, and Methodist found in the Quaker Province of Pennsylvania, as in the Roman Catholic settlement of Maryland, the freedom to worship God for which many of them had exiled themselves from home and country.

The honor of having led the van in the establishment of Presbyterianism in America is claimed by a number of churches. Among those which have the best showing are a very old church on the Elizabeth River, Virginia, Mr. Makemie's church at Snow Hill, Maryland, and three others, over which he presided at the same time, at Rehoboth, Wicomico, and Monokin, all on the Eastern Shore, and all established at least twenty years before the close of the seventeenth century. Although these and other Presbyterian churches antedate those of Pennsylvania, of which that of Philadelphia, founded about 1698, seems to have been the earliest, the honor of convening the first American Presbytery belongs to this State.

As early as 1705 the Presbytery of Philadelphia was formed, consisting of seven ministers,—Jedidiah Andrews, from New England, Francis Makemie, John Hampton, George McNish, Samuel Davis, and Nathaniel Taylor and John Wilson, both from Scotland. The Rev. Jedidiah Andrews presided over the Philadelphia Presbyterians, who in common with their Baptist brethren used a store belonging to the "Barbadoes Company." It is evidently of this congregation that Talbot, Episcopal missionary at Burlington, writes in 1702, "The Presbyterians here come a great way to lay hands on one another; but, after all, I think they had as good stay at home, for all the good they do. . . . In Philadelphia, one pretends to be a Presbyterian, and has a congregation to which he preaches." A curious commentary upon the fashion in which these early Christian settlers obeyed the rule which admonished them to love one another!

It is to commemorate the establishment of this first American Presbytery, the nucleus of the great Presbyterian organization that has since spread its net-work of churches all over the land, that men and women will gather from near and from far at Hartsville in the early September days of this year '89. It is not only because the church at Neshaminy is an old one, dating back some time previous to 1726, or because in its graveyard rest the ashes of Tennent, Irwin, and other revered fathers of the Church, that the fair hill-sides overlooking the picturesque banks of the Neshaminy have been chosen as the scene of this important reunion; but because one of their slopes was the site of the first college of the Presbyterian Church in the Middle Colonies. Indeed, the Log College, so named in derision by its enemies, founded in 1726, claims the honor of being the first institution west of the Hudson where young men could enjoy the advantages of a collegiate course. Harvard had opened its doors since 1638, and Yale since 1701; but Cambridge and New Haven were, in those days of slow travel, remote from the Southern Colonies, and even from the Provinces of New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Consequently, when the Rev. William Tennent, from Ireland, recently appointed pastor of the Neshaminy Church, conceived the idea

of establishing an institution for the education of his own sons and of other pious young men, with particular reference to the ministry within the bounds of the Presbyterian Church, a great step was taken in the progress of education in America as well as in that of this particular denomination. This classical school, situated on the Old York Road, which was the direct route of travel between Philadelphia and New York, and presided over by a scholarly and godly divine, was destined to be a light-bearer whose influence can scarcely be computed in these days of many schools and of too many so-called colleges.

The Log College was not only of great service in its day as the Alma Mater of many learned and useful men, but was also the beneficent mother of many classical schools and colleges, as the school established at Londonderry, Pennsylvania (once Fagg's Manor), by the Rev. Samuel Blair, a graduate of Log College, and that of Nottingham, Maryland, presided over by another of its alumni, Samuel Finley, sometime President of Princeton College, which institution, founded in 1748, was, says Dr. Archibald Alexander, an outgrowth of the Log College in the sense that most of its active friends and founders had received their education in it, or in one of its branches. In a like sense, the Colleges of Jefferson, Pennsylvania, and Hampden-Sidney and Washington, in Virginia, trace back their ancestry to the same humble pioneer institution at Neshaminy.

The curious visitor of to-day, who takes the East Penn Railroad train at Glenside (once Abington) and passes from the country-side around Jenkintown, distinguished for its lovely hills crowned with noble residences, to the more picturesque if less elaborately cultivated region beyond, where capacious Pennsylvania barns and peaceful farm-houses dot the landscape, and on through Bonair, where runs the line which divides Montgomery from Bucks County, will feel, when he approaches Hartsville, that he is entering into some Happy Valley far away from the noise and turmoil of the great world.

On the right-hand side of the Old York Road, about a mile south of the town, is the site of the Log College, a gently sloping field, high above the road, where from the trees of the forest Mr. Tennent built his little school-house. Opposite is his own residence, part of the house with its stone chimney standing as in his day, the remainder having been added by more recent owners. As there were no dormitories attached to the institution, the pupils were boarded in the country round about and by Mr. Tennent himself, whose labor was most truly one of love, and who seems to have even involved himself in financial difficulties in order to assist some of the hungry-minded youths who flocked to the College, eager to reap the advantages of his ripe Old-World scholarship. Mr. Tennent was a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, and had been ordained a deacon and priest in the Episcopal Church. Soon after his arrival in America, about 1716, he applied to the Synod of Philadelphia for admission into the Presbyterian Church. He gives a number of reasons for this important step, chiefly of a doctrinal nature; but reading between the lines it seems not improbable that his marriage with Catharine Kennedy, who belonged to a family of devoted Presbyterians who had suffered much for conscience' sake, may have had

a not inconsiderable influence upon Mr. Tennent's religious choice. Of his learning there seems to have been no more question than of his piety and integrity, of both of which abundant testimony remains. The Hon. Elias Boudinot, who was intimately acquainted with him, says that he was so skilled in the Latin language that he could converse in it with as much facility as in his vernacular tongue, and that he was proficient in other ancient languages.

The only contemporary picture of the Log College that comes down to us is from the pen of the evangelist Whitefield, who visited Mr. Tennent at Neshaminy in 1739 and preached to a congregation of three thousand persons in the meeting-house yard. In his own quaint language he thus speaks of the Tennents and the school: "His wife to me seemed like Elizabeth, and he like Zachary; both, as far as I can learn, walk in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless. The place wherein the young men study now is in contempt called *the College*. It is a log house, about twenty feet long, and near as many broad; and to me it seemed to resemble the school of the old prophets, for their habitations were mean; and that they sought not great things for themselves is plain from those passages of Scripture, wherein we are told that each of them took a beam to build them a house; and that at the feast of the sons of the prophets, one of them put on the pot, whilst the others went to fetch some herbs out of the field. All that we can say of most of our universities is, they are glorious without. From this despised place, seven or eight worthy ministers of Jesus have lately been sent forth." In addition to the Tennents, of whom Mr. Whitefield speaks as "four gracious sons," each one of whom deserves particular mention, there were educated in the Log College such eminent divines as the Blairs, Samuel Finley, Charles Beatty, William Robinson, John Rowland, and many more. Gilbert Tennent, the eldest of the sons, was entirely instructed by his father, and so well that he passed a creditable examination before the Presbytery of Philadelphia, after which it is probable that he spent some months in assisting his father in his pedagogical duties in the College before he accepted a call to the church at New Brunswick. It is evident that he was a man of great natural gifts and of strong character. Mr. Whitefield calls him a son of thunder, and says of his preaching, "Never before heard I such a searching sermon. He went to the bottom indeed, and did not daub with untempered mortar." From his own letters and from contemporaneous accounts we gather that the Rev. Gilbert possessed in large measure the zealous and uncompromising spirit of the early Reformers. Counting it his mission to bring not peace, but a sword, he stirred up dissensions in the Church, for which he was severely condemned by some of his brother ministers. The general consensus of opinion seems to be that, if overbearing and intolerant, he was filled with a burning zeal for what he believed to be the truth, and if willing to sacrifice others to its propagation he counted not his own life a too great offering to the same good cause.

Mr. Tennent's younger son, William, who studied in the Log College, and later with his brother Gilbert at New Brunswick, while under the latter's roof was the subject of a most remarkable experience, of

which no less an authority than Dr. Archibald Alexander, of Princeton, gives us a graphic description. Although well known in the past century, Mr. Tennent's experiences during a prolonged trance or cataleptic seizure may be new to many readers of to-day. While applying himself closely to his studies, preparatory to his examination by the Presbytery, young Mr. Tennent's health became so delicate that his life was despaired of. He was attended by a physician who was attached to him by the warmest feelings of friendship. One morning, while conversing with his brother in Latin on the state of his soul, which troubled him greatly, he fainted and died away. After the usual time he was laid out on a board, according to the common practice of the country, and the neighborhood was invited to attend his funeral on the next day. In the evening his physician and friend returned from a ride in the country, and was afflicted beyond measure at the news of his death. He could not be persuaded that it was really so, and on being told that one of the persons who assisted in laying out the body had thought he had observed a little tremor of the flesh under the arm, he endeavored to ascertain the fact, and affirmed that he felt an unusual warmth under the arm and at the heart. He had the body restored to a warm bed, and insisted that those who had been invited to attend the funeral should be requested not to attend. To these proceedings Gilbert Tennent seriously objected, the eyes being sunk, the lips discolored, and the whole body cold and stiff. Love and friendship, however, persevered, and all possible means were used to discover symptoms of returning life. Three days passed without success, and the neighboring friends once more assembled to attend the funeral of William Tennent. His friend and physician, who had never quitted him, night or day, still begged for an hour's reprieve, and while bending over him noticed that the tongue was much swollen and threatened to crack. While endeavoring to soften it with some emollient ointment put upon a feather, Gilbert Tennent entered the room, and, mistaking what the doctor was doing for an attempt to feed his brother, manifested some resentment, and exclaimed, "It is shameful to be feeding a lifeless corpse!" At this moment, to the astonishment of all present, the corpse asserted itself by giving a deep groan, after which it sunk again into apparent death. This sign of vitality of course put an end to all thoughts of a funeral, and in a short time other indications of life appeared. Mr. Tennent continued in feeble health for some months, and one day it transpired that he had lost all recollection of his previous life and studies. The once brilliant scholar was taught to read like a little child, and his brother began to instruct him in the rudiments of the Latin language. One day, as he was reciting a lesson in Cornelius Nepos, he suddenly started, clapped his hand to his head, as if something had hurt him, and made a pause. When his brother asked him what was the matter, he replied that he felt a sudden shock in his head, and that then it seemed as if he had read that book before. By degrees his memory of past events was restored, and he found himself able to read and speak the Latin as fluently as before his illness.

This event made a great stir at the time of its occurrence, and, although William Tennent was not then residing in his father's house,



the story of his strange experience is inseparably connected with the history and traditions of Hartsville, as is an anecdote related by Dr. Franklin in his autobiography of one of its ministers, the Rev. Charles Beatty. Dr. Beatty was acting as chaplain to the army of five hundred men led by Franklin to defend the frontier against the French and Indians after the burning of the Moravian mission at Gnadenhütten, Penn. "Dr. Beatty complained to me," says Franklin, "that the men did not generally attend his prayers and exhortations. When they were enlisted, they were promised, besides hay and provisions, a gill of rum a day, which was punctually served out to them, half in the morning, and the other half in the evening; and I observed they were as punctual in attending to receive it; upon which I said to Mr. Beatty, 'It is perhaps below the dignity of your profession to act as steward of the rum, but if you were to deal it out, and only just after prayers, you would have them all about you.'" The shrewd suggestion was adopted by Dr. Beatty, and the philosophic Franklin adds, "Never were prayers more generally and more punctually attended; so that I thought this method preferable to the punishment inflicted by some military laws for non-attendance on divine service." We may well say with the Northern bard, in reflecting on this anecdote,

Old times are changed, old manners gone,

when a Presbyterian minister felt it to be not against his conscience to measure out rum to his flock; but, as each one received but half a gill at a time, may not the reverend gentleman have considered that, in a certain sense, he was assisting a temperance movement?

The town of Hartsville, once Neshaminy, and now bearing the name of Colonel William Hart, who owned large tracts of land hereabouts, is also on the York Road; but the church over which Mr. Tennent presided is situated on the Bristol Road, a short distance north of the town. The present church was built in 1745; but, having been twice renovated, its modern appearance may disappoint the antiquarian visitor, who will, however, find ample compensation if he step across the road to the old cemetery, where the church of 1726 stood, where rest the ashes of the founder of the Log College, and within whose enclosure are buried many of the early settlers of Bucks County, as the names of Hart, Kerr or Carr, Jamison, Darrah, Prior, Ramsey, Mearns, and Long, engraved on the moss-grown tombstones, testify. Although his remains do not rest in the old graveyard, but in Bardstown, Kentucky, along these road-sides and by the banks of the Neshaminy John Fitch, the inventor, walked and talked and thought out his great problems. He tells us in his autobiography, which is dedicated to his friend and patron the Rev. Nathaniel Irwin, that one Sunday, after listening to one of his sermons in the old church, and while watching Mr. Sinton and his wife drive along rapidly in their "chaise," he conceived the idea of vehicles being propelled by steam, from which he finally evolved the theory that a steam-engine might be invented for moving carriages and boats. As if to connect the Hartsville of the past not only with the world of science and invention of to-day, but also with the nation's political life in the last decade, it transpires that in the Neshaminy

graveyard rest the remains of Simpsons, ancestors of General Grant, and of Scotts, not a few, from whom the wife of the present Chief Executive of the United States is descended.

If President Harrison and his wife visit Hartsville during the September celebration, drawn thither by their interest in Presbyterianism and by memories of those who sleep in the old cemetery, their children's progenitors, they will find still other landmarks, than those connected with the church, clustering about this quaint little village. For on the York Road, over which all who visit the Log College must pass, Benjamin Franklin, while serving as Deputy-Postmaster for the Colonies, drove back and forth between New York and Philadelphia, superintending the postal service of the country, not unfrequently carrying the mail-bag himself in his old-fashioned chaise, if we may judge by his ordinary methods of conducting business. On the same road, a half-mile north of the town, is a house in excellent preservation, in which General Washington spent two weeks, with his army encamped on these hill-sides, before he marched through Philadelphia to meet the British on the field of Brandywine. It was here also that the young Marquis de Lafayette, filled with an ardent enthusiasm for liberty, laid at the feet of the Commander-in-Chief the sword that had already been accepted by Congress.

Down this road the army passed, beside the flowing stream, through the little village, and on through the rolling country whose broad and fertile fields proclaimed Bucks County a fitter land for the trade of the farmer than for that of the soldier. And so, to commemorate the centenary of no battle-field, however glorious, will men and women congregate here in September days, but to celebrate with song and speech the victories of peace and righteousness.

*Anne H. Wharton.*

### THE WORLD KNOWS BEST.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;  
Weep, and you weep alone.

WHAT would you? The world cannot borrow  
Your woes, and your doubts, and your fears:  
Old earth has its own heart-sorrow;  
It needs your smiles, not your tears.

O moaner, your moan would grow deeper—  
For who could sing in gay tone?—  
Should the world turn to weep with the weeper,  
And the laugher laugh alone.

*Henry Collins.*

## AN ANSWER TO DR. BONWILL.

THE novel points made by Dr. Bonwill in his article against evolution in the August *Lippincott's* certainly call for some comment from the advocates of evolution, though the task is none too easy a one, from the lack of anything very tangible to combat. Possibly the book promised by the author may present facts and arguments worthy the best weapons of the reviewer, but a long list of claims unsupported by evidence has no sounder standing in the court of science than it would have in a court of law. Dr. Bonwill, it is true, makes certain assertions, some of them, indeed, quite remarkable assertions, and with these alone criticism can deal. Of these assertions, that on which he rests with all the emphasis of italics, and which forms the corner-stone of his series of claims, is "that the lower jaw of man is an equilateral triangle, and that all races have it, and that it has so existed from the advent of the first man." Even should we grant that all this was well-proved fact, we cannot perceive its relevancy, or how evolution must suffer in consequence. That it is fact in the case of all men may very safely be denied. Granting that an equilateral triangle may be drawn in the manner he proposes within regularly-shaped jaws, what are we to do with the case of retreating jaws, and what with prognathous jaws? As regards the jaw of the first man, it may safely be asked whence Dr. Bonwill got his precise information. Anthropologists would be very glad to see the jaw from which he made his measurements. That human jaws are by no means all of the same exact shape must be admitted, and the variations which they undoubtedly display are all that the Darwinists ask for. Darwin's claim is that from such slight variations great variations have gradually arisen, and that through a long accumulation of minute changes new species of animals have emerged from older species.

The hypothesis of Dr. Bonwill is founded on the assumed perfection of the equilateral triangle, the hexagon, and the circle. In what respect perfect? In what conceivable sense is a hexagon more perfect than an octagon or a square, or an equilateral than a right-angled triangle? That any one geometrical figure is particularly "perfect," and can claim superiority in the order of nature on that account, may be "recognized" by Dr. Bonwill, but has certainly never been recognized by mathematicians.

Our theorist goes on to claim that as "we have no evidence that there is such a thing as a straight line in nature," therefore "nature must abhor a straight line," and must have provided at least three worlds in the beginning for fear a straight line of motion might, at least temporarily, and in disregard of the dictum of nature and Dr. Bonwill, have existed, or rather, as he expresses it, "in order to counterbalance each other and make the first law of motion a fact." How the law that a body in motion will move forever in a straight line unless deflected by the action of surrounding bodies is proved to be a fact by taking from it all opportunity of being demonstrated, is not stated by the writer; nor does he tell us what serious disaster to nature would have occurred if by any chance a body had moved in a straight line for a brief period, or if less than three spheres had for a time existed.

If his argument that nature abhors a straight line be well founded, what is to become of our equilateral triangle, which is entirely compounded of straight

lines, and must therefore be an object of nature's special detestation, rather than her standard of perfection? Dr. Bonwill proceeds to declare that it is impossible "to conceive of the existence at any time in the history of life of an organ that was not globular," or of the existence of such an organ "alone at any moment for a single instant." As to this remarkable assertion, the real difficulty seems to be to conceive of an organ that ever was globular. Certainly the eye of man never beheld such a phenomenon, and man has looked pretty closely into the make-up of organs. Why need we trouble ourselves to "conceive," when we can place organs at any time we please before our eyes for inspection? He who perceives a perfect globe among them will certainly win fame as a discoverer; though just what he means by this statement we confess ourselves unable to discover. In regard to the second assertion, as the words "moment" and "instant" have nearly or quite the same meaning, it is equally doubtful what is meant to be shown. Dr. Bonwill continues, "I claim that the bare assertion of attraction and repulsion is evidence that there must have been a third factor giving power to these, and that, as evolution has to begin from a single germ, the first law of motion denies the theory." Yet what is to hinder attraction and repulsion acting between two bodies as readily as between three? And who besides Dr. Bonwill has declared "that evolution *has to begin* from a single germ"? It seems to us that it is not the first law of motion, but its peculiar interpreter, that "denies" the theory. In regard to an *assertion* being *evidence* we shall say nothing, as his whole article is based on this assumption.

Has not Dr. Bonwill drifted far out to sea in this philosophical disquisition? What in the world it has to do with the question of the perfection of the human jaw it would take more than an ordinary mortal to discover, and I, being but an ordinary mortal, must give up the task. A more definite claim is the following: "That life could not have been prolonged without the fittest—the most efficient—organ having been made at the earliest stage; otherwise it could not have been continued;" and, as before said, the human jaw is the fittest, in short the mathematically perfect, organ of mastication. This decision is a little hard on the lower animals. Nature has dealt with them unkindly in not providing them with human jaws. It is true, the browsing cow might have had some difficulty in masticating grass with such an organ, and have called loudly on nature to give it back its imperfect but very useful jaw. And how about the claim that the most efficient organ must have been made at the earliest stage? Man's jaw was late in coming. Dr. Bonwill may claim in reply that the jaw of each animal is perfectly adapted to the masticatory demands of that animal. Yet this would be a ruinous admission, for it would yield us at once a long series of lower jaws, each peculiar in shape, and each perfect in its way. The main difference between the jaws of mammals, indeed, is that there is a gradual foreshortening from the grass-eaters to the fruit- and flesh-eaters, and that the jaw of man seems to be of the fruit-eating type, as shown in its resemblance to that of the *Quadrupana*. That it is very well adapted to this purpose must be admitted, but it would be strikingly ill adapted to a ruminant animal; while if such a jaw were given to a crocodile or a shark said creature would certainly find itself seriously discommoded by the perfection of its masticatory apparatus.

Another assertion worthy of remark is the following: "All organic life that has motion must have some point of attachment for muscles, or a fulcrum by which the levers act, since they are not, as claimed by evolutionists, single globes of jelly, having single organs to perform different functions." There is reason

to believe that the writer has not said here just what he meant, for in that case he would not have given us a collocation of words without meaning. What are not "single globes of jelly"? The muscles? If so, what evolutionist has claimed that they are? It is to be supposed that evolutionists have some remote knowledge of anatomy. And does Dr. Bonwill wish to deny the existence of the Amœbæ, which are single masses of jelly, yet which move and perform different functions without muscles or fulcrums?

As to his further claims of what natural selection can, or cannot, do, they are of the same type as the above. It may be asked in what essential "death to the weakest" differs from "survival of the fittest," and on what ground it is declared that the disuse of any organ, or of the combined organs, can change no part of any animal. Certainly if any organ were disused there would be a decided change in the animal. But here again it is probable that the wicked words have gone astray, and made the writer say something very different from what he intended.

Limitation of space prevents our treating the subject at the length we should like, and we must conclude with reference to one or two further points. In regard to the duplication of the human eye spoken of, it may be admitted that opticians can make a more perfect optical apparatus than the eye. Yet this affair of metal and glass would be very far indeed from duplicating the human eye. The optician takes advantage of the laws of light, as nature has done in the development of the eye, and that is all that need be said about it. But Dr. Bonwill makes the stunningly stupendous statements that "I have duplicated by design and intelligence the most complex organ in the human body, and made it perform the same function as the natural organ." "I claim that if I am able to form such a complex organ by a single act of creation I must be greater than nature." "The evolutionist must grant that I have produced what was either in existence from the beginning, or that I am a creator." Let us stop to take breath. The claimant has made a well-fitting set of false teeth, of metal or rubber and porcelain, in imitation of the surface formation of the mouth, and of the real teeth. Where is there here any duplication of the jaw, with its nerves, blood-vessels, various tissues of bone and flesh, and its other complications? Have there then been false teeth in existence from the beginning, and did the Creator use them as models of the human jaw? Or rather has not Dr. Bonwill found an organic mechanism in existence, and produced an imitation that to some extent answers the same purpose, but which is not in the most remote sense a duplication, and forthwith claimed to be a creator? If this claim is well founded, and creation is so easy, then the skilled sculptor may claim to be a creator to a far greater extent than our skilful dentist, for the former in his statue creates a whole human body, while the latter humbly limits his aspiration to the creation of a lower jaw.

*Charles Morris.*

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### BRIDE-CATCHING.

In these days, when to become a millionaire is a chief aim of life and the disposal of accumulated wealth its great anxiety, the marriage of an heiress is a great event. It requires much consideration, and, until all the conditions are accepted, the negotiations may be broken off at any moment and the expectant suitor dismissed. This is not restricted to the countries on either side of the



Atlantic which have in recent years made so many agreeable arrangements of this description. Fair Ireland has always been noted for its discreet marriages. Not forgetting that "when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window," the Irish maiden makes careful inquiry as to the future prospects of her suitor, while he is equally anxious to know the sum he is to receive with the girl he is courting. It is not so many years since that in some parts of Ireland love-matters were managed somewhat differently. The bride was carried off first, and the negotiations with her relations took place afterwards. Here, it is right to presume, the bride was a willing party to the abduction. In the "tuft-hunting" days it might be different. A man in search of a rich marriage has been known to engage a party of friends to assist him in carrying off an heiress by force, acting on the principle recognized in many parts of Northern and Eastern Europe up to about three hundred years ago, that possession of a woman gives a legal right to her hand. Terms of peace between the captor and the friends of the captive were arranged when the affair had gone so far that it could not be altered.

It is sometimes said that modern marriages are usually devoid of sentiment. This is not true, as in most cases sentiment is the real spring of action; just as it is among peoples who purchase their wives at a recognized market price, which varies, however, with the rank and wealth of the lady. Publicity may be given to the marriage in a somewhat different way from that adopted in New York or Paris. The bridesmaids and groomsmen are not wanting, and the wedding breakfast is amply provided for. The friends of both the bride and the "groom" gather together with their best attire to do honor to the occasion, but the ceremony they are to witness is very different from that which takes place in church or registrar's office. The parties chiefly concerned may have to take a more active part in it than would be thought agreeable by ladies and gentlemen of the present day. In Afghanistan a man may make sure of his bride by cutting off a lock of her hair, snatching away her veil, or throwing a sheet over her, if at the same time he declares her to be his affianced wife. This is a simple matter, however, and looks rather like taking the bride at a disadvantage. In Central Asia she is allowed fair play. Mounted on horseback, the girl gallops away at full speed, pursued by her suitor, who is successful or not according to the lady's inclination. Mr. Kennan, in his "Tent Life in Siberia," gives an amusing account of a bride-chase among the Koraks. Here the race was on foot and through the compartments of a large tent fixed up for the purpose. The compartments were arranged in a circle, the entrances being covered with heavy curtains. In front of them were stationed the women of the encampment, who raised the curtains for the girl to pass through, but held them down to impede the progress of the suitor, whom they thrashed soundly with willow and alder rods as he stooped to raise them. Not discouraged, however, the man struggled forward, and on reaching the last compartment he was rewarded by finding the lady waiting for him. Mr. Kennan thinks that the intention of the whole ceremony was to give the woman an opportunity of marrying or not, as she chose. This was evidently part of the intention, as the man could not have caught the girl against her wish; but the ceremony has something more in view. It gives publicity to a contract and renders it impossible for the husband or wife or their friends ever to deny the marriage. The Korak will not forget the blows he received in the wedding-tent, any more than the men who many years before accompanied the procession on beating the parish bounds, as still

practised in some parts of England, would forget the birching they then received with the long willow rods carried for the purpose.

The Rev. J. Mackenzie states that the Christian Bechuanas of South Africa are now becoming accustomed to regard the marriage-register in the native church as proof of marriage and of the legitimacy of the children, as well as of the consent of the wife's father and other relatives, evidence of which was supplied formerly by the payment of cattle. This must have been a somewhat unsatisfactory mode of proof. The desired notoriety was better attained by the sham fight usual among some of the hill-tribes of India. In many cases the bridal parties meet in hostile array at the entrance to the village of the bride, and a mimic fight takes place before the bridegroom's party is allowed to enter. Among the Khoords of Orissa the bridegroom, who is accompanied by a number of his friends, himself carries off the bride, notwithstanding the desperate attacks of a party of young women, who follow, throwing stones and bamboos at him, until he reaches his own village, when they run away home screaming and laughing. The Muási of Gondwana have wedding-customs of a milder character. As the bridegroom's cavalcade approaches the bride's house, there emerges "a troop of girls, all singing, headed by the mother of the bride, bearing on her head a vessel of water surmounted by a lighted chiragh (lamp). When they get near enough to the cavaliers, they pelt them with balls of rice, then coyly retreat, followed, of course, by the young men; but the girls make a stand at the door of the bride's house, and suffer none to enter till they have paid toll in presents to the bridesmaids."

The "ceremonial capture" of the uncultured races is thus public proof of the consent to the marriage not only of the bride, but also of her relations. It gives notoriety, moreover, to the fact that the bride has ceased to form part of her father's family, and that her children are to belong to the kindred of her husband. In Christian communities children always take the family name of their father, although it is not unusual where the parents are of different religions for an arrangement to be made as to the religion in which the children shall be brought up. With other peoples, however, children take their father's or their mother's family name according to the mode employed in tracing descent. It is not always that the bride is the object of capture. The Gáros of Northeastern India are divided into *maharis*, or motherhoods, and children take the family or mahari name of their mothers. Here it is the bride and her friends who go to the house of the bridegroom, who pretends to run away, but is quickly caught, and in spite of his resistance married, "amidst lamentations and counterfeited grief both on his part and that of his parents." This is an almost unique case of "ceremonial capture" associated with female kinship,—that is, the tracing of descent through the mother instead of the father.

*Staniland Wake.*

### THE STENOGRAPHER.

It is quite safe to say that no profession, trade, or business is so murdered as that of the short-hand-writer, and that there is none that the people at large are more ignorant of. I believe it is no exaggeration to say that there are not five accurate stenographers in every hundred,—i.e., men or women who have thoroughly acquired the system, and who can accurately write it as the author

of that system would have it written. The question may be asked, Why is this so? The reason is most patent, and in giving it I can base it upon many years' experience as a short-hand-writer, and no less an experience with the short-hand world.

When I commenced the study of short-hand I was one of a class of between forty and fifty pupils. We all started with the first lesson, each of us inflated with the idea that some day we should be dashing off our two hundred words a minute, and longing for that "some day" to come. On our second lesson there was a remarkable falling off in the attendance, and this continued to such an alarming extent that by the end of the first quarter there were but six of us left, and now there are only three of us who are following short-hand writing for a livelihood. It almost seems incredible that out of such an array of youths, full of ardor and ambition, but three should reach the desired goal. Inspired by curiosity, I was constrained to ask myself a few years later how came this state of things to happen. First of all, I asked myself, Who were these young men who ventured so far, what were their general abilities and aptitudes for the profession, and why did they so signally fail? The answer is as plain as it is conclusive, and should be taken home as a lesson to all aspirants for success as wielders of the mighty pen. In analyzing those pupils, I found that most of them were toiling through the day at all kinds of labor; one would be serving his time to be a carpenter, another a mechanic, a third perhaps was a gilded youth with more pocket-money than mental calibre, and so on, until I was satisfied that the real cause of their collapse was a total lack of necessary qualifications for the proper study of so difficult and delicate an art. It had entirely escaped those young men to ask themselves whether they were adapted for such a study, and they had overlooked the fact that it is impossible to make a Handel out of a street-organ-grinder, or a Shakespeare out of a bookseller. They had neglected to look into their qualifications and to inquire whether they had been sufficiently educated to know how to use "their" and "there" in their proper places, or to spell the simple word "unnecessarily" correctly. And what was true of those young men is true of most youths of to-day. Instead of investigating their adaptability for a calling which requires more natural fitness to make a success of than any other, they rashly overestimate their abilities and fall victims to their own weaknesses. After receiving a few elementary lessons, they launch out into the world as full-fledged stenographers, hopelessly and painfully overreaching their capacity, proud of their assumed skill, and audacious enough to claim for themselves the title of "stenographer." "Mongrel" stenographers of this class are filling positions as amanuenses throughout our large cities and towns, struggling week in and week out through their work, with the amazing capacity of seventy-five words a minute, but, because of the indulgence of employers, never taxed beyond fifty. Such, I am sorry to say, is the average stenographer of to-day. To illustrate my argument: let any one of my readers advertise for a stenographer in one of our daily papers, and in the same paper advertise for an *expert* stenographer, and he will have fifty more applicants for the former than for the latter. Comment is unnecessary.

A few hints regarding the make-up of a stenographer will perhaps prove useful to those contemplating the profession, and interesting, no doubt, to those who are not. A good education is indispensable; fluent and good penmanship combined with a steady hand are essential and inseparable; a quick perception is needful; good hearing is necessary, and a refined temperament, with a fair in-

sight into human nature. *With* these attributes, or most of them, brought into proper play, a person may become a stenographer, and the only thing remaining to be done is the cultivation of *absolute* accuracy and the production of unambiguous and iron-clad transcripts. *Without* these factors, it is idle for any person to hope to succeed as a short-hand-writer, opinions to the contrary notwithstanding, and he or she had better seek other fields of usefulness. I have seen an artisan lay down his tools discontented with his lot, and wilfully try to don the garb of a stenographer, only, however, to suffer deserved defeat.

Since the phonograph has been perfected, a great deal of discussion has been going on as to the probable effect it will have on short-hand-writers. The question is not so difficult for a stenographer to answer as it is perhaps painful.

Recently I was the recipient of a letter of inquiry from some person unknown to me, asking whether, in my opinion, the phonograph is going to interfere with the dot-and-dash profession. It so happened that I had had the pleasure (?) of seeing and examining the day before receiving this letter the wonderful machine which is intended to revolutionize almost everything in which sound plays the principal part, and, must confess, was astounded at what was certainly hearing "the dumb speak." The operator (I wot, not with malice) dictated into the "hearing" of this wonderful contrivance, in the presence of a few very curious persons, including myself and two brother stenographers, words something to this effect: "This machine is intended to do away with stenographers," and so on. I was invited to hear those words again as the phonograph would repeat them. Then I again heard that same voice, and the self-same words issue from the machine. I had heard and seen sufficient by this time to have very much more than my curiosity gratified, and left the place a wiser but much sadder man. We were told that a type-writer operator could transcribe the sounds from those sinuous lines on the wax coil with the same facility as from manuscript, taking a few words at a time, and causing the phonograph's voice to halt at the operator's will and pleasure.

After collecting my thoughts together and looking at the matter in an unbiassed light, I came to the conclusion that the phonograph is a success; and I have no other belief than that it is now ready to wipe out the stenographic amanuenses throughout the world, and that this is only a matter of so much time as it will take employers to educate themselves to its use. It will, however, increase the demand for type-writer operators.

With regard to court and public meeting stenographers, I cannot yet see that they will be affected for some time to come,—if ever,—as the phonograph would, necessarily, hear and report much more than would be convenient for the purpose in hand. In other words, the *judgment and discrimination* of the stenographer would be missing; and no machine has yet been invented that can supply these qualities.

*William A. Shaw.*

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### THE PHILOSOPHICAL NOVEL.

THERE are really but two classes of novel-readers,—the Upper Million who read for the fun of it, and the foolish few to whom fiction is a business. That is, these latter are the critics as well as the readers of novels, and many of them are also novel-makers, albeit of a very indifferent sort. Now, it seems to me that

the successful and permanent story must be written for, and by one of, the Upper Million. That is the long and the short of it. That is also why no distinctively "philosophical novel" that I can call to mind deserves a reading. I would not hold my life worth living if I had to spend considerable of it yawning over the latter-day "psychological study." A small dose of supernaturalism may go into an otherwise first-class novel without spoiling it; it is even possible to swallow a miracle whole if dressed adroitly; but all the art of Balzac cannot make palatable (for me) "*La Peau de Chagrin*," "*Louis Lambert*," and "*Seraphita*."

Why should we be asked by Mr. George Frederic Parsons to admire this trilogy? He surely knows that "*Seraphita*," which he calls "unquestionably the most elevated work of fiction ever written," never was and never could be a readable story. If it isn't a story, what else so good or better is it? It is all very well for Mr. Parsons to talk learnedly of the esoteric wisdom of the book,—to prate of Proclus and Plato, the doctrine of Correspondences, and the Logos. It won't do. One knows an allegory when one sees it, and such is "*Seraphita*." But an allegory, plain and simple, sailing under its true colors, may be a very good thing; I'm sure the "*Pilgrim's Progress*" is. Of what use, then, is Mr. Parsons's attempt to make of the Balzac trilogy that which it is not,—a perfect picture and philosophy of life? Hard-headed men—and of such are the elect of earth—will say that there needs no occult science to explain the only trustworthy philosophy of life. The Lord's Prayer is enough for some; the Decalogue will do for others; as for me, if I could only contrive always to do the duty that lies nearest me, I might boast myself the happiest, wisest of mankind. So much for the philosophy of Balzac's novels.

Moreover, it is a very open question to-day whether we really want our writers of fiction to give us pictures of life. It seems certain that a very large majority of the Upper Million ask for impossible pictures of impossible life. But, verisimilitude of person and place aside, they demand incessant action: if the puppets be of the poorest likeness, still they must dance like demons. The advice that Goethe made the manager give the poet is just the advice, without the irony, that we, as one of the Upper Million, would give the aspiring story-writer of to-day:

But, above all, give them enough of action;  
He who gives most will give most satisfaction;  
They come to see a *show*,—no work whatever,  
Unless it be a show, can win their favor;  
Then, as they wish it, let them gape and stare;  
Crowd scene on scene,—enough and still to spare.  
A show is what they want; they love and pay for it;  
Spite of its serious parts, sit through a play for it.

The great trouble with us, as a human race, is that we not only dupe each other, but we wantonly try to lie to ourselves. I am not going to make wholesale charges against leaders of prayer-meetings: I don't have to. I simply believe and say that nine out of any ten of us are almost wholly engrossed with the affairs of this world, and that the tenth, man or woman, who, from cowardice or self-interest, permits the prospect of life in another world to interfere with the performance of duties in this, is a characterless person who doubtless enjoys the philosophical novel.

Melville Philips.



## A NOTE FROM CAPTAIN FORBES.

MILTON, MASSACHUSETTS, 15th July, 1889.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—

In the excellent article on John Ericsson in your July number I fail to find any mention of one of the most remarkable vessels of his engineering, built in 1848. She was named after myself by her owners, the underwriters, of Boston. I considered this a great compliment, although it was intended as a punishment for daring to endorse a twin-screw built of iron at East Boston by Mr. Otis Tufts. I had strongly advised the construction of this vessel as far back as 1838, but, being obliged to go to China, her construction was deferred until after my return in 1841. My object was to introduce a relief-vessel for saving life and property. It was said that the screw would not tow so well as the paddle, and that an iron vessel would be worn out by the action of salt water in a short time. She proved eminently successful, and did much service for about fifteen years, when she was sold to the United States government, and at the battle of Port Royal she was used to tow a sailing-frigate, and fortunately escaped being hit in any vulnerable place. Not long after, she was ordered for some Southern port, and on her way, following some shoal-draught vessels round the Carolina coast at night, was run on shore, and, as the enemy was close at hand, her commander set fire to what was consumable on her and embarked with her crew in her boats. Ericsson deserved great credit for her efficiency, but, as she consumed much fuel and her owners never charged enough for her work, she was disposed of, as before said, and a single-screw relief-boat, called the Charles Pearson, was built for a relief-vessel: she could tow a ship from Boston to New York cheaper than my namesake, and was in consequence more popular than Ericsson's splendid boat. I think that Mr. Habberton should have given "our greatest inventor" the credit due for building the best tug we have ever had in New England.

R. B. Forbes.\*

## BOOK-TALK.

THE trouble with Mr. Henry James appears to be that he is all brain and no heart. Like the man in Tennyson's "Palace of Art," he sits as God, calmly contemplating the human weaknesses from which he holds himself aloof. He has made sundry minute studies of women, but all from the outside; he never cared enough for the sex to investigate after the manner of Burns and Goethe. Once only has he descended from this bloodless superiority, and shown human feeling for any of his characters, and then it was a man. "The Princess Casamassima"

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\* Captain Forbes needs no introduction to our readers. There is no higher or more intelligent authority on American shipping than he, and the admiral of the navy—D. D. Porter—recently enthusiastically endorsed Captain Forbes's new sail plan for war-ships. Mr. Habberton's only reason for omitting mention of the famous boat Captain Forbes refers to was lack of space. The list of Ericsson's great inventions is about as long as Homer's catalogue of the ships.—Ed.

is immeasurably his greatest work, because his interest in poor Hyacinth Robinson led him from mere photographic details and acute analysis into the region of realistic romance. People would not believe it, for they had fixed him in their minds as hard, merciless, wholly unsympathetic, void of all qualities but the purely intellectual. So to that he promptly relapsed, and has ever since diligently written up (and down) to his reputation. His "Four Stories" (Macmillan) are coldly pessimistic enough to suit Schopenhauer or Hartmann. The heroine in "A London Life" goes frankly to the dogs in a way not usually approved in English-speaking fiction; in "The Patagonian" she jumps overboard because she has fancied the wrong man. Why so much destruction of souls and bodies in so few pages? Yet let not the anxious reader fear lest his—or her—sensibilities be unduly harrowed: you are not asked to weep, or take other than a simply cerebral interest in these condensed tragedies. Not at all; you are instructed far more than by the criminal columns of the newspaper, and moved somewhat less. Why do we live, brethren and sisters, but to note dispassionately the quaint eccentricities of our poor humanity, and digest doses of what M. Taine aptly calls practical psychology?

"The Liar" is an exquisite character-sketch, and bearable, since nobody is killed and nothing badly broken,—for there was not much to break. Mr. James would be a genius if he could be touched by a coal from the altar: almost any altar would do, if it had warmth upon it. But he is past his first youth, and perhaps no longer open to the softening influences which might make it possible for his admirers to regard him as a being of like passions with themselves.

"Far Away and Long Ago" (Henry Holt) is a doleful little book, with an undue amount of tragedy for the limited contents. One would suppose that Mrs. Kemble knows her Berkshire of the past, but there is a haziness about the period: was it fifty years ago, or only twenty? An allusion to the *Atlantic Monthly* on p. 218 implies a date at which the peculiar clerical methods and manners of Mr. Killigrew would hardly have been tolerated anywhere by decent people. The minister and congregation are represented as highly Calvinistic, and yet connected with "the Methodist Church:" this will hardly do. The author's sympathies are modern, and her most agreeable people are the judge and the doctor, a pair of emancipated minds. The book will add little to her reputation.

Mrs. Alexander is an approved writer of serial fiction after the contemporary British fashion, with nothing to startle the nerves or shock the proprieties, and much to entertain the unexacting reader in a reposeful, mildly human and feminine way. She has confessed that her acquaintance is nearly limited to her own sex, and it is apparent that her male characters are evolved from the inner consciousness rather than drawn from real life; but her conjectures as to how men would probably talk and act are seldom wildly improbable. In "A Crooked Path" (Harpers), Mr. Errington, who poses as the hero, is so virtuously tame and dim that readers will be tempted to prefer the not-wholly-to-be-approved-of De Burgh. The heroine, with the best motives, suppresses her uncle's will, and suffers many qualms in consequence of this peccadillo: a natural heir afterwards turning up, she surrenders the property and marries the man she had defrauded, who had long ago magnanimously forgiven her. It is not easy to detect the source of Katharine's alleged attraction for her lovers: to the disinterested outsider she appears a worthy person and far from brilliant.

The early mediæval is not an easy field for contemporary fiction, but in "Passe Rose" Professor Hardy occupies it with abundant courage and eminent success. His touch is light and free, as of one who knows his theme. He manages to give us a better idea than we had before of manners and matters eleven hundred years ago. But amid the shower of praise which is now descending, this may be said, not in contradiction, but in qualification: it is possible to read the story through and not see clearly what it is all about. It was levelled at the highly cultivated people who are supposed to take the *Atlantic*, and the average reader may easily miss connection more than once. It might be well to give notice in a preface, as professors sometimes do to their classes before a lecture, that the closest attention is required, and any wandering of the mind may be fatal. Not that it is not an interesting story and ably told, but it would be no worse if one could without undue labor obtain an exact idea of the nature of the conspiracy which the heroine frustrates, and of the relations of the various characters. Mr. Hardy is not so orphic as Mrs. Stoddard, but he leaves a good deal to the imagination, and some who live at a distance from Boston may prefer to have their entertainment laid level to a plain understanding.

*Robert Tinsol.*

"Paying the Penalty, and Other Stories." By Charles Gibbon, George Manville Fenn, Clive Philipps-Wolley, S. Baring-Gould, Helen Shipton, Katharine S. Macquoid. New York, Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

Charles Gibbon and Katharine Macquoid contribute the first and the last stories in this volume. "Gone" is not in Mrs. Macquoid's best manner, because her best manner seems possible only when she touches French subjects. She is most at home in Brittany. Mr. Gibbon is at his best. The other stories are short novels, satisfying and solid, but without that tact and touch which our American writers of short stories have of late brought to high perfection.

"French Traits: an Essay on Comparative Criticism." By W. C. Brownell. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Brownell has done a remarkable thing. He has managed to make himself so impersonal that his essay on comparative criticism might have been done by a man without a country. It is entirely without prejudice,—entirely without any of that feeling, so common among *nous autres*, which caused the amiable Mr. Lillyvick to pronounce French a dismal language. Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton has several times attempted to interpret the French for us, but the effort has been too apparent. The French done into English are generally poor creatures, seemingly exhibited for the purpose of showing how holy, moral, and superior is the Anglo-Saxon. "What is the word water in French, sir?" asks Mr. Lillyvick of Nicholas Nickleby. "*L'eau*," replies Nicholas. "Ah," says Mr. Lillyvick, shaking his head mournfully, "I thought as much. Lo, eh? I don't think anything of that language,—nothing at all." Mr. Brownell's essay ought to be the death of Lillyvickism in judging our sparkling French friends, with whom Americans have more traits in common than they imagine. "French Traits" is philosophical, and at the same time it has that lightness of touch which philosophical analyses do not usually possess. France, Mr. Brownell says, has changed most conspicuously of all nations with the epoch. "She was the star in the ages of faith, as she is the light of the age of fellowship." He explains this plasticity by the fact that France is the in-

carnation of the social instinct. The chapter on French morality—in the consideration of which we frequently show our Lillyvickism—is admirable. Because most of the French novels we read are *risqué*, if not immoral, we conclude that French literature is given over to lubricity. We forget that the paper with the largest circulation in the world, *Le Petit Journal*, is as carefully and as conscientiously edited in the interests of morality as the Philadelphia *Ledger*. Mr. Brownell tells us truly that honor in the French code of morals often takes the place of duty. "French morality," he says, "is simply misconceived when it is summarily depreciated as it is our vice to depreciate it. It is as systematic as our own, and by those interested believed to be as successful." Life in France is not arranged, as it is with us, for the young girl. She is left out of it. And we are amazed by the fact that Alexandre Dumas *filz* would not permit his unmarried daughters to see "The Lady of the Camellias," and that Halévy writes "L'Abbé Constantin" for the ingenuous maidens, forbidding them to read his other works until after they are married. But, to understand the French, we must efface our point of view; and Mr. Brownell is so far the first writer who thoroughly helps his readers to do this.

Maurice F. Egan.

"The People I've Smiled with. Recollections of a Merry Little Life." By Marshall P. Wilder. New York, Cassell & Co.

"He," says Charles Lamb, "who hath not a dram of folly in his mixture has pounds of much worse matter in his composition." This wise remark of the gentle Elia can also be generally applied to books. Mr. Wilder's very agreeable book has the requisite dram of folly in its mixture, but it has also pounds of good common sense in its composition. Shoddy people who contemplate a trip to England would do well to read carefully some of the chapters relating to London life and English manners. Mr. Wilder seems to have met about everybody worth knowing, taking the term in its general acceptation, for of course there are thousands of people worth knowing who have not achieved distinction, and he has kind things to say about every one, and generally some capital stories to tell. It is pleasant to learn that there are fine human traits even in some prominent people whom the newspapers delight in denouncing, and the cheerful optimism of the book is an agreeable contrast to the host of gloomy, pessimistic works whose authors persist in delving among the sewers, shutting their eyes to the glorious sunlight above, and diving amid the filth and exclaiming, "Ah, here are nourished the very roots of life; now we really know it, let us tell nothing but the truth," forgetting all about the flowers that bloom above the earth, and the sunshine and gladness around them. Mr. Wilder dwells above the earth, as all live men should, and finds much to cheer not only himself, but also others, on his way,—a kindly, happy being, who if he ever did go into dark places would do so only to bring light and cheer, not to moan out that there was nothing but darkness. The man who is not amused by this genial soul's book has not the necessary dram of folly in his mixture, and is one to be avoided on a dark and lonely road, for he who has no humor in his composition is like the man "that hath no music in himself," and is fit for "treasons, stratagems, and spoils."

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell is beginning to be as well known in the field of literature as in that of medicine. Following fast upon his clever novel "Far in the

Forest," and his charming book of verse, "A Masque, and Other Poems," comes his latest poetical work, "The Cup of Youth, and Other Poems." (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) The book is dedicated to Oliver Wendell Holmes, and in his brief dedication the author says, addressing the genial Autocrat, "When I was a young man your kindly advice kept me from inflicting a volume of verse on the public, by which it would not have been profited, and by which I should assuredly have been injured." Whatever the justness of the verdict upon the early and perhaps crude efforts mentioned, a verdict which the author himself accepted, we are glad that he was not discouraged, but patiently allowed his poetic feeling to grow mellow with the years, like wine, which, poor and thin at first, at length richly repays the sunshine which the grape had stored. Surely no poet now would doom to eternal silence such fine poetry as is to be found within the pages of "The Cup of Youth," such lovely lines, for instance, as these :

How very silent is the sea to-night !  
The little waves climb up the shore and lay  
Cool cheeks upon the ever-moving sands  
That follow swift their whispering retreat.  
I would I knew what things their busy tongues  
Confess to earth.

Or as these :

Alas, the best is ever to be won !  
There is no rose but might have been more red,  
There is no fruit might not have been more sweet,  
There is no sight so clear but sadly serves  
To set the far horizon farther still.

In "The Violin" the very music of that instrument is caught in such lines as these :

Let the yearning joy-notes linger  
'Neath the coy, caressing finger,  
Till the swift bow, fitting over,  
Dainty as a doubtful lover,  
Slyly, shyly, kisses dreaming,  
Falters o'er the trembling strings,  
And the love-tones, slowly streaming,  
Fade to fitful murmurings.

And how fine is this !

Break, sad heart,  
Or learn to know the poor man's art,—  
The art to bear with patience meek  
The blow upon the other cheek.

But the book is full of quotable lines, and did we once start to quote from the charming poem entitled "My Châteaux in Spain" we should give it entire. Dr. Mitchell, like Dr. Holmes, has shown us that though the eye of the physician may be focussed upon the mere mechanism of the human frame, he still may "see with the spirit's eye," and that he can hold on through multitudes of distractions to that impalpable, indefinable thing which is known as the poetic instinct.

To all readers who take an interest in Russia (and their name is legion) can be heartily recommended "Impressions of Russia," by George Brandes,



translated from the Danish by Samuel C. Eastman (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.). Dr. Brandes is a keen observer as well as an excellent critic, and, while the work does not pretend to be an exhaustive treatise upon modern political and social life in Russia, still the average reader will find that he has gained a great deal of accurate information upon both these topics, and cannot fail to peruse with much interest and profit the sections devoted to Russian literature and art.

H. C. Walsh.

### RECENT LIPPINCOTT PUBLICATIONS.

THE midsummer is *par excellence* the time for reading novels, especially novels of the lighter kind, for during the dog-days neither mind nor stomach should be taxed with heavy food. "Three Days: A Midsummer Love-Story," by Samuel Williams Cooper, is a record of a three days' flirtation at that ever-popular resort, Narragansett Pier. The story is brightly and entertainingly told, and is charmingly illustrated.

"A Lost Wife," by Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron, author of "In a Grass Country," "A Devout Lover," "The Cost of a Lie," etc., appears in Lippincott's series of Complete Novels. It is a love-story dealing with modern English life, and the plot is exceptionally interesting and well worked out. As ever, the course of true love does not run smooth, and the reader cannot but give close and breathless attention to the sinuous twists and turnings in the course of the true love that exists between Freda, the heroine, and Captain Thistleby. The *dénouement* is happy, and leaves the proper scent of orange-blossoms behind it.

"Wheat and Tares," by Graham Claytor, is a well-told story dealing principally with rustic life in Virginia, and contains some clever character sketches. The story begins some eight years anterior to the civil war and ends a decade after its close. It is a careful and accurate study of Southern scenes and Southern character during that period, and it has that touch of nature about it which lends to any story a peculiar charm.

However uncomfortable military frontier life may be considered by the soldier who actually experiences it, it has a great charm for the reader of fiction. A very interesting and breezy story of frontier army life is Captain Charles King's last novel, "'Laramie'; or, The Queen of Bedlam. A Story of the Sioux War of 1876." It is just the kind of a story to be taken along for summer reading, containing a happy blending of the two ingredients dearest to the heart of the readers of romance,—love and war. Captain King possesses a brilliant and dashing style, and his own experiences of military frontier life enable him to give the proper local color to his tale.

The many readers of "Not like Other Girls" will be pleased to learn that Miss Rosa N. Carey has just issued another story, entitled "Merle's Crusade." Like Miss Carey's other stories, this novel appeals especially to women. It deals with the problems confronting a young woman of the present day, and the manner in which they are overcome. The finale is a happy marriage, and so "all's well that ends well."

## CURRENT NOTES.

"Is life worth the living?" is a veiled enigma, notwithstanding the pro and con of the many by-standers. Is it worth the living if we live to no purpose; if all there is of sorrow, pain, or mental suffering is wedged into the circle of one poor lifetime; all this the result of gross negligence or wilful disobedience? Let the sage and philosopher answer as seems wisest to them—let merchant and mechanic shake their heads and ponder well over the mystery of it, nevertheless suffering humanity will still cry out and beg for deadened senses. If the pious old wiseacres, instead of impressing upon the human mind how full of error life is, would kindly indicate how these mistakes may be avoided, and the most made of what happiness there is in life, humanity at large would be more thankful, and certainly more benefited. Let the question be, What is the most essential element of happiness? and the question will be coming nearer the core of the betterment of the human race. Is there anything that brings with it a greater boon than health, if people would only realize and acknowledge it? Life's tenure is very short and very slight, but no condition of the human frame is so little considered. If human happiness is to be promoted, then human health must be looked after. When we consider the little attention that is paid to the laws of health, we cannot be surprised at the indifference manifested in relation to the purity of the articles that are used in the daily food. Indigestion and dyspepsia are the readers of death-rolls, and just as surely an antidote to health and happiness. We eat for strength, but if our food is tainted by the adulterator's art, our stomachs are disordered, our tempers spoiled. It depends upon the kitchen whether the family shall be robust, bright, and energetic, or dull, stupid, and slow. The housekeeper measures out manhood and womanhood to the family, and should realize the responsibility of her position. There is no question that the stunted growth of children and a large class of ultimately fatal diseases are traceable to the carelessness with which quality of food is selected for our tables. Nowhere, except in the kitchen, where so much depends upon care in selection and preparation, is so little bestowed. Some housekeepers in order to lessen their expenditures will purchase cheap articles of food, little thinking that with every mouthful of these villanous compounds they are taking into their stomach just so much poison, whose cumulative effect may be death. That food is the cheapest which dollar's worth for dollar's worth affords the most strength, wholesomeness, and nourishment. There is abundant evidence that there is a stupendous traffic in groceries that are viciously compounded and fraudulently cheapened by a process which, while it lowers the prices and profits the grocer, leaves our daily food in a very questionable condition. There is no one article of food which has been so much subjected to the adulterator's art as baking powder, in which alum and other drugs are used to cheapen the product. If housekeepers would be saved the effects of ill health, let them beware of cheap or prize baking-powders. Some time since, the scientific heads of the great universities subjected every brand of baking powder on the market to a thorough analytical examination, and with but one exception, that of "Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder," all were adulterated. Every family should use "Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder" that has at heart the promotion of health.

LANDOUIZIE, like Sir Fretful Plagiary or Fadladeen in England, has recently become in France a synonyme for a jealous and backbiting critic. The name and the character first appeared in Daudet's "Jack," but acquired greater prominence in the dramatization of that novel by Daudet and the actor Lafontaine.

Daudet was supposed to have invented the unusual name, but in one of his recent prefaces he explains that it was found by him under such unusual circumstances that he made an oath to employ it some day in a story. During the siege of Paris he was invited by the commandant of a company of *franc-tireurs* to accompany him to their head-quarters at Nanterre. While the two friends were conversing there, a messenger hastened up with the news that the Prussians were attacking Rueil. Every man, save the novelist, seized his gun. Daudet asked for a weapon. "There is only one available," said the commandant, "poor Landouzie's." "Landouzie! what an odd name!" said Daudet. "Who is he?" "Our sergeant-major. He will never use a gun again: he has not many hours to live."

The civilian set forward with his friends. Next morning they reached the station of Rueil, and found themselves in the midst of a company of *gardes mobiles*. "Who is that man?" asked the corporal, eying Daudet suspiciously. In vain explanations were offered. The corporal felt convinced the civilian was a German spy, and led him before the major. "I went trembling," said Daudet, "with Landouzie's gun in my hand. Happily for me, the major had read my 'Lettres de mon Moulin.' Had he not, I should certainly have been shot." Hence the name of Landouzie became impressed on his mind.

THE RED HAND OF ULSTER.—An open red hand figures in the arms of the province of Ulster, of the family of the O'Neills, and of a number of less ancient Irish families. Tradition says that the O'Neill, a daring adventurer, having vowed to be first to touch the shores of Ireland, but finding that his boat was falling behind the others, cut off his hand and flung it on the shore to fulfil his vow. The O'Neills form one of the five ancient royal families of Ireland. In 1611, Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, nicknamed "Red Hugh" and "The Red Hand of Ulster," was charged with conspiracy and attainted of treason. His possessions, five hundred thousand acres in Ulster, escheated to the English crown, and on these lands was formed the so-called "plantation" of James I., who created two hundred baronets, on payment of one thousand pounds each, "for the amelioration of Ulster." These new baronets were allowed to place on their coat-armor the red hand of Ulster.

A CORRESPONDENT writes as follows: "Will you in your magazine please solve the following problem? A man entered a shoe-store and bought a five-dollar pair of boots, handing the dealer a fifty-dollar bill. The dealer, not being able to change the bill, went into a neighboring store, had the bill changed, returned, put five dollars in the drawer, and handed the customer the change, forty-five dollars, with the boots. Now, it turned out that the fifty-dollar bill was a counterfeit, and the dealer, of course, gave fifty dollars to the one who had changed the counterfeit. How much did the dealer lose by this transaction?"

The dealer loses forty-five dollars and the boots. For he keeps, in exchange for the boots, five dollars of the good money he receives in change for the counterfeit fifty-dollar bill, and adds to this five dollars forty-five dollars more, consequently losing forty-five dollars and the boots.

**KEEPS THEM IN LINE.**—"That's a fine company of yours, captain! Don't look as if they needed my services at present."

"No, doctor; they're remarkably healthy men. All they need to keep them in line is an occasional dose of Ayer's Sarsaparilla."

"Want to know! Well, between you and me, captain, you couldn't give them a better medicine. I have taken it for years, and probably that's why, at seventy-five, I'm so well able to get about among my patients. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has no equal as a blood-purifier, a stomachic, and a remedy for that tired feeling. And, by the way, captain, it was Dr. Ayer who originated the expression—that tired feeling."

"And, also, the best medicine to cure it? Eh, doctor?"

"That's so, captain! That's so, every time!"

"The formula of Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best, for chronic diseases of almost every kind, known to the medical world."—D. M. WILSON, M.D., *Wiggs, Ark.*

"Three years ago I suffered from debility and loss of appetite, the result of liver disease. After having tried various remedies, and consulted several physicians, without benefit, I was induced to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The first bottle produced a marked change, and the second and third accomplished so much that I felt like a new man. I have, since that time, taken about one bottle every year, and had no recurrence of the trouble."—WILLIAM E. WAY, *East Lempster, N.H.*

"I was cured of long-standing catarrh by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla and Cherry Pectoral."—J. J. DOUGHER, *Co. G, Thirteenth Infantry, Fort Wingate, N.M.*

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by druggists. Price \$1. Six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

Constipation demands prompt treatment. The result of neglect may be serious. Avoid all harsh and drastic purgatives, the tendency of which is to weaken the bowels. The best remedy is Ayer's Pills. Being purely vegetable, their action is prompt and their effect always beneficial. They are an admirable Liver and After-dinner pill, and everywhere endorsed by the profession. Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by druggists. Ayer's Pills.



**TARRING AND FEATHERING.**—This uncomfortable mode of punishment appears to be an old one, and of European invention. One of King Richard the First's ordinances for seamen was, "that if any man were taken with theft or pickery, and thereof convicted, he should have his head polled, and hot pitch poured upon his pate, and upon that the feathers of some pillow or cushion shaken aloft, that he might thereby be known for a thief, and at the next arrival of the ships to any land be put forth of the company to seek his adventures without all hope of return unto his fellows."

**ON INOCULATION FOR THE BRAINS.**—I have among my patients an old woman who sent for me to vaccinate her grand-daughter, but she told me she would have none of my bought virus. "I want," said she, "a scab I know something about, and I don't want strange cows, nor people I don't like, to furnish it. I always believed that the reason my Laura was so lazy was because you took the scab from Mary Porter's baby." "She was a very healthy baby, and she is now a healthy woman," said I. "But lazy!" retorted the old woman, "and real Porter laziness, and my Laura is exactly like her. No, sir, I want my family vaccinated with scabs that ain't going to spoil their habits nor their morals."

I thought the old lady had reason on her side; but I wish we could go a little further, and inoculate for some things harder to take than small-pox. Good manners, for instance. I know these are supposed to be contagious, but they are not. There is one gentleman in town from whom I should like to take the virus, but there are a hundred upon whom I should like to use it. It would, however, hardly do to desire manners to be too contagious, or even epidemic, because bad ones might take even more readily and unexpectedly than they do now. Parson Carter going to prayer-meeting might brush against a crowd of rowdies, and astound his people by coming in with his hat on the back of his head and announcing, "By George, it is cold; let us sing a short metre hymn!" But if we could take German as we do the measles, or be vaccinated for Geometry, how much toil our brains would be saved! The bother might be that just as the German was fairly taking and we had begun to feel the first symptoms of freedom of speech and command of conjugations we might be exposed to an epidemic of Choctaw, and the new language might act as a counter-irritant to the old. There are certain solids which put together form a liquid, but I doubt if German and Choctaw mixed would produce even Volapük.—L. S.

**POLTROON.**—Concerning the derivation of this word Dean Trench says, "A curious piece of history is wrapped up in the word 'poltroon,' supposing it to be indeed derived, as many excellent etymologists have considered, from the Latin 'pollice truncus,' one that is deprived, or who has deprived himself, of his thumb. We know that in old times a self-mutilation of this description was not unfrequent on the part of some cowardly, shirking fellow, who wished to escape his share in the defence of his country; he would cut off his right thumb, and at once become incapable of drawing the bow, and thus useless for the wars. It was not to be wondered at that Englishmen should have looked with extremest disdain on one who had so basely exempted himself from service, nor that the 'pollice truncus,' the poltroon, first applied to a coward of this sort, should afterwards become a name of scorn affixed to every base and cowardly evader of the duties and dangers of life."



*An abstract from the work on Pulmonary Diseases published by Prof. Prosper de Pietra Santa at Paris :*

"For several years Johann Hoff, of Berlin, has manufactured a liquid malt extract, which the medical profession have used with beneficial results, because of its great dietetic properties. This malt extract has remarkable nutritious action, both tonic and invigorating, and has proved to be of great value in chronic diseases producing contractions of the muscles of the digestive organs. As an aid to digestion it is wonderful in building up lost power. The renowned practitioners of Paris—Blache, Guéneau de Mussy, Pideux, Fauvel, Empis, Danet, Robert de Latour, Bouchet, Piorry, and Tardieu—highly recommend this pleasant remedy in restoring weakened digestion. My personal experience leads me to confirm the praise which Prof. Laveau expresses in the following words: 'As a large number of patients lack the necessary power to digest solid food, and would through the use of stimulants be merely excited and weakened, therefore I regard it of immense value to the practitioner to bring to his aid a nutritious tonic and remedy like the Johann Hoff's Malt Extract, which will act not only as a tonic but as a nutrient as well, and which is less exciting than wine as a stimulant.'" The genuine comes in squatty bottles with a German label, and has the signatures of "Johann Hoff" and "Moritz Eisner" (sole agent) on the neck of every bottle. *None genuine without the above signatures.*

It has recently been demonstrated that some articles of merchandise which have been before the public of England for the last half-century are nine times more used there than all other principal patent medicines put together. We refer to Beecham's Pills, which in order to meet the wishes and requirements expressed by Americans, many of whom already know their value, are now introduced in such a thorough manner that no home need be without them in America. We believe this shrewd and discerning people will soon join in the universal testimony that they "are worth a guinea a box," although they can be purchased of druggists for but twenty-five cents. These pills are round and will therefore roll. They have already rolled into every English-speaking country in the world, and they are still rolling. All sufferers from indigestion, flatulency, constipation, and all other forms of stomach and liver troubles have now this famous and inexpensive remedy within their reach; but should they find, upon inquiry, that their druggist does not keep BEECHAM'S PILLS, they can send twenty-five cents to the General Agents for the United States, B. F. Allen & Co., 365 Canal Street, New York City, who will promptly mail them to any address.

LOTTA writes, under date of December, 1888, "When I reached Philadelphia I was very much fatigued, run down in health, and my voice almost gone. After using the Compound Oxygen treatment for three weeks I felt that my health was entirely restored. I can now sing without fatigue, and never felt better in my life. I feel under great obligations to the Compound Oxygen treatment. To Messrs. Northrop and Hickman, 1128 Walnut Street, Philadelphia." The secret of the success of this Compound Oxygen lies in the fact of it being a blood-purifier, a tonic, and a stimulant without depending on drugs for its action. Compound Oxygen will restore a healthy action in every diseased organ in the body; gives tone to the nerves, relieving Neuralgia and Nervous Prostration. Especially recommended in diseases of the Bronchial Tubes, Lungs, Liver, and Kidneys, Catarrh, and Rheumatism. For further information concerning Compound Oxygen treatment, address Northrop & Hickman, 1128 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

**A NEW INVENTION IN PHOTOGRAPHY.**—The introduction of the dry-plate process some years ago caused a revolution in photography and opened a wide field for its practice both by professionals and amateurs. One of the pioneers in bringing the dry plate into practical use was George Eastman, who has recently made another discovery and invention which is perhaps the most important since the discovery of photography itself. In recent years some progress has been made in dispensing with the glass plate in out-door photography. A carefully-prepared paper has been coated with gelatin emulsion and wound upon rollers in a camera. This was but a partial solution of the problem, and to secure the best results it was necessary to drop the delicate film from the paper and attach it to glass or some other transparent support. Mr. Eastman has succeeded in producing a strong and perfectly transparent support of celluloid of great flexibility and extreme thinness, which can be wound upon rollers, to be exposed, developed, and printed like ordinary glass negatives. By means of this invention a great magazine of photographic material can be carried in a very small space. Every operator can develop and print his own negatives and refill his magazine with the exercise of ordinary skill. The invention has removed the greatest difficulty in the way of rapid out-door work, while adding facility to in-door photography. Its application to astronomical photography will cause a revolution in that art.

**THE CHAIR OF IDRIS.**—Tennyson's reference to this chair in "Geraint and Enid" very often brings forth the query as to what the chair of Idris is. It is referred to in these lines:

And when Geraint  
Beheld her first in field, awaiting him,  
He felt, were she the prize of bodily force,  
Himself beyond the rest pushing could move  
The chair of Idris.

On the summit of Cader Idris, a mountain-peak in Merionethshire, Wales, there is a hollow, couch-like excavation, and this is called the "Chair of Idris." The mountain is situated in what was supposed to have been King Arthur's territory. It was a tradition among the Welsh bards that whoever should pass the night upon this seat would be found the next morning either dead, mad, or endowed with supernatural powers. This tradition is alluded to in Mrs. Hemans's poem "The Rock of Cader-Idris."

Idris figures in Welsh tradition as a prince, a magician, and an astronomer. All authorities agree, however, upon his giant-like proportions. In the "Lake of the Three Pebbles" near the base of the mountain are three large blocks of stone which the giant is said to have shaken out of one of his boots.

#### TO CONTRIBUTORS.

As previously intimated, the management of *Lippincott's Magazine* thinks favorably of conducting a department made up of *original* fun, wit, verse, epigram, and illustration.

Every contribution to this department must be brief. A clever condensation will exactly fit present purposes.

FORTY years ago almost every mother thought her child must have paregoric or laudanum to make it sleep. These drugs will produce sleep, and a few drops too many of them will produce the sleep from which there is no waking. Many are the children who have been killed and whose health has been ruined for life by paregoric, laudanum, and morphine, each of which is a narcotic product of opium. Druggists are prohibited from selling either of the narcotics named to children at all, or to anybody without labelling them "poison." The definition of "narcotic" is "*A medicine which relieves pain and produces sleep, but which, in poisonous doses, produces stupor, coma, convulsions, and death.*" The taste and smell of opium medicines are disguised, and sold under the names of "Bateman's Drops," "Godfrey's Cordial," "Soothing Syrups," etc. You should not permit any medicine to be given to your children without you or your physician knows of what it is composed.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."—H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 South Oxford Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.

"I use Castoria in my practice, and find it specially adapted to affections of children."—ALEX. ROBERTSON, M.D., 1057 Second Avenue, New York.



"From personal knowledge I can say that Castoria is a most excellent medicine for children."—DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

Castoria promotes Digestion, assists Teething, and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep natural. Castoria contains no morphine or other narcotic property.

IN the elements of cheapness and security the Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company is among the best, if not the best, in the country. As a rule its dividends are allowed in reduction of current premiums, and thus a policy-holder knows the exact cost from year to year. Its splendid surplus, united with economical management, permits the payment of large dividends, and the Company has not and will not resort to plans, as some have done, in which the dividend earnings are concealed for a long period.

**BIRD-MANNA!**—The great secret of the canary-breeders of the Hartz Mountains, Germany. Bird-Manna will restore the song of cage-birds, will prevent their ailments, and restore them to good condition. If given during the season of shedding feathers it will, in most cases, carry the little musician through this critical period without loss of song. Sent by mail on receipt of 15 cents in stamps. Sold by Druggists. Directions free. Bird Food Company, 400 North Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE General Agents of the Penn Mutual Life are to be found at all important points in the country, from Maine to Georgia, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. All persons contemplating life insurance who may wish an intelligent presentation of the subject should confer with the nearest agent of this company.

As a matter of economy of expenditure and safety of investment, the advantages will be readily apparent, and the information cheerfully given without regard to the ultimate decision.

**PAPYRUS.**—Pliny is in error in saying that papyrus was not used for paper before the time of Alexander the Great; for papyri of the most remote Pharaonic period are found with the same mode of writing as that of the age of Cheops. A papyrus now in Europe, of the date of Cheops, establishes the early use of written documents, and the antiquity of paper made of the byblus long before the time of Abraham. As papyrus was expensive, few documents of that material are found, and these are generally rituals, sales of estates, and official papers. Papyrus was used until about the seventh century of our era. A soldier's leave of absence has been discovered written upon a broken piece of earthenware. The use of the *liber* or inner bark of trees among the ancients is well known. In the "Philosophical Transactions" Sir John Clerk says, "The most ancient sort of Charta (or paper) was of the inner bark of trees, called *liber* in Latin, whence a book had the name of *liber*; but very little of this sort is now in being." Hence the term leaf was first applied to paper from leaves, especially of palms, formerly used for writing on.

**INVESTMENT** life insurance is attracting a very large share of attention at this time, and we assume because it has been conclusively shown that men may in this way have their lives insured for a long series of years, and at the end of the term receive all they have paid to a Company, together with a moderate rate of interest thereon. This is especially true of the Penn Mutual Life, of Philadelphia. We have seen some of the results of this form of insurance, and they would be surprising if they were not true, but they are fully vouched by the statements of the policy-holders.

**SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT BABIES.**—Among Vosges peasants children born at new moon are supposed to have their tongues better hung than others, while those born at the last quarter are supposed to have less tongue but better reasoning powers. A daughter born during the waxing moon is always precocious. Welsh mothers put a pair of shoes or a knife in the cradle to insure the safety of their children: the knife is also used for the same purpose in some parts of England. Roumanian mothers tie red ribbons around the ankles of their children to preserve them from harm, while Esthonian mothers attach bits of asafetida to the necks of their offspring. In Holland garlic, salt, bread, and steak are put into the cradle of the new-born babe. In Ireland a belt made of woman's hair is placed about a child to keep harm away. Upon the birth of a child in Lower Brittany the neighboring women at once take it in charge, wash it, crack its joints, and rub its head with oil to solder the cranium bones. It is then wrapped up in a tight bundle, and its lips are anointed with brandy to make it a full Breton. In modern Greece the mother, before putting the child in its cradle, turns three times around before the fire while singing her favorite song to ward off evil spirits. In Scotland it is said that to rock the empty cradle will insure the coming of other occupants for it. In London the mother places a book under the head of the new-born infant that it may be quick at reading, and puts money into the first bath to guarantee its possession in the future. In Turkey the child is loaded with amulets as soon as it is born, and a small bit of mud well steeped in hot water, prepared by previous charms, is stuck on its forehead. In Spain the child's face is swept with a pine-tree bough to bring good luck.

